Class PR 2199
Book .F6
1808

FLODDON FIELD.

Quoth one, It were pity that such particulers should be lost They would pleasure not only such as write our historyes, but also encourage our countrymen well to the like loyall service of their prince, and especially those who shoulde finde therein of their parents or auncestours to have been preysed for valure.

Mirrour of Magistrates, edit. 1587.

The Sword and Dagger which King James IV. wore in the battle of Floddon. Preserved in the Herald's College London.

24-28170

To face the title page — Described page 205

Published by A. Constable & C.

Floddon field.

THE

BATTLE

OF

FLODDON FIELD;

A Poem

of

The Sixteenth Century.

WITH

THE VARIOUS READINGS OF THE DIFFERENT COPIES; HISTORICAL NOTES, A GLOSSARY, AND AN APPENDIX CONTAINING ANCIENT POEMS AND HISTORICAL MATTER RELATING TO THE SAME EVENT.

William
By HENRY WEBER.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.
FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH,
AND JOHN MURRAY, LONDON.

1808.

PR 2199
.F6
1808

TO

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

&c. &c. &c.

THIS REPUBLICATION OF THE RUDE AND UNADORNED

METRICAL HISTORY

OF AN EVENT,

TO WHICH HE HAS LATELY GIVEN THAT CELEBRITY,

WHICH NONE BUT THE POET CAN BESTOW,

IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS OBLIGED FRIEND AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

HENRY WEBER.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Preface,.....	i
Floddon Field.—Fit I.....	1
II.....	16
III.....	31
IV.....	47
V.....	59
VI.....	73
VII.....	86
VIII.....	101
IX.....	112
Notes,.....	121
Various Readings,.....	213
Glossary, ...	232
Appendix I. Lamentation of King James IV....	251
The Bataile of Brampton, or Floddon Feld. *(Mirrour of Magistrates,* edit. 1587-4.)	259
II. Skelton, Laureate, against the Scottes. *(Certain bokes compiled by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat, London,* B. L. 1583. 12.)	269

PAGE.

Appendix III. The Complaint of King James of Scotland. *(Ulpian Fulwell's Flower of Fame.* London, 1575-4.) 287

IV. Epitaph of Sir Marmaduke Constable, in Flamborough Church. *(Gentleman's Magazine,* 1753.) 286

V. Song on the Victory of Floddon Field. *(Ritson's Ancient Songs,* 1791.) 289

VI. The Laird of Muirhead. *(Minstrelsy of the Border,* Vol. I.)... 294

VII. The Flowers of the Forest. *(The same,* Vol. I.)..... 297

VIII. Ara Heroibus qui in Prælio apud Fluidonem occubuerunt. *(Jonstoni Heroes,* &c. *Lugduni,* 1603-4.) 300

IX. Letter from Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII. *(Rymer's Foedera.)*... 302

X. Pitscottie's Account of the Battle of Floddon. *(Edit.* 1738.) 306

XI. Hall's Account of the Battle.—*(Chronicle,* 1550.)..... 327

XII. Ballade of the Bataile of Floddon. (Harl. MSS. 293 and 367.)..... 366

PREFACE.

THE Poem, which is now again offered to the public, accompanied with historical illustrations, and the few other poetical remains, which have descended to us, respecting the unfortunate event which it celebrates, has met with so much favour in the public eye, that no apology seems to be requisite for again producing it. No less than three editions saw the light between the years 1770 and 1790, which have all become scarce. It would be in vain to contend for any great share of poetical merit in the execution; but the unadorned and faithful manner in which the battle is narrated, and the minute detail given of circumstances, either but slightly touched upon by historians, or utterly unnoticed by them, sufficiently account for the interest excited by it. And, though the general conduct of the poem be too prolix, and the style too much

that of the chronicle ballad writers, who preceded the more polished, but also more dull tragedies of the Mirrour of Magistrates, there are not wanting passages which evince considerable vigour of versification, and spirit of narration; and are certain indications of the abilities of the anonymous author, to have composed a poem of greater merit in point of execution. His object was certainly not posthumous reputation; but to procure his fellow-countrymen of the North of England, particularly those attached like him to the noble house of Stanley, an accurate and minute account of a victory, in which they had gained so much renown.

We are entirely in the dark respecting the time in which our Minstrel flourished. The date of the only ancient MS. which at present is to be found, is about 1636, as will immediately be shewn. There can, however, be little doubt, that it was produced during the preceding century. After the accession of James to the throne of England, the battle would not have been the subject of popular celebration.

A remarkable instance of the deference paid to this monarch on this score, occurs in the history of the Mirrour of Magistrates. Two Poems on the subject of Floddon Field, and the death of James IV. (See Appendix, No. I.) which had been introduced into the edition of 1587, and which, in point of merit, are certainly not inferior to the generality of the legends in that collection, were omitted in the edition of 1610.

The deviations which occur in the poem, from those popular historians, Hall and Holinshed, and which would probably not have occurred, had the author been acquainted with their Chronicles, might lead us to assign a much earlier date to it. One of the most interesting incidents is not at all noticed by either of them; nor have I been able to meet with it in any other chronicler of the time. The author must therefore have had some other sources of information; most probably traditions in the house of Stanley, to which he seems to have been attached. The very frequent and obvious alliteration is another, and a very strong

proof of the antiquity of the work. From all these deductions, the assertion that it was produced about the middle of the 16th century will not be deemed rash.

We must at the same time allow, that the state in which we are enabled to give the text, is not that of the original. The orthography of a poem calculated for such extensive circulation among the lower orders of society, no doubt underwent successive renovations: and it is to be feared that the text also passed through several improving hands before it reached the middle of the seventeenth century.

The hypothesis of a former Editor,† that the author was a Yorkshire schoolmaster, is utterly untenable. He might possibly have been of that profession; but the passage on which the assertion seems principally grounded, is unfortunately an interpolation by a schoolmaster of the same county, but of the *eighteenth* century, as we shall presently have occasion to prove. The great and strongly-marked partiality for the house of Stanley, and the Lancas-

† Ritson; or rather Lambe. See p. xviii. Ritson did not publish it.

trian forces, and the more minute detail of their operations, indicate a close connection of the *maker* with that family. That this was not his only production, is proved by the first stanza of the poem, where he very evidently alludes to another, in which he had celebrated King Henry VIII.'s feats before Therouenne and Tournay. Ballad-inditing was probably his principal, if not his sole occupation.

Having nothing more to offer on this barren subject, I shall proceed to give some account of the various copies of the work, which have been collated for the present edition. The MS. mentioned in the catalogue of the Advocates' Library does not at present exist there. Another in the British Museum, (Harl. MSS. No. 3526) the Editor had not an opportunity to collate till the poem was printed off; but he had then the satisfaction to find, that it perfectly coincided with the copy from which the text of the present edition had been principally formed.*

---

* The whole manuscript contains the following articles: 1. Sixty-four coats of arms of the family of Smith; 2. The

The reasons for not following the MS. in the possession of J. Askew, Esq. will be mentioned

---

arms of various Scottish, Spanish, and Irish families; 3. An Appointment of Overseers of the Parish of Holborn, "from Easter last past 1635 to Easter ensuing 1636," which therefore fixes the date of the MS.; 4. Arms of English families; 5. A Discourse on Arms; 6. Arms of other English families; 7. Flodden Field, with the following title: "Heare is the famous historie or songe, called Floodan Field; in it shalbe declare how, whyle Kinge Henrie the Eight was in France, the King of Scoots, called James, the fowerth of that name, invaded the realme of England; and how he was incountred with all at a place called Branton, on Floodan Hill, by the Earl of Surry, livetenant-generall for the kinge, with the helpe of dyvers lords and knights in the North Countrie, as the Lord Dakers of the North, the Lord Scrope of Bolton, with the most coragious knight Sir Edward Standley, who for his prowis and valliantnes, shewed att the said battell, was made Lord Mount Eagle, as the sequel declareth." This article is written by two different hands; one of them also wrote the following; 8. The Song of St George, printed in Percy's Reliques, and beginning,

"Why should wee bost of Arthur and his knights."

9. The arms of the English bishops.—The following variations may be noticed: v. 1221, 'Thallion Field:' v. 1233, 'Cholmley of Chistayne:' v. 1637, 'His face with *velvett* vicerne hyd.' It is remarkable, that this corruption has infected all the old copies, which have come to the Editor's hands.

when we come to speak of Mr Lambe's edition.

In the year 1664, an edition bearing the following title was published: "Floddan Field, in Nine Fits, being an exact History of that famous memorable Battle, fought between English and Scots on Floddan Hill, in the time of Henry the Eighth, anno 1513; worthy the perusal of the English Nobility. London, printed by P. L. for H. B. W. P. and S. H. and are to be sold in Ivy-lane and Gray's-inn-gate, 1664. Licensed November 11th, 1663. Roger L'Estrange," 12mo, which has been almost exclusively followed in the present republication. It is in the possession of W. Scott, Esq. and I am not acquainted with the existence of any other copy.

Two several editions were printed in the year 1774. The one in small 12mo, by Joseph Benson, Philomath, and professed to be "collected from ancient manuscripts;" the other was printed at Berwick, and edited by the Rev. Mr

Lambe, vicar of Norham upon Tweed. There is a third edition mentioned by Ritson, "printed, though very incorrectly, by old Gent of York," (*Anc. Songs*, Lond. 1790, p. 116,) but which has not come under the inspection of the present Editor.

Benson acquaints us, that he printed from an ancient manuscript, very imperfect in some parts. From whence these imperfections were supplied, he does not mention. However, his text is far more ancient than that of Lambe.

The edition of Lambe has been honoured with frequent notice by very eminent judges. But with regard to the first duties of an Editor, he failed most grossly. He gave no account of the manuscript from which he printed his text, and which he seems actually to have sent to the press. It was natural to suppose from the expression, upon the title page, 'a curious manuscript,' that he had made use of a very ancient copy. In this way he saved his conscience, and deceived the purchasers of his

book.* For, the friendly exertions of Walter Scott, Esq. and Patrick Brydone, Esq. having procured the Editor a sight of this manuscript, he was greatly disappointed in discovering the very modern date of it. There are certain evidences that it was written after 1707, as Eachard's History, which is quoted in the notes, was published in that year; and the modern handwriting demonstrates, that it was copied thirty or forty years after that. The manuscript is in folio, and appears to have been copied out for the press. The title is as follows: "The famous old Ballad History of the Battles of Floddon Field, which were fought between the English, under the Earl of Surrey, (in the absence of King Henry VIII. of England, who was fighting in France,) and the Scots, under their valiant King James IV. of Scotland, who was slain in the said Battle in the year of our bles-

* Among others, the accurate Ritson was deceived, as appears in his "Ancient Songs," p. 116.

sed Lord 1513; containing the valiant and renowned Actions of several Lords, Knights, and Squires." After a dedication "To the Gentlemen, Yeomen, and Others, on the Borders of Yorkshire, and the Borders and Fells of Lancashire," we have the following second title: "The famous History, or Ballad, of the Battles fought in Floddon Field; taken from an ancient manuscript, (which was transcribed by Mr Richard Guy, late schoolmaster in Ingleton, Yorkshire.") It is possible that this expression misled Lambe in his hypothesis respecting the author of the work. Mr Guy (or perhaps the transcriber from his transcript,) did not content himself with copying what he found, but modernized and embellished with no sparing hand. He was grossly ignorant of ancient, or even mere ballad-literature, as he ridiculously substituted 'Fight' for 'Fit,' and changed all ancient words into modern ones. The transcript subsequently underwent the further innovations and polish of Mr Lambe, who boldly corrected into it, and therefore entertained no

sense of the duty incumbent on him, to preserve *curious MSS.* immaculate. *

The interpolation which was always suspected by the Editor, (and in this he had also the concurrence of Mr Walter Scott,) occurs after v. 326, and is silently adopted by Mr Lambe, though acknowledged by the transcriber as the product of his own fancy. Instead of the following stanza in the original:

> " Most stately halls, and houses gay,
> And buildings brave, they boldly burned;
> And with a mighty spoil and prey,
> Toward Scotland they straight returned;"

the transcriber, and intended editor, foists in the following most unaccountable rhapsody, on a subject totally unconnected with the battle, and in

---

* He corrects, for instance, the line,
" Marsh Warden was o'er East also,"
into " March Warden over East also."
Instead of, " But straight he flew," he prefers " Straightway he flew."
" Was it not for a traitorous thief,"
he alters to, " Had there not been a traitorous thief."

such an awkward manner, that he could not even afford rhymes for the last stanza, in which qualification the old copy is never deficient:

"Most stately halls and buildings gay,
With sacrilegious hands they burn;
And this has always been their way,
Whenever they could serve their turn.

"But happy Harrard* Church o' the Hill,
Thou always 'scaped their barb'rous rage;
And thou wert once, so art thou still,
The wonder of the present age.

"There Judge Gascoigne, once wisely grave,
With his fair dame entomb'd doth lie;
And there lies Rudimond so brave,
In armour, by his family.

With other noble persons too,
For valour fam'd and piety;
Their monuments you now may view,
Most sweet and lovely to the eye.

But to return, for I've *digrest*,
The Scots thus having *overrun*
The bord'ring parts, and filled with *prey*,
They thought to Scotland to *return*."

---

* I quote from the MS; in which "Harrard" is altered by Mr Lambe into "Harwood."

The following clumsy confession is subjoined in a note, which Mr Lambe must either most strangely have overlooked, or not have chosen to observe: "I could not forbear, while speaking of the ruin of buildings, always perpetrated by the vile and barbarous Scots, whenever they had the power, but to take notice of Harrard Church, about three quarters of a mile from Harrard, and five miles from Ottley, Yorkshire. The tombs and effigies above mentioned, have escaped being defaced, being near 300 years since set up, *as may be supposed from Mr Eachard's History of England,* p. 180."

For the same reason, the following stanza, which only occurs in this MS. and in Mr Lambe's copy after verse 2044, could not be received into the text:

> Who now intombed lies at church,
> Carved out in stone to shew his fate;
> That though, by fate, left in the lurch,
> He died a death renowned and great.

It is to be feared that too much indulgence has been granted to the two stanzas inserted from

his edition, at verse 2237, and inclosed in brackets.*

Besides these innovations, the History, which the old Rhymer had divided into nine Fits, has, in this MS. and Mr Lambe's edition, another division into three parts, and stanzas are introduced to announce the arrival of the second and third. The division of the old copies, though not very conveniently executed, is however fully sufficient.

The principal variations of the three different copies have been collected, partly with the view of proving the evident superiority of the valuable edition of 1664, and partly to authorise any departure from that text, where it was evidently corrupted. To have reprinted all the numerous minute differences, would have answered no kind of useful purpose.

---

* I take this opportunity to correct a mistake which has crept into the list of Various Readings, p. 231, l. 6. It is there mentioned, that another stanza had been interpolated at line 2283. This is, however, not the case, nor is the stanza 2290 wanting in Lambe's copy; but has only changed place with the preceding one in his MS. and edition.

As to the historical notes which are subjoined, the Editor was anxious to make them as useful as possible; and therefore the quotations are chiefly taken from genealogical and topographical works; though he is conscious, from the scantiness of his materials, that sufficiently new and curious matter will not be found in them.

The notes annexed in Lambe's edition have obtained him the applause of men well qualified to judge them. They have therefore been preserved wherever they are in the least pertinent to the subject; but his long rambling dissertations could not be retained. Thus, after explaining in a few words, the term *stour*, he goes on with observations on classical literature, on the origin of the Scots and their language, on Chevy-chace, on Shakespeare, on editions of Latin authors, on Robin Hood, on Home, and concludes with a long review of a passage in Pope's Odyssey!

The Glossary is on so contracted a scale, that no attempt has been made to render it in

any degree scientifical. Wherever the admirable Glossaries of Ruddiman, Tyrwhitt, and Chalmers, afforded any explanation, their authority has been preferred.

All the ancient poems which could be collected on the subject of the battle, will be found in the Appendix; together with the account given of the battle by Hall and Pitscottie, two of the most authentic chroniclers of both nations. The relation of the former is the fullest, and in general the most accurate we have of this event.

The Editor cannot conclude this Work without mentioning the numerous obligations which he has received in the prosecution of it. He is particularly anxious to acknowledge the friendship of Walter Scott, Esq. who not only favoured him with advice as to the general plan of the publication, but also supplied him with the materials, without which the text could not have received any degree of authority. The very curious copy of the edition of 1664 is here alluded to, as well as the manuscript which Mr

Lambe used in his edition. To Patrick Brydone, Esq. and to the possessor of this manuscript, J. Askew, Esq. of Palinsburn, who, with singular liberality, permitted it to be sent to Edinburgh, the Editor also begs leave to express his obligations. For some very valuable communications, which will be found specified in the Notes, he is indebted to the kindness of George Chalmers, Esq.

FLODDEN-FIELD.

FIT THE FIRST.

Now will I cease for to recite
King Henry's affairs in France so wide,
And of domestic wars I'll write,
That in his absence did betide.

A fearful field in verse to frame,
I mean if that to mark ye list,
O Flodden Mount! thy fearful name
Doth sore affray my trembling fist.

Almighty Mars! do me admit
For to discourse, with sounding praise,
This bloody field, this fearful fight,
Which fought was in our fathers' days.

The Standard of Earl Marshall
carried at the Battle of Flodden 1513
Preserved in the Advocate's Library Edinburgh

To face p.1. — Described p.201.

—ed by A Constable & C

FLODDEN-FIELD.

FIT THE FIRST.

Now will I cease for to recite
King Henry's affairs in France so wide,
And of domestic wars I'll write,
That in his absence did betide.

A fearful field in verse to frame,
I mean if that to mark ye list,
O Flodden Mount! thy fearful name
Doth sore affray my trembling fist.

Almighty Mars! do me admit
For to discourse, with sounding praise,
This bloody field, this fearful fight,
Which fought was in our fathers' days.

You Muses all my mind incense,
And thou, Polymnia, most prudent!
Lest Nemesis, for each offence,
With poet's rod make me repent.

Pardon, ye poets all, I cry,
My simple, rude, and rugged rhyme;
Even tho' the hill, Parnassus high,
Presumptuously I press to climb.

For what is he, with haughty stile,
Such deeds of honour could contrive?
No, not the poet, great Virgile,
If that on earth he was alive.

Who could reveal in volume short,
The haughty Howard's noble act?
Though paper none did make report,
Fame would not fail such noble fact.

Or thou, O Stanley, stiff in stour,
Thou imp of Mars, thy worthy meeds
Who can discourse with due honour,
Or paint with praise thy valiant deeds?

Thy doleful daywork still shall be
In Scotland curs'd with an outcry:
For Hector's match this man was he,
Who climb'd the mount of Flodden high.

What banners, bravely blâz'd and borne,
What standarts stout brought he to ground,
What worthy lords by him forlorn,
What sorrow in Scotland yet doth sound!

Ye heavenly powers! your aid I crave,
My sleeping muse help to awake;
Grant, this work, which in hand I have,
A lucky fine and end may make.

Before King Henry crost the seas,
And e'er to France he did transfleet,
Least that the Scots should him disease,
He constituted captains meet.

For he perusing, in presence
Of English kings, their battles bold,
He saw how Scots in their absence,
What damage they had done of old.

Wherefore, least they should work some teen,
As they thought to have done indeed,
His realm unto his royal queen,
He left to be ruled by her read.

Then for the Earl of Surrey he sent,
And regent of the north him made;
And bade him, if the Scots were bent
The northern borders to invade:

That he should raise a royal band,
In Bishoprick and in Yorkshire,
In Westmoreland and Cumberland,
In Cheshire and in Lancashire.

"And if thou need Northumberland,"
Quoth he, "there be strong men and stout,
That will not stick, if need doth stand,
To fight on horseback, or on foot.

"There is the doughty Dacres old,
Warden of the west-march is he:
There are the bows of Kendal bold,
Who fierce will fight and never flee.

" There is Sir Edward Stanley stout,
For martial skill clear without make,
Of Latham-house by line came out,
Whose blood will never turn their back.

" All Lancashire will live and die
With him, so chiefly will Cheshire:
For through his father's force, quoth he,
This kingdom first came to my sire.

" Lord Clifford too a lusty troop
Will there conduct, a captain wise;
And with the lusty knight, Lord Scroop,
The power of Richmondshire will rise.

" The wardens all look that you warn,
To hearken what the Scots forecast;
If they the signs of wars discern,
Bid them the beacons fire fast."—

The Earl then sigh'd with sorry heart,
And drown'd his face with trickling tears,
When from his Prince he did depart,
And from his royal country peers.

" Grant thou," quoth he, " Almighty God!
A shameful death that he may die,
That is the cause of mine abode,
Bereav'd of my king's company."—

Some thought to th' King of Scots that he
Did wish such foul fortune and fate;
And some thought to the Earl of Derby,
With whom he had a great debate.

The Earl then his tenants tall,
Martially in musters did elect;
And then his way, by journeys small,
To Pomfret-castle did direct.

Then did he send Sir William Bulmer,
And bade him on the Borders lie,
With ordinance, and other geer,
Each house of fence to fortify.

And bade him call the Borderers bold,
And hold with him in readiness;
And get him word, with speed he could,
If that the Scots meant his distress.

Then caus'd he watch in ev'ry street,
And posts to prick thro' downs and dales:
So what was wrought he straight did weet
From Carlisle to the coasts of Wales.

When flying Fame, that monstrous wight,
With hundred wings wapping was flown,
And in the court of Scotland light,
And bruit abroad was blazed and blown

Of King Henry's enterprize,
And how he fared was into France,
With all his peers in princely wise,
To bring that land to his obeysance:

England to over-run with rage,
The Scots then meant, as was their guise,
Still, when the King was under age,
Or occupied some otherwise.

King James his courage 'gan to increase,
And of his council crav'd to know,
If he had better live in peace,
Or fight against his brother-in-law.

" Alas," said he, " my heart is sore,
And care constraineth me to weep,
That ever I to England swore,
Either league or love a day to keep.

" Had I not entred in that band,
I swear now by this burnish'd blade,
England and Scotland both one land,
And kingdom one I could have made.

" That realm we should so over-run,
That England still after this age,
As our elders to them have done,
Unto our crown to do homage."—

Then stood there up a baron stout,
A lusty laird of Douglas blood.
" My liege," quoth he, " have you no doubt,
But mark my words, with mirthful mood.

" The league is broke, have you no dreed,
Believe me, liege, my words are true.
What was the English Admiral's deed,
When Andrew Barton bold he slew?

" Your ships and armour too he took;
And since their King did nothing fear
To send his aid against the Duke
Of Gelders, your own cousin dear.

" Hath not the bastard Heron slain
Your warden with his spiteful spear?
The league and peace are therefore vain;
My liege, you nothing have to fear."—

Then manful Maxwell answered soon:
" My liege, the league is broke by right;
For th' English King ought not t'have gone
Against your friends in France to fight.

" Have you in league not entered late
With Lewis, your cousin, the French King?
And now you see, what great debate
Betwixt the King and him doth hing.

" What greater kindness could you show
Unto your friend, the King of France,
Than in English blood your blade t'imbrue,
Against their land to lift your lance?

" You see what damage to you was done
By English Kings in time of old;
Your borders burned, and Berwick town
Still by strong hand they from you hold.

" Wherefore, more time let's not consume,
But fiercely fight that land again."—
And then stood up haughty Lord Hume,
Of Scotland the chief chamberlain.

" My liege," quoth he, " in all your life,
More lucky fate could never fall;
For now that land, with little grief,
Unto your crown you conquer shall.

" King Henry, you understand,
To France is past with all his peers:
At home is left none in the land,
But joult-head monks, and bursten fryers,

" Or ragged rustics, without rules,
Or priests, prating for pudding-shives,
Or millners, madder than their mules,
Or wanton clerks, waking their wives.

"There's not a lord left in England,
  But all are gone beyond the sea;
Both knight and baron, with his band,
  With ordnance, or artillery."—

The King then call'd to De-la-mount,
  Which bodword out of France did bring;
Quoth he: "The nobles names pray count,
  That are encamp'd with th' English king."

"That will I do, my liege," quoth he,
  "As many as I have at heart;
First, there's the Earl of Derby,
  With a lusty lord, call'd Herbert.

"There is an earl, of antique race,
  Passing in pride and costly array;
In his banner brave he displays
  A half-moon in gold glistering gay."—

"That is the lusty Piercy plain,"
  The King can say, and gave a stamp;
"There is not such a lord again,
  No, not in all King Henry's camp."—

"There is a lord, that bold doth bear
A talbot* brave, a burly tike,
Whose father struck France so with fear,
As made poor wives and children skrike."—

The King then answered at one word:
"That is the Earl of Shrewsbury;
There is likewise a lusty lord,
Which call'd is the doughty Darcy:

"There is Dudley, and Delaware,
And Decroy, great lords all three;
The Duke of Buckingham is there,
Lord Cobham and Lord Willoughby.

"There is the Earl of Essex gay,
And Stafford stout, Earl of Wiltshire;
There is the Earl of Kent, Lord Gray,
With haughty Hastings, hot as fire.

* Though all the editions concur in spelling Talbot as a proper name, there can be no doubt, that the family name of the Earl of Shrewsbury is not alluded to, but the supporters of the arms, which are two talbots argent. The words "a burly tike," (a rough dog,) leave no doubt that this explanation is the true one, as a talbot, in heraldick language, is a species of hound.

" There is the Marquis Dorset brave,
Fitzwater, and Fitzleigh, lords great;
Of doughty knights the lusty lave
I never could by name repeat.

" There is a knight of the north country,
Which leads a lusty clump of spears;
I know not what his name should be,—
A boisterous bull, all black, he bears."

Lord Hume then answered, loud on hight;
" This same is Sir John Nevil bold;
King Harry hath not so hardy a knight,
In all his camp, my coat I hold.

" He doth maintain, withouten doubt,
The Earl of Westmoreland's estate;
I know of old his stomach stout,
In England is not left his mate."—

The King then asked his lords all round,
If wars or peace they did prefer?
They cried, and made the hall to sound:
" Let peace go back, and let's have war!

" Our armour is for usage marr'd,
Both helmet, habergeon, and crest;
Our startling nags, in stable sparr'd,
Are waxen wild with too much rest.

" Our staves, that were both tall and streight,
Wax crooked, and are cast each where;
Therefore in England let's go fight,
Our booties brave from them to bear."—

The King rejoiced then to see
His lords such lively hearts to have;
And to their says did soon agree,
And plyed to their pleasures brave.

With that on Lyon loud he cried,
And took to him a letter broad;
Quoth he, " No longer look thou bide,
But toward France soon take thy road.

" To Terwin town take thou thy way,
And greet well there my brother-in-law,
And bid him there no longer stay,
But homeward to his country draw.

" And bid him cease his furious force,
Against my friend, the King of France,
For fear domestic wars prove worse;
And make from me full defiance.

" And summon him soon to return,
Lest that our power we ply apace;
With fire and sword we beat and burn
His men and land in little space."—

Then Lyon made him boun lightly,
And with his coat of arms him deck'd;
He haled up sail right heartily,
And towards France his way direct.

FIT THE SECOND.

Meanwhile, the King can letters write,
Which pricking posts apace did bear
To all his lords, which had delight,
With him in England arms to wear.

Then every lord and knight each where,
And barons bold in musters met;
Each man made haste to mend his gear,
And some their rusty pikes did whet.

Some made a mell of massy lead,
Which iron all about did bind;
Some made a helmet for the head,
And some their grisly gisarings grind.

Some made their battle-axes bright;
Some from their bills did rub the rust;
Some made long pikes, and lances light;
Some pike-forks for to join and thrust.

Some did a spear for weapon wield;
Some did their lusty geldings try;
Some all with gold did gild their shield;
Some did with divers colours dye.

The tillmen tough their teams could take,
And to hard harness them conflate;
One of a share can shortly make
A sallat for to save his pate.

Dame Ceres did unserved remain,
The fertile fields did lie untilled;
Outrageous Mars so sore did reign,
That Scotland was with fury filled.

Whereof the King, in heart full fain
His men had all things ready made,
Did then command his chamberlain
In England for to make a raid.

The chamberlain, Lord Hume, in haste,
O'er th' east-march warden was also,
Within the English borders brast,
With full eight thousand men and moe;

And enter'd in Northumberland,
With banners bravely blazed and borne;
And finding none them to withstand,
They straight destroyed both hay and corn;

And spoiled and harried all abroad,
And on each side booties in brought;
Some coursers got, some geldings good,
And droves of kine and cattle caught.

Most stately halls, and houses gay,
And buildings brave, they boldly burned;
And with a mighty spoil and prey,
Toward Scotland they straight returned.

Sir William Bulmer, being told
Of this great road and wild array,
Did strait forecast all means he could,
The Scots in their return to stay.

Two hundred men himself did lead,
To him there came the Borderers stout,
And divers gentlemen, with speed,
Repaired to him with all their rout.

They were not all a thousand men,
But knowing where the Scots would come,
The Borderers best their course did ken,
And hid them in a field of broom.

The Scots came scouring homewards fast,
And proudly pricked forth with their prey;
Thinking their perils all were past,
They straggling ran clear out of 'ray.

The Englishmen burst forth apace,
And skirmished with the Scots anon;
There was fierce fighting, face to face,
And many geldings made to groan.

There men might see spears fly in speels,
And tall men tumbling on the soil,
And many a horse turn'd up his heels;
Outrageous Mars kept such a coil.

The Scots their strength did long extend,
And broken ranks did still renew;
But the English archers, in the end,
With arrow-shot, full sore them slew.

The English spears, on the other side,
Among the Scots did fiercely fling,
And through their ranks did rattling ride,
And chased them thro' moss, mire, and ling.

The chamberlain, viewing this chance,
And seeing his host all put to flight,
Did with the foremost forth advance;
And happy he had a horse so light.

For prickers him so nigh pursued,
His banner-bearer down they bet;
And all the prey and spoil rescued,
Besides a sort of geldings get.

Six hundred Scots lay slain on ground,
Five hundred prisoners and more;
Of Englishmen, slain in that stound,
The number was not past threescore.

In August month this broil befel,
The day still black with Scottish blood!
As diverse old men yet do tell,
The Scots call it the devilish road.

Thus, while the Scots, both nigh and far,
Were thro' all Scotland occupied,
In framing weapons fit for war,
And mustering men on every side:

By this time came the herald sent,
Before the town of Turwin high,
Where to King Harry straight he went,
And louring low upon his knee,

The King he reverently gan greet,
And took to him his letters large;
His master's mind he let him weet,
And did his message whole discharge.

The letters soon were look'd upon,
And in the King's presence perused;
King James's mind he knew full soon,
And found himself most sore abused;

Who summoned him his siege to cease,
And eke those wars taken in hand;
Or else he, with a mighty press,
Would straight invade his native land.

King Henry's heart began to rise,
And to the herald he can say:
" Thy master thus I did surmise,
In our absence would partly play.

" Indeed he doth not now digress
From his old predecessors prave;
But if he do my land distress,
I hope he welcome hard shall have.

" For in my land I left a lord,
Who, aiding of my royal queen,
Will stay your prince at point of sword,
And turn such truthless guests to teen.

" Let him not deem so destitute,
My land of lords and lusty knights;
For if he dare to prosecute,
He there shall find some warlike wights;

" Which will withstand him stiff in stour,
And eke his streaming standarts rent;
We'll send upon him many a shower
Of arrows, ere he pass the Trent.

" For since he perjured now doth prove,
And doth so small esteem his oath;
Our siege we will not cease to move,
Be he never so wood or wroth.

" But a valiant vow now we shall make,
At what time as we shall return,
All Scotland we shall harry and sack,
And never cease to spoil and burn;

" And never peace with him contrive,
Nor never league nor loveday take,
While one false Scot is left alive,
And till that land be brought to wrack."—

Then he to the King of Scots can write
A letter fast of full defiance:
" That he, for all his ire and spight,
Would still proceed his wars in France."

And took it to the Herald's hand,
And gave him eke a rich reward;
Then homewards he away gan wend,
And towards Scotland forth he far'd.

But while he waited for the wind,
And for his ship did things ordain,
For all his haste he came behind,
He never saw his prince again.

Anon King Henry the Scottish bill
Unto the Earl of Surrey sent
To Pomfret, where he stayed still,
And bade him be for battle bent.

The Earl all things 'gan to provide,
The Scotch King's purpose to resist;
And thro' all Scotland, far and wide,
All that was done straight way he wist.

For the Lord Dacres did perceive
The Scots' intentions manifest;
Their meetings and their musters brave,
And daily ridings, without rest.

The sooth whereof he sent straightway,
And told the Earl of Surrey sage,
That time was not to make delay,
But soldiers soon to fee and wage.

Which, when the Earl understood,
His letters fast he forth did 'dress
Unto each man of noble blood,
To have their men in readiness;

And eke what numbers they could make,
Of warlike wights all well arrayed;
Then with Sir Philip Tilney spake,
How that their wages might be paid;

And after for ordnance he sent
Unto Sir Nicholas Appleyard;
Which to his bidding soon was bent,
And towards him apace prepared

With culverings and cortals great,
And double cannons two or three;
He brought them on by stee and street,
To Durham in the north country.

That done, the Earl letters wrote
Unto each castle, fort, and hold,
That they should furnish them with shot,
And fortify their bulwarks bold.

Which answered all with stomach stout,
And every captain with his crew,
That they would beat the Scots quite out,
Till the King came home with their rescue.

Which answer of the captains keen,
The Earl Surrey greatly did delight.
But this while what the Scots did mean,
And of King James then will I write.

For after he to his brother-in-law
Defiance into France had sent,
His nobles all to him did draw,
Well busked, and for battle bent.

When they were all assembled sam
The town of Edenbrough before,
Fifty great lords there were of fame,
And barons bold besides great store

And prelates proud a populous lave,
And abbots boldly there were boun,
With bishop of St Andrews brave,
Which was King James his bastard son.

Surely 'twas an unseemly sight,
Contrary to our Christian laws,
A prelate for to press to fight,
And specially in a wicked cause.

Are these the Scot's religious rules?
Who taught their priests such pranks perverse,
To march forth mustered on their mules,
And soldier-like to sue God Mars?

The messenger of Christ, St Paul,
Taught them to shoot at no such prick;
Peter, nor Christ's apostles all,
Ne'er taught them any such a trick.

Their patron so did not them learn,
Saint Andrew with his shored cross;
But sure St Triman of Quhytehorn,
Or Doffin, their demigod of Ross.

This bishop bold, this bastard blest,
With other bishops in his band,
And abbots eke, bold as the rest,
For beagle-rods took bills in hand.

And every lord with him did lead
A mighty band, for battle prest;
So that in numbers they did exceed
A hundred thousand men at least.

King James for joy began to jet,
So huge an army to behold;
Then soon he bade them forward set,
And eke blaze out his banners bold.

Each lord went on then with his band,
And every captain with his crew;
Then minstrels mirthed all the land,
And brazen trumpets loud up blew.

Then drums struck up with hideous sound,
And banners bravely waved wide;
Men might no where behold bare ground,
But soldiers arm'd on every side.

In midst of ranks there rode the king,
On stately steed which stoutly stamp'd,
A goodly sight to see him fling,
And how his foamy bits he champ'd.

King James thus gorgeously gan ride,
Great pleasure to his peers to see;
Thus rode this prince, puff'd up with pride,
Whose lofty heart was but too high:

For he thought himself able enough,
Having so mighty a multitude,
All Europe then for to pass through,
And that no hold could him exclude;

Nor any king in Christendome,
In field to meet him was of might;
No, not the great Cæsar of Rome
Had been of force with him to fight;

Nor Hercules, nor Hannibal,
The Soldan, Sophy, nor the Turk;
None of the mighty monarchs all;
Such lusty blood did in him lurk.

But yet for all his armed host,
And eke for all his haughty heart,
Full soon abated was his bost,
When brought to London in a cart.

Even in the midst of harvest-tide,
The two-and-twentieth of August,
Did this proud prince, puft up with pride,
Into the English borders burst;

FIT THE THIRD.

WHERE piles he pulled down apace,
And burly buildings brought to ground;
The Scots like grooms void of all grace,
Or soldiers sacred to Mahound,

Fair matrons they did force each where,
And ravish'd maidens fair and mild,
And houses burnt, and bent up gear,
And murther'd many a man and child;

For so the king commanded had,
To waste and spoil with fire and flame:
And rifling so by journies rade,
To Norham castle strait they came;

Which soon with siege he did beset,
And trenches digg'd without delay;
With bombard shot the walls he bet,
And to assault it did assay.

But the captain, with courage stout,
  His fortress fiercely did defend;
Alas! too lewdly he lash'd out,
  And foolishly his ordnance spend;

And powder did profusely waste,
  And hail'd out arrows every hour;
So that he lacked at the last,
  What should have been his chief succour.

But yet five days he did defend,
  Tho' with hard 'saults they him assail'd;
And all their total strength extend;
  Yet all their power had not prevail'd,

Had it not been a false trait'rous thief,
  Who came King James's face before,
Who in that hold had got relief,
  The space of thirty years and more.

"I say," quoth he, "King James my liege,
  Your 'deavours here are all in vain,
For all your 'saults and hard besiege
  Of gun-shot here ye get no gain.

" But what reward shall I receive,
Quoth he, express and speak anon,
And I shall let you plain perceive
How that this castle may be won."—

" If that to pass thou bring this can,"
(The King gan say, where he did stand,)
" I shall make thee a gentleman,
And living give thee in our land."

" Then first of all refuse this place,
And down to yonder vallies draw;
The walls so shall ye rent and raze,
And with brief battery bring them low."

Which as he said, the king did so,
And 'gainst the walls his ordnance bent;
And ere five piece were shot or mo,
The walls were all to-razed and rent.

Which made the captain sore agast,
Seeing the walls down rattling reel'd;
His weapons all away he cast,
And to King James simply did yield.

The Scots anon they scoured in,
And plied apace unto their prey;
Look, what was worth one point or pin,
Ye need not bid them bear't away.

So when the Scots the walls had won,
And rifled ev'ry place and nook,
The traytor came to th' King anon,
For his reward ready to look.

The King then ask'd him, by and by,
Where he was born, and in what place?
The false knave nothing did deny,
But said a Scotchman born he was.

The King then ask'd him, with words mild,
How long time he had lodged there;
Quoth he, "Still since I was a child,
A good deal more than thirty year."—

"Why," quoth the King, "hast thou thus wrought
Unto thy friends this frantic rage?
That in this castle thee up brought,
And still have given thee meat and wage?

" Now since thy faith is falsified
To them that gave thee meat and fee,
It is a token to be tried,
That thou wilt not prove true to me.

" Therefore for this, thy trait'rous trick,
Thou shalt be tied in a trace:
Hangman," quoth he, " therefore be quick,
The groom shall gain no better grace."—

What he had said fore-past was nought,
The King's judgment was worthy praise;
If he in all things had so wrought,
Belike he had driven forth more days.

By this time came the pricking post,
And made the Earl to understand,
How that the King, with a great host,
Already entered had the land.

Which when the Earl of Surrey knew,
It was but vain to bid him hast;
He sent to all his friends full true,
That they their men should muster fast.

And shortly sent to every shire,
That the first day of September,
Both gentlemen, knights, lords, and squire,
Unto Newcastle should repair.

Then with five hundred soldiers stout,
Himself set forth in fine array,
And neither stint, nor staid his foot,
But strait to Durham took his way.

Where he devoutly did hear mass,
And worshipt God, his maker dear;
Then pray'd the prayer of that place,
Saint Cuthbert's banner for to bear.

Then strait he to Newcastle came,
Of August on the thirtieth day;
Where many a nobleman of fame
To him did draw without delay.

There doughty Dacres did him meet,
And brought with him a burly band
Of warlike wights, right well replete,
From Westmoreland and Cumberland.

Sir Marmaduke Constable stout,
Accompanied with his seemly sons;
Sir William Bulmer with his rout,
Lord Clifford with his clapping guns.

Then from Newcastle 'gan he flit,
And took his way to Alnwick town;
That weary men with weather bit
Might have the more easement and room.

Then might you see on every side,
The ways all fill'd with men of war;
Here, silken streamers waving wide,
And helmets high glist'ring afar.

From Lancashire and Cheshire fast,
They to the lusty Stanley drew;
From Hornby whereas he in hast
Set forward with a comely crew.

What banners brave before him blazed!
The people mused where he did pass;
Poor husbandmen were much amazed,
And women wond'ring cried, alas!

Young wives did weep in woful cheer,
To see their friends in harness drest;
Some rent their clothes, some tore their hair,
Some held their babes unto their breast.

And woful mothers mourning stood
Viewing their sons in harness horse;
And shouting shriek'd, when they forth rode,
And of their lives took little force.

But who could plainly express with pen
What masses said on hallowed stone;
What prayers of religious men,
What sacred service eke was done?

That Stanley might come safe away,
And victor valiantly return,
The bells did sound a night and day,
And sacred fires bright did burn.

Men with grey heads drew to their beads,
And fast their prayers poured out;
Old wives for woe did wag their heads,
And saints were sought on naked foot.

But Stanley over Stainmore strait
Did pass, and resting there did view
A banner brave, born up on height,
Whereunder went a warlike crew.

"What lusty troop is yon I see?"
Sir Edward Stanley he did cry:
A yeoman said—"It is, I see,
"Bryan Tunstal that bold esquire.

"For in his banner I behold
A cock curling as he would crow;
He brings with him his tenants bold,
An hundred men at least I know."—

Then said the Stanley where he stood,
"Would Christ that he would take our part,
His clear and undefiled blood,
Good speed doth promise at my heart.

"Blaze out, therefore, I bid you soon,
The Earl of Derby's banner brave;
Perchance with us he will be one,
When it in sight he shall perceive."

But Tunstal took no heed that tide,
Without saluting forth he went;
Upon the valiant Howard's side,
His faithful heart he fixed fast.

Then said the Stanley where he stood,
"O doughty lads, draw up your hearts;
Be not amazed in your mood,
For Tunstal will not take our parts.

"Set forward, sirs"—then did he say,
"Unto the Howards let's make hast."—
And being sore wearied with the way,
At Alnwick they arrived at last.

Whose coming greatly did rejoice
The Earl and all his company;
Who but the eagle bare the voice,
With wings wapped as he would flee?

At Alnwick while the army increased,
The weather waxt both foul and wet;
With rain down rattling never ceased,
That every brook burst forth on float.

Such rustling winds, such blust'ring blast,
Down rushing day and night did sound;
Which made the Earl full sore agast
His son Lord Admiral should be drown'd;

Which at his parting promise plight,
To his father, if he were alive,
At Newcastle, with main and might,
His fleet in merry 'ray to 'rive.

Which promise he did fully keep,
Sir Neptune did such friendship shew;
And safely then, him and his fleet,
In happy haven did bestow.

Then soldiers soon he set on land,
And to his father fast he hied,
With warlike wights, a worthy band,
Two thousand men, at least, well tried,

With captains courageous and keen:
At Alnwick they arrived at last;
Whom, when the Earl his army had seen,
With sudden fear they were agast.

For seeing their armour black as ink,
Some said it was a Scottish band,
And many did esteem and think,
They were some force from foreign land.

Some took their harness, some their horse,
And forward fast busied to fight;
But when they saw St George's cross,
And English arms borne up on hight:

Some said it was some jolly crew
The King had sent from France that tide;
The southern men the sooth soon knew,
And loud, "Lord Admiral," they cried.

Who, when the Earl of Surrey saw,
He thanked God with heart so mild,
And hands for joy to heaven did throw,
His son was saved from waters wild.

A merry meeting there was seen,
For first they kist and then embraced;
For joy the tears fell from their e'en;
All forepast fears were then defaced.

Then caused the Earl each captain count
Under their wings what soldiers were;
Which done, the number did but mount
To six-and-twenty thousand there.

The Earl then call'd a council soon
Of prudent lords and captains wise;
And how the battle might be done,
He bade them shew their best device.

Some said, too small their number was
To atchieve so great an enterprize;
Some counselled posts back for to pass
For aid, and cause the countries rise.

And from the south the Queen, some said,
A band of soldiers soon would send;
And will'd to stay; for whiles they staid,
Their powers daily might amend.

Some said, the Scots would flee strait way;
Their powers daily would diminish;
Wherefore their counsel was to stay:
Thus the Earl Surrey did admonish.

Up start the Admiral then in ire,
And stamping stood with stomach hot:
"Why, sir!" said he there to his sire,
"Hath cowardice lent you his coat?

"Let ne'er King Henry hear for shame,
That you should play this dastard part;
Let it ne'er be blown by trump of fame,
That you should bear a coward's heart.

"Hath not King Henry left you here,
His lieutenant to rule the land;
Trusting that fiercely, without fear,
The scoulding Scots you would withstand?

"Think on your father's valiance,
How fierce he fought at Bosworth-Field;
Till time that he by Stanley's lance
With grievous wounds his life did yield!

"Would God," quoth he, "my brother Edward
Were here alive this present day!
No foes there could have made him fear'd
In camp here like a coward to stay.

" What royal fame, what high renown,
Hath he left to his line and race;
What ample glory would him crown,
If life had lasted longer space!

" The sea he did both sweep and scoure;
No pirate proud durst 'pear in sight;
Not Pirate John, for all his power,
That great renowned Lothian knight.

" How oft the royal fleet of France
In cruel conflict by him was grieved;
If he had 'scaped one fatal chance,
What worthy acts might have atchieved!

" No multitudes made him dismayed,
Nor numbers great his stomack 'swage;
Great shame then would to us be laid,
And to our offspring in each age;

" Your father's fame then should be 'filed,
His worthy facts should be forgot;
The chief renown eke of your child,
Your beastish acts should clear out-blot:

" If ye lie loit'ring here like loons,
And do not fight yon Scots again;
For still we hear how English towns
Are sack'd, and sucking babes are slain.

" And daily they pilfer each place,
And spoil the people all about;
Wherefore let's stay no longer space,
But now step forth with stomach stout."

FIT THE FOURTH.

THEN the Earl of Surrey again replied,
And to his son thus gan he say:
"No bashfulness doth make me bide,
Nor stomach faint doth make me stay:

"The cause is, for no cowardice
So long time here we make delay;
But that I fear this enterprise
Will prove no childish sport or play.

"Wise councils then must be embraced,
And let us careful think upon
Our cards, them both to count and cast,
For great's the bus'ness to be done.

"Too hardy oft good hap doth hazard;
And over bold oft is not best;
That prove I by my son sir Edward,
Who ever was too bold off Brest.

" He had been man alive this day,
If he with counsel wise had wrought;
But he was drown'd in Bartrumb's Bay,
This end his great boldness him brought.

" My father, at King Richard's field,
Under the Stanley's lance lay slain
And I a captive there did yield;
Our manhood great got us this gain.

" We might have 'scaped that scurvy day,
If warning could our wits have bet:
A friend of ours, to cause us stay,
Upon my father's gate had set

" A certain scroll, whose scripture said;
' Jack of Norfolk be not too bold,'—
And under that in verse was laid;—
' Dicon, thy master, is bought and sold.'—

" My father fighting fierce was slain,
King Richard 'reaved of life and crown;
Such goodly guerdon oft they gain,
Who rashly run to get renown.

" For see the Duke of York was brought
At Wakefield to his fatal fall,
Who might have 'scaped, if he had wrought
The counsel wise of David Hall.

" I read of conquerors and kings,
For lack of counsel cast away;
Now since at hand such danger hings,
Our counsel we had need to say.

" It is not I am fraught with fear;
Nor for myself such thought I take;
But for young babes and infants dear,
Which fathers sore I fear will lack.

" Such fortune falls through fights doubtless;
Poor widows plenty shall be left,
And many a servant masterless,
And mothers of their sons bereft.

" This is the cause I counsel crave,
This is the cause I cast such doubts;
I'd rather one English soldier save,
Than for to kill a thousand Scots.

" I can no kind of compass cast,
But many a life there must be lost;
And many a tall man death must taste,
The Scots are such a mighty host.

" The Prince himself is there present,
With all his peers prepared for war;
With barons, knights, and commons, bent,
A hundred thousand men they are.

" Put case our total English power
Were ready drest and made in meat;
They at meals two would us devour;
The Scottish army is so great.

" Therefore let each man's mind be exprest,
How that these Scots we may convince;
And how to pass this peril best,
And save the honour of our Prince?"—

Then spake Sir Edward Stanley stout,
—Fierce on the Earl he fixt his e'en,—
" What need have we thus for to doubt,
And be afraid of foes unseen?

" Shall we lye loit'ring in this manner,
And still permit the Scots to rest?
Fie! let them see an English banner,
And our brave troops how seemly drest.

" What though our foes be five to one;
For that let not our stomachs fail;
God gives the stroke when all is done;
If it please him, we shall prevail.

" If antient records we peruse,
Set forth by famous clerks of old;
Which both of Christians, Pagans, Jews,
Plainly describe the battles bold,

" There may we certain see in fight,
Many a noble prince and king,
With populous armies put to flight,
And vanquished by a little wing.

" With hundreds three Judge Gideon
The Midean host o'ercame in fight;
And Jonathan, Saul's son, alone
The fierce Philistians put to flight.

" So Judas Machabeus, the man
Of foremost fame amongst all knights;
Who can describe what fields he wan,
With handfuls small of warlike wights.

" The mighty Macedonian Prince,
With a small puissance and power,
King Darius' host did all convince,
Who for one was in number four.

" The great renowned Roman peers,
—Their glorious praise shall never blin,
Nor fame, that daily fills men's ears—
Through numbers great did never win.

" For Titus Livius doth protest,
The less their power, the more their gain;
When they were most they wan the least;
The greater press more people slain.

" Example: at Cannæ's fierce conflict
So many nobles there were slain,
That bushels three there were collect
Of rings from dead-men's fingers drawn.

" Where Scipio with numbers small
Of warlike wights of lusty blood,
In field to flight put Hannibal,
And burnt with fire Carthage proud.

" What farther need I for to seek
Of Christian kings, the manful acts?
Since yet the fame doth record reeke
Of Henry with his famous facts.

" All Europe yet afresh doth sound
Of his high prowess with report;
What standards stout brought he to ground,
With numbers small at Agincourt.

" All France yet trembleth to hear talk,
What nobles unto death were dight;
Two thousand, besides vulgar folk,
Simplest of whom was 'squire or knight.

" He never stint from war and strife,
Till th' heir of France he was proclaimed;
If fate had lent him longer life,
With English laws all France he had framed.

" Of Bedford eke his brother John,
The Dauphin bet with a small band;
Lord Talbot, with his name alone,
To tremble forced all the French land.

" The Earl of Richmond, with small power,
Of England wan both realm and crown;
At Bosworth, where the raging Boar,
With all his host, was overthrown.

" So though the Scottish host be great,
Let us not stint, but them withstand;
In battle bold we shall them beat,
For God will help us with his hand.

" If we in field be fighting slain,
And be in battle brought to ground;
Unceasing praise then shall we gain,
Men will our fame for aye out-sound.

" The mem'ry of our great manhood
'Mongst Englishmen for aye shall last;
And then for vengeance of our blood,
King Henry home from France will hast.

" Our kinsfolk and our cousins free,
  Will wreak our deaths with doleful dint;
Till time that they revenged be,
  From sturdy strokes they will not stint.

" Our ghosts shall go to God on high,
  Though bodies vile to death be dight;
In better cause we cannot die,
  Than fighting for our country's right.

" Put case the lot light contrary;
  —As firm my faith is fixt it shall—
And we do gain the victory,
  Good fortune then will us befall;

" And that we give our foes the foil,
  What worthy praise then shall we win!
What mighty prey, what plenteous spoil,
  What prisoners of princely kin!

" The Prince is there himself King James,
  With prelates passing rich in pride:
Fifty great lords there are of fame,
  Great barons, knights, and 'squires beside;

" Whose tents if standing they be found,
When fight is done, I do not fear,
But for ent'ring our English ground,
Their charges they shall pay full dear.

" Such fate shall them befal, I trust,
As elders theirs have done before;
Who into England seld did brust,
But they were brust in battle sore.

" Their mighty Mars, King Malchomy,
Did valiantly this land invade;
At Tinmoth he was forced to flee,
And slain was by an English blade.

" King David unto Durham came,
Who with the Scots in pitched field
For all their pride, yet lost the game;
King David there did captive yield.

" What shall I farther mention make
Of Henry the fourth, how in his days
The Earl of Murray and Lord Mordack,
Angus and Douglass prickt with praise,

" Did enter in Northumberland,
And murdered men without mercy;
Were they not bet by a small band
In battle, by Sir Henry Percy?

" The story saith, who list to look,
Ten thousand Scots in field were slain;
And through the valiant Percy's stroke,
Those Earls his captives did remain.

" Such luck I trust to our foes shall light,
And all that wars do raise in wrong;
Wherefore against them let us fight;
What shame we loiter here so long!

" If any seem abased to be,
That we in battle shall be bet:
Cheshire and Lancashire with me,
Shall give the Scots the first onset."—

When this was said, the Stanley stout,
All silent, down did sit in place:
The eyes of all the lords about,
Were fixt upon his valiant face.

His wisdom great all wondered at,
And all his manful proffer praised;
All they that would have lingered late,
Their courage keen was now upraised.

Now they that lately would have staid,
With foremost cried forth to the field;
With one voice the Earl they prayed,
That Stanley might the vanguard wield.

But on that side the Earl of Surrey
Wext deaf, for why, he could not hear:
For stirred up now with Stanley's glory,
His rancour old he did uprear.

Quoth he, "The King's place I supply;
At pleasure mine all things shall bide;"—
Then on each captain he did cry,
In presence to appear that tide.

That done, straitway he did ordain
His battle brief, on this same sort;
Whose order and array right plain
With pen I shall make true report.

FIT THE FIFTH.

For when Stanley, with stomach stout,
Did valiantly the vanguard crave;
The old Earl of Surrey sore did doubt,
That he too high honour should have,

If fortune good fell on his part,
And valiant victor did return:
—'Gainst Stanley's blood such hateful heart
In Surrey's breast did boiling burn.

Wherefore in foreward first of all,
Chief captain constituted he
His loving son Lord Admiral,
With soldiers such as came from sea.

Whom doughty lords associated
With barons bold and hardy knights;
Lord Ogle, who, as then, did lead
A lordly band of warlike wights.

In order next the Admiral,
The lusty knight, Lord Clifford went,
Who had been shroud in shepherd's earn,
While twice twelve years were gone and spent.

For when his father at Wakefield
The Duke of York his son had slain,
By friends in this wise was concealed,
Till th' Earl of Richmond 'gan his reign;

Who him restored to all his right,
And seated him in his sire's land;
Or else to death he had been dight,
While the house of York had the up-hand.

Now, like a captain bold, he brought
A band of lusty lads elect;
Whose curious coats, cunningly wrought,
With dreadful dragons were bedeckt.

From Penigent to Pendle-hill,
From Linton to Longadingham;
And all that Craven coasts did till,
They with the lusty Clifford came.

All Staincliffe hundred went with him,
With striplings strong from Whorledale;
And all that Hauton-hills did climb,
With Langstroth eke and Litton Dale,

Whose milk-fed fellows fleshly bred,
Well bound, with sounding bows upbend;
All such as Horton fells had fed,
On Clifford's banner did attend.

Next whom Lord Lomly and Latimer,
Were equal matcht with all their power;
With whom was next their neighbours near,
Lord Coniers stout and stiff in stoure,

With many a gentleman and 'squire,
From Rippon, Ripley, and Ryedale;
With them marcht forth all Massamshire,
With Noisterfield and Netherdale;

With till-men taught in harness store,
Which turned the furrows of Mitton-field;
With bill-men bold from Blackamore,
Most warlike wights these lords did wield.

Next whom was placed with all his power
Lord Scroop of Upsall, th' aged knight;
Sir Stephen Bull, so stiff in stour,
Was match'd next him with all his might.

Sir Walter Aufith, sage and grave,
Was with Sir Henry Sherburn bent,
And under Bulmer's banner brave,
The whole bishopric of Durham went.

Whom ensued Sir Christopher Ward,
With him Sir Edward Effingham;
Next went Sir Nicholas Appleyard,
Sir Metham, Sidney, Averingham.

All these in foremost battle bold,
These valiant wights in vanguard were;
Seven thousand men, number'd and told,
Simplest of whom bare bow or spear.

Then the Earl Sir Edmond Howard
'Gan call, whom marshall soon he made;
" My son," said he, " now soon set forth,
With valiant heart the Scots invade.

" Chief captain of the right-hand wing
To brother thine I thee ordain;
Full surely see thou serve the king,
Employ thy power, let for no pain.

" Of southern soldiers hundreds two,
Under thy wing shall wend with thee;"—
A thousand thanks Sir Edmund though,
Did render to his father free.

With him was matcht as equal mate,
Bryan Tunstal, a trusty 'squire;
Whose stomach stout nought could abate,
Nor ought could swage his bold desire.

The glory of his grandsire old,
The famous acts eke of his sire,
His blood untainted made him bold,
And stirr'd his stomach hot as fire.

For when debate did first begin,
And rancour raised most rueful work,
And ruffling ruled this realm within
'Twixt Lancaster and th' house of York;

During which hurly-burly and strife,
Were murthered many a mother's child;
And many a lord bereaved of life,
And noble house with blood defiled;

But this man's father, void of fear,
While in this realm such ruffling was;
To Henry the Sixth did still adhere,
And for no pains would from him pass.

For he to York would never yield,
For all the struggling stir and strife;
Nine times he fiercely fought in field,
So oft in danger was his life.

And when the King was captive caught,
And the Earl of Warwick overthrown,
To save his life best means he sought,
And was in bark to Britain blown,

And with th' Earl of Richmond remained,
And lords of the Lancastrian kin;
When th' Earl at length the garland gained,
And did fair England's empire win;

He rendered Tunstal to his right,
And knowing his pure blood unblamed,
He eke did cause this trusty knight,
Undefiled Tunstal to be named.

Most fierce he fought at Thallian Field,
Where Martin Swart on ground lay slain;
Where rage did reign he never reel'd,
But like a rock did still remain.

Now came this man, amongst the rest,
To match his father in manhood:
For battle ready bent and prest,
With him a band of lusty blood.

Next went Sir Bold and Butler brave,
Two lusty knights of Lancashire;
Then Barkerton bold, and Bygod grave,
With Warcop wild, a worthy 'squire.

Next Richard Chomley and Chiston stout,
With men of Hadfield and of Hull;
Lawrence of Dun with all his rout,
The people fresh with them did pull.

John Clartice then was 'nexed near,
With Stapylton of stomach stern;
Next whom Fitzwilliam forth did fare,
Who martial feats was not to learn.

These captains keen, with all their might,
In right-hand wing did warlike wend;
All these, on Edmond Howard, knight,
The Earl his sire ordained t'attend.

Then next the left-hand wing did wield
Sir Marmaduke Constable old;
With him a troop well tried in field,
And eke his sons and kinsfolk bold.

Next him Sir William Percy proud,
Went with the great Earl Percy's power;
From Lancashire of lusty blood,
A thousand soldiers, stiff in stowre.

The Earl himself can undertake
Of the rearward the regiment;
Whom barons bold did bravely back,
And southern soldiers, seemly bent.

Next whom in place was 'nexed near,
Lord Scroop of Bolton stern and stout;
On horseback who had not his peer;
No Englishman, Scots more did doubt.

With him did wend all Wensadale,
From Morton unto Moisdale-Moor;
All they that dwelt by the banks of Swale,
With him were bent in harness stour.

From Weresdale warlike wights did wend,
From Bishop's-dale went bowmen bold;
From Coverdale to Cotter-end,
And all to Kidston causeway cold.

From Mollerstang and Midleham,
And all from Mask and Midleconby;
And all that climb the mountain Cam,
Whose crown from frost is seldom free.

With lusty lads, and large of length,
Which dwelt at Seimerwater side;
All Richmondshire, its total strength
The lusty Scroop did lead and guide.

Next went Sir Philip Tilney tall,
With him Sir Thomas Barkley brave,
Sir John Radcliffe in arms royal,
With Sir William Gascoin grave.

Next whom did pass with all his rout
Sir Christopher Pickering proud,
With Sir Bryan Stapylton stout;
Two valiant knights of noble blood.

Next with Sir John Stanley there yede
The Bishop of Ely's servants bold;
Sir Lionel Percy eke did lead
Some hundred men well tried and told.

Next went Sir Mimham Markinfil
In armour coat of cunning work;
The next went Sir John Maundevill,
With him the citizens of York.

Sir George Darcy in banner bright,
Did bear a bloody broken spear;
Next went Sir Magnus with his might,
And Chestane bold of lusty chear.

Sir Guy Dawnie with his glorious rout,
Then Mr Dawbie's servants bold,
Then Richard Tempest with his rout
In rereward thus their 'ray did hold.

The right-hand wing with all his rout,
The lusty Lord Dacres did lead;
With him the bows of Kendal stout,
With milk-white coats and crosses red.

All Keswick eke and Cockermouth,
And all from Copeland's craggy hills;
All Westmoreland, both north and south,
Whose weapons were great weighty bills.

All Carlisle eke and Cumberland,
They with the Dacres proud did pass;
From Branton, and from Broughly sands,
From Graystone, and from Ravens-Glass.

With striplings strong from Stainmoor side,
And Austin-Moor-men marched even,
All those that Gilsland grave did hide,
With horsemen light from Hesham-Leven.

All these did march in Dacres' band,
All these ensued his banner broad;
No lustier lord was in the land,
Nor more might boast of birth and blood.

Many houses strong and huge of height,
Were all his own to give or sell;
Fair baronies for his birthright,
For heritage to him befell.

These royal lords thus 'ray did hold,
With ranges, ranks, and warlike wings;
But yet the man is left untold,
On whom the matter wholly hings;

Whose worthy praise and prowess great,
Whose glorious fame shall never blin;
Nor Neptune never shall forget
What land he hath left to his kin.

Sir Edward Stanley stiff in stour,
He is the man of whom I mean;
With him did pass a mighty power,
Of soldiers seemly to be seen.

Most liver lads in Lonsdale bred,
With weapons of unwieldy weight;
All such as Tatham-Fells had fed,
Went under Stanley's streamer bright.

From Bolland billmen bold were boun,
With such as Botton-Banks did hide;
From Wharemore up to Whitington,
And all to Wenning Water side.

From Silverdale to Kent-Sand side,
Whose soil is sown with cockle-shells;
From Cartmel eke and Conny-side
With fellows fierce from Furney's fells.

All Lancashire for the most part,
The lusty Stanley stout did lead;
A stock of striplings, strong of heart,
Brought up from babes with beef and bread.

From Warton unto Warrington,
From Wigan unto Wiresdale,
From Wedicar to Waddington,
From old Ribchester to Ratchdale,

From Poulton and Preston with pikes,
They with the Stanley stout forth went;
From Pemberton and Pilling Dikes,
For battle billmen bold were bent.

With fellows fresh and fierce in fight,
Which Horton Fields turn'd out in scores;
With lusty lads, liver and light,
From Blackburn and Bolton i'th Moors.

With children chosen from Cheshire,
In armour bold for battle drest;
And many a gentleman and 'squire
Were under Stanley's streamer prest.

Thus Stanley stout, the last of all,
Of the rereward the rule did wield;
Which done, to Bolton in Glendale,
The total army took the field.

Where all the council did consent,
That Rougecross to the Scottish King
Strait with instructions should be sent,
To know his Majesty's meaning.

FIT THE SIXTH.

And whereas the castle of Ford
He threatneth for to overthrow;
Rougecross was charged word for word,
The Earl's intention to let him know:

That if his Grace would so agree
To suffer that same fort to stand,
And William Heron send home free,
Who then was captive in Scotland;

Whereto if the King would condescend,
The Earl promised to restore,
And to the King straightway to send
Of his countrymen captives four,

Lord Johnston and Sir Sandy Hume,
Sir Richard Hume and William Carr—
And where the King did sore presume
In wrongful sort to stir up war

Against King Henry his brother-in-law,
And commons cruelly did kill;
His piles and forts did fierce down throw,
And English blood spared not to spill:

The Earl did charge the herald straight
To certify the said Scotch King,
That he in field with him would fight,
On Friday then next following.

And yet ere Rougecross forth did fare,
Lord Admiral took him aside,
And bade him to the King declare
His coming and access that tide:

That he from sea descended was,
With all his total power and might;
And that in forward with his Grace
He should him find fit for to fight;

And when the Scots on him did call
At days of March to make redress
For Andrew Barton their Admiral,
Whom he with bloody blade did bless;

Now he was come in person prest,
The said Sir Andrew's death to vouch;
And if it in his power doth rest,
Quoth he, "I shall serve him with such.

"For there shall no Scot 'scape unslain,
(The King in person sole except)
For so of th' Scots," quoth he, again,
"No other mercy I expect."—

And yet ere Rougecross went his way,
The Earl and council did expect
That the Scotch King, without delay,
An herald would again direct.

Wherefore Rougecross commanded there,
No Scotchman near the field to bring;
Lest he their conduct might declare,
And thereby dangers great might spring.

Then Rougecross ready took his horse,
Bedeckt in coat of arms most brave;
With him did wend a trumpet hoarse,
That Scots their coming might perceive.

Their geldings were both good and light,
From galloping they seldom staid;
Till at the length they viewed in sight
Whereas their enemy's army laid.

The Scots' watch them anon descried,
And them conveyed before the King;
Where he with barons bold did bide:
Whom Rougecross did on knees kneeling,

With seemly salutation greet;
And after, his instructions straight
Each one exprest in order meet;
And letters 'livered there in sight:

Whom, when the King of Scots had heard,
And eke had viewed his letters large;
E'en frantic-like he fuming fared,
And, bombard-like, did boasts discharge.

"If true," quoth he, "let be exprest
Thou herald sent, anon recite;
And was your Earl so bold of breast,
Thus proudly to a Prince to write?

" But since he seems to be so rough,
I swear," quoth he, " by sceptre and crown,
In faith, he shall have fighting enough,
On Friday before sun go down.

" For here to God I promise plight,
We never pass will from this hill
Till we have tried your Earl's whole might,
And given their folkes fighting their fill.

" Because he vexed our land of late,
Perchance his stomach is extolled;
But now we will withstand his Grace,
Or thousand pates shall there be polled."—

To presence then he called his peers,
To whom he read the Earl his bill;
And audience given with ireful ears;
Some said, " It came of little skill

" An Earl of so simple a shire
To 'nointed king such words to write!"—
Some bade the schedule cast in fire;—
Some for to speak did spare for spight;

Some said the herald of's own head
Such talk extempore did express;
And counsel'd with all possible speed
An herald hastily to address;

To know of the Earl of Surrey plain,
If he such message did procure;
And till the time he turned again
The English herald to make sure.

Whereto the King did soon consent,
And Rougecross sure in safety kept,
And home with English trumpet sent
An herald, by name Ilay yclept:

Who was commanded for to know
Of the Earl and his council sage,
If Rougecross truth to him did shew;
Or, if he had sent such message;

And if he tidings true had brought,
And to his Grace avouched no lie;
The King in mind anon forethought
How he the Earl might certify.

Wherefore he Ilay instructed strait
With letters large and loquintue;
Which done, they soon set forth the night,
And towards the English camp they drew.

But at a little village poor
Ilay did light, and took lodging;
For the army was two miles or more,
Whiles the trumpet shews of his coming.

The night was even at midst well near,
And the English lords lying on grass;
Till time the trumpet did appear,
And told Earl Surrey all the case:

How that the Scots they did detain
Rougecross, and credit would him not;
And for to know the truth more plain,
The King himself had sent a Scot;

Which he constrained for to stay,
And lodged then in a little village;
Lest he their order might display,
Which might turn to the Scots' advantage.

Which when the Earl understood,
He viewed the Scotchmen's dealings all;
And in a sound and sober mood
He strait did on his council call,

Where he in presence did report
The total tale the trumpet told:
The council mused, with marvel great,
Why Scots their herald did withhold:

Not any cause could they conject,
But all surmises were deferred;
And sage advice was clean defect,
Till they the Scottish herald heard.

Wherefore as soon as Phœbus fair
Dame Luna's light and stars did stain,
And burning in the fiery chair,
His startling steeds hail'd forth amain:

The Earl and his council sage
To horseback then they hied around;
And every man did bring his page
To hold their horses in that stound.

But when they stept within the street,
The Scot was scarce from cabbage got
Where he the English lords did greet
With little court'sie like a Scot.

Which done, the Earl did command
His message he should manifest:
Then Ilay hastily out of hand
His chiefest charge anon exprest.

"My soverain Lord," quoth he, "King James,
Would of your honour gladly hear,
If Rougecross was charged in your name
Such bold word to his Grace to bear.

"My master doth mistrust his words
With leasing to be understood;
Likewise do all our peerless lords:"—
Then soon he told what Rougecross said.

Quoth th' Earl, "What doth thy master mean,
Of herald ours to make such dread?
His message for to forge or feign
Of leasing we do stand no need.

" Our herald's words we'll justify,
For verity he did reveal;
His writings eke the same will try
Which of our arms do bear the seal.

" Wherefore I of thy master muse,
Our herald why he handleth so;
And 'gainst all reason doth refuse
Our message to make answer to." —

Then Ilay again to him replied,—
" I say, quoth he, so said my lord;
And to your message at this tide
I shall make answer word for word.

" And for Ford Castle, first of all,
Which to preserve ye did make suit;
To save the same from fire and fall
My master thereto biddeth mute.

" And for the owner of the fort,
Who William Heron hath to name;
My master says, to shew you short,
He will not answer to the same.

" For Johnston and Sir Sandy Hume,
Richard Hume and William Carr,
Our Prince himself in person's come
Them to redeem by dint of war.

" If ye your message dare make good,
On Friday next in field to fight;
My master with a manful mood
To mighty Jove hath promised plight,

" For to abide the battle bold,
And give your folks fighting their fill:
And that your Lordship shew I should
So grateful be his Grace until,

" As any Earl all England thorough;
For if he had such message sent,
He being at home at Edinborough,
Would gladly have answer'd your intent.

" Now if with dint of sword ye dare
Abide his Grace in battle bold,
On Friday next, he craves no far.
My message whole now I have told."—

A thousand thanks the Earl there
Unto the Royal King did yield,
Whose princely heart did not forbear,
So simple a lord to meet in field.

And then a valiant vow he plight,
That he the battle bold would bide,
And on prefixed day to fight;
Which done, he did command that tide,

The Scottish herald, Ilay clept,
A season there he should sojourn,
And in safe custody be kept,
Till time that Rougecross did return.

When as the Earl Ilay heard,
Straight to the King his servant sent,
Who to the King all things declared,
With the Earl's answer and intent.

The King then Rougecross did discharge,
Who hied home to th' Earl in hast;
Then Ilay was let go at large
When Rougecross came, who was kept fast.

Then Rougecross did make true report,
To th' Earl and captains in like case,
As he had seen, and in what sort,
The Scottish King encamped was:

Even on the height of Flodden-Hill,
Where down below his ordnance lay,
So strong that no man's study or skill,
To fight with him could find a way.

Such mountains steep, such craggy hills,
His army on th' one side inclose;
The other side great grizly gills
Did fence with fenny mire and moss.

Which, when the Earl understood,
He council craved of his captains all,
Who bade set forth with manful mood,
And take such fortune as would fall.

FIT THE SEVENTH.

Whereto the Earl did soon consent,
And quickly called for a guide,
Lest by the way he harm might hent.
But hark what happened that tide:

When th' army press'd was to proceed,
All 'rayed in ranks, ready to fight,
Came scowring all in scarlet red,
With lusty lance, a horseman light.

His face with vailed vizard hid,
Thus plainly have I heard report;
Who radly by the ranks did ride,
And straight to the Earl did resort.

All th' army marvel'd at this man,
To see him ride in such array;
But what he was, or whence he came,
No wight there was could certain say.

When he the Earl of Surrey saw,
From saddle light he leaped there,
And down on knees did lout full low,
Holding in hand his horse and spear.

And on this sort he silence brake,
"My Lord," quoth he, "Grant me some grace,
Pardon my life for pitty sake,
You have the Prince's power and place!

"Grant at your hand I grace may have;
Freely forgive me mine offence,
Perchance ye shortly shall perceive
Your kindness I may recompence."—

Quoth the Earl, "Then note us thy name,
Belike thou'st done some heinous deed;
Thou dare not shew thy face for shame,
What is thy fact, declare with speed?

"If thou hast wrought some treason, tell,
Or English blood by murther spilt;
Or thou hast been some rude rebel,
Else we will pardon thee thy guilt."—

Then he to the Earl did reply,
And say, " My Lord, for offence such,
The total world I do defie;
With treason me no man can touch!

" I grant indeed I wrong have wrought,
Yet disobedience was the worst;
Else I am clear from deed or thought,
And extremes thereto me have forced.

" And as for murthering Englishmen,
I never hurt man, maid, or wife:
Howbeit, Scots some nine or ten
At least I have bereaved of life:

" Else I in time of wealth or want,
Still to my King persisted true;
Wherefore, good Lord, my life do grant,
My name then shortly I shall shew."—

Quoth th' Earl, " Then pluck up thy heart,
Thou seems to be no person prave;
Stand up at once, lay dread apart,
Thy pardon free here thou shalt have.

" Thou seems to be a man indeed,
And of thy hands hardy and wight;
Of such a man we shall stand need
Perchance on Friday next at night."—

Then on his feet he starts up straight,
And thanked the Earl at that tide;
Then on his horse he leaped light,
Saying, " My Lord, ye lack a guide,

" But I shall you conduct full straight
To where the Scots encamped are:
I know of old the Scottish sleight,
And crafty stratagems of war.

" Therefore experience hath me taught;
Now I shall shew you who I am:
On Borders here I was up brought,
And Bastard Hearon is my name."—

" What!" quoth the Earl, " Bastard Hearon?
He died at least now two year since,
Betwixt Newark and Northampton,
He perisht through the pestilence.

" Our king to death had deem'd the man,
'Cause he the Scottish warden slew,
And on our Borders first began
These raging wars for to renew.

" But God his purpose did prevent,
He died of the plague to prove;
King Henry his death did since lament;
He wondrous well the man did love.

" Would God! thy tale were true this tide;
Thou Bastard Hearon might be found,
Thou in this gate should be our guide,
I wot right well thou knows the ground."—

" I am the same," said he again,
And therewith did unfold his face;
Each person then perceived plain;
That done, he opened all the case.

Quoth he, " When I the Scot's warden
Had with my blade bereaved of breath,
I wist well I should get no pardon,
But sure I was to suffer death.

" In haste King Henry for me sent,
To whom I durst not disobey;
So towards London straight I went,
But hark what wile I wrought by th' way.

" I nought but truth to you shall note:
That time in many a town and borough,
The pestilence was raging hot,
And raging reigned all England thorough.

" So coming to a certain town,
I said I was infected sore,
And in a lodge they laid me down,
Where company I had no more,

" But my own secret servants three;
For townsmen 'fraid for fear did watch;
So in that stead no more staid I,
But homeward by the dark dispatch.

" My servants secretly that night,
Did frame a corpse in cunning sort;
And on the morrow, as it was light,
My death did ruefully report:

" And so my servants, soon that morn,
The corpse to bury made them bown,
Crying alas! like men forlorn,
And seem'd for sorrow to fall down.

" The corpse they cunningly conveyed,
And caused the bells aloud be rung,
And money to the priest they paid,
And service for my soul was sung.

" Which done, they tidings straight did bring
Unto King Henry, I was dead;
Christ have his soul, then said the King,
For sure he should have lost his head.

" If he up to the court had come,
I promised had so, by Saint Paul;
But since God did prevent our doom,
Almighty Christ forgive his soul.

" To mansion mine I came at last,
By journeys nimbly all by night;
And now two years or more are past,
Since I aptly appeared in sight.

" No wight did weet but I was dead,
Save my three servants and my wife;
Now I am start up in this stead,
And come again from death to life."—

Which said, the lords and captains sam,
From laughing loud could not abstain,
To hear his gande they had good gam,
And of his welfare all were fain;

Whose policy they had perceived,
And often times his truth had tried;
Which was the cause so sore they craved
This Hearon brave to be their guide.

Then forth before he fiercely flew,
The Borderers bold to him they draw,
The total army did ensue,
And came that night to Wooler-Haugh.

There th' English lords did lodge their host;
Because the place was plain and dry,
And was within six miles at most,
Whereas their enemy's host did lie.

The morrow next they all removed,
Though weather was both foul and ill;
Along down by a pleasant flood,
Which called is the Water of Till.

And all that day they viewed in sight,
Whereas the Scots for battle bode;
Because the day was spent, that night
The army lodged at Barmoor wood.

Then valiantly with the vanguard,
The morrow next with mature skill,
The Admiral did march forward,
And passed o'er the water of Till.

At Twizlebridge with ordenance,
And other engines fit for war,
His father forth did eke advance,
And at Millfield, from thence not far,

With the rear-ward the river past,
All ready in ranks and battle-array:
They had no need more time to wast,
For victuals they had none that day;

But black fasting as they were born,
From flesh, or fish, or other food;
Drink had they none two days before,
But water wan in running flood.

Yet they such stedful faiths did bear,
Unto their king and native land,
Each one to th' t'other then did swear
'Gainst foes to fight whilst they could stand,

And never flee while life did last,
But rather die by dint of sword.
Thus over plains and hills they passed,
Until they came to Sandiford,

A brook of breadth a taylor's yard,
Where th' Earl of Surrey thus did say:
" Good fellow-soldiers, be not feared,
But fight it out like men this day.

" Like Englishmen now play your parts,
Bestow your strokes with stomach bold,
Ye know the Scottish coward hearts,
And how we scourged them of old.

" Strike but three strokes with stomach stout,
And shoot each man sharp arrows three,
And you shall see without all doubt
The scoulding Scots begin to flee.

" Think on your country's common wealth,
In what estate the same shall stand,
To Englishmen no hope of health,
If Scots do get the upper hand.

" If we should not them boldly abide,
But beast-like backs of them should turn,
All England north from Trent to Tweed,
The haughty Scots would harry and burn.

" Your faithful wives, your daughters pure,
They would not stick for to defile;
Of life none should be safe or sure,
But murthered be by villains vile.

" But if ye'll fight like soldiers fierce,
So that by force we win the field,
My tongue cannot tell and rehearse
What plenteous soil we then shall wield.

"Besides all that, perpetual praise
Throughout all ages we shall gain;
And quietly drive forth our days,
And in perduring peace remain."—

All sam the soldiers then replied,
And there to the Earl promised plight,
There on that bent boldly to bide,
And never flee, but fiercely fight.

Then marched forth the men of war,
And every band their banner shewed,
And trumpets hoarse were heard afar,
And glistering harness shining viewed.

Thus they past forth upon the plain,
And straight forth by a valley low,
Where up above on the mountain,
The Scottish army in sight they saw:

Whom they did leave on the left hand,
And pass forth on the sunny side;
Till 'twixt the Scots and Scottish land
They were conducted by their guide.

Now all this while the King of Scots
  Beheld them fair before his e'en;
Within his mind drove many doubts,
  Musing what the Englishmen did mean.

Giles Musgrave was a guileful Greek,
  And friend familiar with the King;
Who said, "Sir King, if you do seek
  To know the Englishmen's meaning:

"Ye better notice none can have,
  Than that which I to you shall tell;
What they forecast I full conceive,
  I know their purpose passing well.

"Your marshes they mean for to sack,
  And borders yours to harry and burn,
Wherefore it's best that we go back,
  From such intent them for to turn."—

This Musgrave was a man of skill,
  And spake this for a policy,
To cause the King come down the hill,
  That so the battle tried might be.

The King gave credit to his words,
Trusting his talk was void of traine,
He with consent of all his lords,
Did march with speed down to the plain.

By north there was another hill,
Which Branxton-hill is called by name;
The Scots anon did scoure there till,
Lest the Englishmen should get the same.

The litter which they left behind,
And other filth, on fire they set;
Whose dusty smoke the wrastling wind
Even straight between the armies bet.

Still on the height the Scots them held;
The Englishmen march on below,
The smothering smoke the light so feald,
That neither army other saw.

At length the weather waxed clear,
And smoke consumed within a while;
Now both the hosts in distance were
Not past a quarter of a mile.

Then the Admiral did plain aspect,
The Scots arrayed in battles four;
The man was sage and circumspect,
And soon perceived, that his power

So great a strength would not gainstand;
Wherefore he to his father sent,
Desiring him straight out of hand,
With the rear-ward ready to be bent,

And join with him in equal ground;
Whereto the Earl agreed anon:
Then drums struck up with dreadful sound,
And trumpets blew with doleful tone.

Then sounding bows were soon up bent,
Some did their arrows sharp up take,
Some did in hand their halberts hent,
Some rusty bills did ruffling shake.

FIT THE EIGHTH.

THEN ordinance great anon out brast,
On either side with thundering thumps;
And roaring guns with fire fast
Then levelled out great leaden lumps.

With rumbling rage thus Vulcan's art
Began this field and fearful fight;
But the arch-gunner on the English part,
The master Scot did mark so right,

That he with bullet brast his brain,
And hurl'd his heels his head above:
Then piped he such a peel again,
The Scots he from their ordinance drove.

So by the Scots artillery,
The Englishmen no harm did hent;
But the English gunner grievously
Them tennis-balls he sousing sent,

Into the midst of enemy's ranks,
Where they with ragious claps down rushed:
Some shouting laid with broken shanks,
Some crying laid with members crushed.

Thus the Englishmen with bumbards shot,
Their foes on heaps down thick they threw,
But yet the Scots, with stomach stout,
Their broken ranks did still renew.

And when the roaring guns did cease,
To handy strokes they hied apace,
And with their total power prease,
To join with enemy face to face.

The Englishmen their feathered flights
Sent out anon from sounding bow,
Which wounded many warlike wights,
And many a groom to ground did throw.

The grey goose wing did work such grief,
And did the Scots so scour and skail;
For in their battle, to be brief,
They rattling flew as rank as hail:

That many a soldier on the soil
Lay dead that day through dint of darts;
The arrows keen kept such a coil,
And wounded many wight men's hearts,

And pierced the scalp of many a Scot,
So that on ground they groaning fell:
Some had his shoulder quite through shot,
Some leaving life did loudly yell.

Some from his leg the lance did pull,
Some through his stomach store was stickt,
Some bleeding bellowed like a bull,
Some were through privy members prickt.

But yet the Scots still stout did stand,
Till arrows shot at length was done,
And plied apace to strokes of hand,
And at the last did battle join.

Then on the English part with speed,
The bills stept forth, and bows went back,
The moorish pikes, and mells of lead,
Did deal there many a dreadful thwack.

The Englishmen straight east and west
And southward did their faces set;
The Scotchmen northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.

First westward of a wing there was,
Sir Edmond Howard captain chief;
With whom did pass in equal mace,
Sir Bryan Tunstal, to be brief.

With whom encountered a strong Scot,
Which was the King's chief chamberlain;
Lord Hume by name, of courage hot,
Who manfully marched them again.

Ten thousand Scots well tried and told,
Under his standart stout he led;
When the Englishmen did them behold,
For fear at first they would have fled,

Had not the valiant Tunstal been,
Who still stept on with stomach stout,
Crying,—" Come on, good countrymen,
Now fiercely let us fight it out!

" Let not the number of our foes,
Your manful hearts 'minish, or shake;
Let it never be laid unto our nose,
That Scotchmen made us turn our back!

" Like doughty lads let's rather die,
And from our blood take all rebuke;
With edged tools now let us try."—
Then from the ground he mould up took,

And did the same in mouth receive,
In token of his Maker dear;
Which, when his people did perceive,
His valiant heart renewed their chear.

Then first before in foremost ray,
The trusty Tunstal bold forth sprung,
His stomach could no longer stay,
But thundering thrust into the throng.

And as true men did make report,
In present place which did on look;
He was the first, for to be short,
On the English part that profer'd stroke.

All those that he with halbert caught,
He made to stacker in that stound,
And many a groom to ground he brought,
And dealt there many a deadly wound,

And forward 'gainst foes still he flew,
And threshing turned them all to teen;
Where he a noble Scotchmen slew,
Which called was Sir Malkin Keen.

And still his foes pursued fast,
And weapon in Scotch blood he warmed,
And slaughtering lashed; till at last
The Scots so thick about him swarmed,

That he from succour severed was,
And from his men which Scots had skail'd:
Yet for all that he kept his place,
He fiercely fought, and never failed;

Till with an edged sword one came,
And at his legs below did lash,
And near a score of Scots all sam,
Upon his helmet high did dash:

Though he could not withstand such strength,
Yet never would he flee, nor yield;
Alas! for want of aid, at length,
He slain was fighting fierce in field.

Down falls this valiant active knight,
His body great on ground doth lie;
But up to heaven with angels bright,
His golden ghost did flickering flie.

After his fall his people fled,
And all that wing did fall to wrack;
Some fighting fierce died in that stead,
The rest for terror turn'd their back;

Save Sir Edmond Howard all alone,
Who with his standard bearer yet,
Seeing his folks all fled and gone,
In haste to vanguard hied to get.

But he Scot free had not so 'scaped;
For why right hot Sir David Hume,
With troop of Scots, had him entrapt;
Had not John Bastard Hearon come,

With half a score of horsemen light,
Crying,—" Now, Howard, have good heart!
For unto death till we be dight,
I promise here to take thy part."—

Which heard, then Howard heart up drew,
And with the spearmen forth he sprung,
And fiercely 'mong their foes he flew,
Where David Hume down dead lay flung.

And many a Scot that stout did stand
With dreadful death they did reward.
So Howard through bold Hearon's hand,
Came safe and sound to the vanguard;

Where the Admiral, with strength extent,
Then in the field fierce fighting was,
'Gainst whom in battle bold was bent
Two earls of an antique race:

The one Craufford call'd, the other Montross,
Who led twelve thousand Scotchmen strong;
Who manfully met with their foes,
With leaden mells, and lances long.

There battering blows made sallet sound,
  There many a sturdy stroke was given,
And many a baron brought to ground,
  And many a banner broad was riven.

But yet in fine, through mighty force,
  The Admiral quit himself so well,
And wrought so that the Scots had worst,
  For down in field both Earls fell.

Then the Earl of Surrey next by east,
  Most fiercely 'gainst his enemies fought;
'Gainst whom King James in person prest,
  With banners blaised, his battle brought.

Wherein was many a baron bold,
  And many a lord of lusty blood,
And trusty knight well tried of old,
  And mitred prelates passing proud.

With the Earl of Catness and Castell,
  The Earl of Moarton and of Marr;
With Arell, Adell, and Athell,
  Of Bothwell bold, and of Glenkar.

Lord Lovat led a lusty power,
So Clueston, Inderby, and Ross;
Lord Maxwell with his brethren four,
With Borthwick, Bargeny, and Forbes.

Lord Arskill, Sentclear, and Simpell,
With soldiers tried a mighty sum,
All with the King came down the hill,
With Cowell, Kay, and Caddie Hume;

With the captains of commons stout,
Above twenty thousand men at least;
Which with the King, most fierce on foot,
Against their foes was then addrest.

The Earl Surrey, on the English side,
Encouraged his soldiers keen;
Crying—"Good fellows, strike this tide,
Now let your doughty deeds be seen."—

Then spears and pikes to work was put,
And blows with bills most dure was delt,
And many a cap of steel through cut,
And swinging swaps made many swelt.

There many a soldier fell in soun,
On either side with wounds right sore,
And many a strong man strucken down;
Some dying rageously did roar.

Then on the Scottish part right proud,
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,
And stepping forth with stomach good,
Into the enemy's throng he thrast.

And, "Bothwell, Bothwell!" cried bold,
To cause his soldiers to ensue;
But there he catcht a welcome cold,
The Englishmen straight down him threw.

Thus Haburn through his hardy heart,
His fatal fine in conflict found;
Now all this while on either part,
Were dealt full many a deadly wound.

On either side were soldiers slain,
And stricken down by strength of hand,
That who could win, none weet might plain,
The victory in doubt did stand.

FIT THE NINTH.

Till at the last great Stanley stout,
Came marching up the mountain steep;
His folks could hardly fast their feet,
But forced on hands and feet to creep.

And some their boots left down below,
That toes might take the better hold;
Some from their feet the shoes did throw,
Of true men thus I have heard told.

The sweat down from their bodies ran,
And hearts did hop in panting breast;
At last the mountain top they wan,
In warlike wise ere Scotchmen wist.

Where for a space brave Stanley staid,
Until his folks had taken breath;
To whom all sam e'en thus he said:
" Most hardy mates, down from this heath,

" Against our foes fast let us hie,
Our valiant countrymen to aid;
With fighting fierce, I fear me, I,
Through lingering long, may be o'erlaid.

" My Lancashire most lively wights,
And chosen mates of Cheshire strong,
From sounding bow your feathered flight,
Let fiercely fly your foes among.

" March down from this high mountain top,
And brunt of battle let us bide;
With stomach stout let's make no stop,
And Stanley stout will be your guide.

" A scourge for Scots my father was,
He Barwick town from them did gain;
No doubt so ere this day shall pass,
His son like fortune shall obtain.

" And now the Earl of Surrey sore
The Scots, I see, besets this tide;
Now since with foes he fights before,
We'll suddenly set on their side."—

The noise then made the mountains ring,
And "Stanley stout!" they all did cry;
Out went anon the grey goose wing
Against the Scots did flickering fly.

Then showers of arrows sharp were shot,
They rattling ran as rank as hail,
And pierced the scalp of many a Scot,
No shield or pavish could prevail.

Although the Scots at Stanley's name
Were 'stonisht sore, yet stout they stood;
Yet for defence they fiercely frame,
And arrow's dint with danger bode.

And when the shower of arrows shot,
Did somewhat cease within a while;
The Earl of Huntley haughty and hot,
With the Earl of Lenox and Argile,

Lord Borthwick, Bargeny, and Forbes,
With them ten thousand Scotchmen strong;
Through death endured with danger force,
Right stoutly yet they stood to't long.

Which when the Stanley stout did see,
Into the throng he thundering thrast;
" My lovely Lancashire lads," quoth he,
" Down with the Scots! the day we waste."—

The foes he forced to break their 'ray,
And many a life was lost that while;
No voice was heard but " kill and slay!"
Down goes the Earl of Argile.

The Earl of Lenox' luck was like,
He fighting fierce was slain that tide;
So Lord Forbes, Bargeny, and Borthwick,
Upon the bent did breathless bide.

And so the Earl of Huntley's hap
Had been resembling to the rest;
But that through skill he made a 'scape,
With an English blade he had been blest.

But he by hap had a horse at hand,
On whom he scouring 'scapt away,
Else doubtless as the case did stand,
On Floddon-Hill he had died that day.

After these lords were fallen and fled,
And companies left captainless;
Being sore 'stonisht in that stead,
Did fall to flight both more and less;

Whom Stanley with his total strength
Pursued right sore down on the plain,
Where on the King he light at length,
Which fighting was with all his main.

When his approach the King perceived,
With stomach stout he him withstood;
His Scots right bravely them behaved,
And boldly there the battle bode.

But when the English arrows shot,
On each part did so pierce and gall,
That ere they came to handy strokes,
A number great on ground did fall.

The King himself was wounded sore,
An arrow fierce in's forehead light,
That hardly he could fight any more,
The blood so blemished his sight.

Yet like a warrior stout he stayed,
And fiercely did exhort that tide,
His men to be nothing dismayed,
But battle boldly there to bide.

["Fight on, my men," the King then said,
"Yet fortune she may turn the scale;
And for my wounds be not dismayed,
Nor ever let your courage fail."—

Thus dying, did he brave appear,
Till shades of death did close his eyes.
Till then he did his soldiers chear,
And raise their courage to the skies.]

But what availed his valour great,
Or bold device? All was but vain;
His captains keen failed at his feet,
And standard-bearer down was slain.

The Archbishop of St Andrews brave,
King James his son in base begot,
That doleful day did death receive,
With many a lusty lord-like Scot.

As the Earl of Catness and Castel,
Morton and Fair for all their power;
The Earl of Arell and Athell,
Lord Maxwell with his brethren four.

And last of all among the lave,
King James himself to death was brought;
Yet by whose fact few could perceive,
But Stanley still most like was thought.

After the King and captains slain,
The commons straight did fall to flight;
The Englishmen pursued amain,
And never ceased while sun gave light.

Then the Earl of Surrey made to sound
A trumpet to retreat anon,
And captains caused to keep their ground,
Till morrow next while night was done.

But the English soldiers all that night,
Although they weary were with toil,
The Scotchmen costly slain in fight,
Of jewels rich spared not to spoil.

The corpse of many worthy wight
They uncased of his comely array,
And many a baron brave and knight
Their bodies there all naked lay.

The carcase of the King himself,
Bare naked left as it was born,
The Earl could not know it so well,
Searching the same upon the morn,

Until Lord Dacres at the last,
By certain signs did him bewray;
The corpse then in a cart being cast,
They to Newcastle did convey.

Great store of guns and warlike gear,
Whereas the field was fought, they found;
Which they to Barwick then being near,
And to Newcastle carried round.

The certain sum being searched out,
Twelve thousand Scots died in that steed;
On the English side were slain about
Some fifteen hundred as we read.

Yet never a nobleman of fame,
But Bryan Tunstal bold, alas!
Whose corpse home to his burial came,
With worship great, as worthy was.

This field was fought in September,
In Chronicles as may be seen;
In the year of God, as I remember,
One thousand five hundred and thirteen.

PRACONIA POST FUNERA MANENT.

NOTES.

Ye.

But

Whose cc

With wors.

NOTES.

Floddon-Field.

Such is undoubtedly the true name, according to the following etymological note; for which, together with other most interesting communications, the editor is indebted to the liberality of the eminent author of Caledonia: "Lambe has Floddon, Benson Floddon: Now Floddon-*hill* is mentioned: *Don* or *Dun* applies to a hill, but *Den* to a hollow. These intimations show that *Floddon* is the analogical reading."—As the greater part of the poem was printed off before Mr Chalmers's valuable communications were received, the more usual, though certainly less correct, reading had been previously adopted.

First Fit.

The division of the poem is very indeterminate; for the Fits generally end in the middle of a sentence. We must attribute this not to the poet, but to the reciters; for, that romances and chronicles, which always went hand in hand, were recited, is undeniable; and these reciters took greater liberties with these poems, than Percy, or still more unfaithful modern editors, have ever done. Thus, in the Romance of Florence and Blancheflour, in the Low German dialect,* published from a MS. of the 14th century, the story is five times interrupted, at very inappropriate periods, by the reciter appealing to the liberality of his landlord for a draught of beer. These impertinent intrusions neither occur in another copy of the same romance, nor in one of much greater extent in High German, upon the same subject.

---

* It is singular, that none of the etymologists, who have investigated the origin of the English language, have observed the extremely close similarity between the old English and Scottish, and the dialect spoken in Lower Germany. Indeed the inflections of the verbs bear a stronger resemblance to the present English, than to the High German. The neglect is the more singular, as the Anglo-Saxons certainly made their descents upon England from that district of Germany.

The word Fit seems to have been in very general use in the seventeenth century; for, in a petition for reformation in church-government, presented by the city of London, the citizens complain of "The swarming of lascivious, idle, and unprofitable books and pamphlets, playbooks and ballads; as namely, *Ovid's Fits of Love*, the Parliament of Women,* come out at the dissolving of the last parliament, Barnes' Poems, Barker's Ballads, in disgrace of religion, to the increase of all vice, and withdrawing of people from reading and hearing the Word of God, and other good bookes."

Now will I cease for to recite.—P. 1. l. 1.

"Perhaps the author means *omit, forbear.* Cease, omitto, *Litt. Dict.*" LAMBE.

The poet had probably been previously occupied in compiling a relation of the campaign of Henry VIII. against Terouenne and Tournay; during whose absence his territories were invaded by James IV; and it is not likely that the author should confine his art of reciting

* Two of the most scurrilous libels that ever issued from any press, bear this title.

historical events in metre, which was probably his profession, to this single battle.

The haughty Howard's noble act.—p. 2. l. 26.

" Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, was knighted for his remarkable courage at the battle of Barnet. He was made Knight of the Garter, 1 Rich. III. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Bosworth, and committed to the Tower by Henry VII. and attainted by parliament. King Henry asked him, How he durst bear arms in behalf of that tyrant Richard? to which he answered: 'He was my crowned king, and if the parliamentary authority of England set the crown upon a stock, I will fight for that stock; and as I fought then for him, I will fight for you, when you are established by the said authority.' In the rebellion against the King, by the Earl of Lincoln, the Lieutenant of the Tower offered the Earl of Surrey the keys of the Tower, in order to set himself at liberty; but he replied, 'That he would not be delivered by any power but by that which had committed him.' After he had been in prison three years and a half, the King gave him his liberty; and, knowing his worth and nice sense of honour, he took him into favour, and delivered up

to him all his estates. The Earl took all occasions of relieving the oppressed subjects, and was accounted one of the ablest and greatest men in the kingdom. The Scots made an irruption into England, and besieged Norham castle: the Earl raised the siege, took the castle of Ayton, and made all the country round a desart. James IV. of Scotland, incensed at this, sent a herald with a challenge to him, to which he made a sensible and spirited answer: 'That his life belonged to the King, whilst he had the command of his army; but when that was ended, that he would fight the King on horseback, or on foot; adding, that, if he took the King prisoner in the combat, he would release him without any ransom; and that if the King should vanquish him, he would then pay such a sum for his liberty, as was competent for the degree of an earl.' A. 1501, the Earl was Lord High Treasurer. In June 1652, Margaret, the King's daughter, a beautiful princess, at the age of fourteen years, was attended by the Earl of Surrey, with a great company of lords, ladies, knights, and squires, to the town of Berwick, whence she was conveyed to St Lambert's church, in Lamyrmoor, where King James, attended by the chief nobility, received her, and carried her to Edinburgh.

The next day after her arrival there, she was, with great solemnity, married unto him, in the presence of all his nobles. The King gave great entertainments to the English, whom the Scotch noblemen and ladies far out-shone, both in costly apparel, rich jewels, massy chains, habiliments set with goldsmith's work, garnished with pearl, and stones of price, and in gallant and well-trapped horses. They made also great feasts for the English lords and ladies, and shewed them justing, and other pleasant pastimes, as good as could be devised, after the manner of Scotland. Diverse ladies of Queen Margaret's train remained in Scotland, and were afterwards well married to noblemen."—LESLY, HOLINSHED.

"Queen Margaret's portion was £10,000,* her jointure from King James, £2000 a-year, and she received pin-money from him annually £331, 6s. 8d.

"In 1507, two years before the death of Henry VII. the Earl was appointed ambassador to the King

---

* According to the present value of money, about £100,000, and the jointure £20,000 *per ann.* A curious account of the marriage of James IV. and Margaret, occurs in Leland's Collectanea.

of France. 2 Henry VIII. he was made Earl Marshall for life. A. 1511, he was one of the commissioners at the court of Arragon. When Henry VIII. heard that the Scots were preparing to invade England, he said, "That he had left a nobleman,* who would defend his subjects from insults." After the battle of Floddon, the Earl himself presented King James's armour to the Queen-regent. When the King returned from France, he gave the Earl an augmentation of his arms, viz. to bear on the bend, the upper part of a red lion, depicted in the same manner as the arms of Scotland, pierced through the mouth with an arrow. A. 1514, [the first of February,] the Earl was created Duke of Norfolk, and a grant was given him in special tail of several manors. He hated and opposed Cardinal Wolsey, because he advised the King to measures hurtful to the liberties of the people. Finding that this opposition availed nothing, he resigned his post, and retired from court. He died, A. 1514, [the 21st May."] LAMBE.

* According to others, the Earl was present at the taking of Therouene and Tournay, and sent by Henry VIII. to take the command of the army against the Scots.

There is the doughty Dacres old.—p. 4. l. 69.

Thomas, Lord Dacre, was one of the most active generals and wardens against Scotland; notwithstanding the aspersions cast upon him by some enemies at court, against which he fully defends his conduct, in a curious letter to the council, dated 1514, and printed from the original, in Pinkerton's History of Scotland. In the original Gazette of Floddon-Field, he is spoken of in high terms by the Lord Admiral, who seems to have drawn up the account. As the whole passage strongly vindicates the warden's character, and, at the same time, the defeat of Sir Edmond Howard is candidly allowed, it shall be extracted at length:—"*Item—Edmond Haward, second filz du Conte de Surrey, avoit avec luy mil hommes du pays de Lanqchere et Cheshire, et plusieurs autres gentilz hommes de la conté d'York. Et faisoit le d'Edmond la droicte elle du seigneur de Haward son frere, surlequelz le seigneur Chambellan du Roy d'Escosse, avec plusieurs autres srs. donnerent dedens. Maistre Gray, et Mesr Humfrey, demourent prisonnirs, et Messire Richard Harbottell tué, et le d'Edmond Haward fut trois fois abatu; et vint a son relief le seigneur Dacres avec* XVc *hommes; et tellement exploicta quil mist en fuyte [illegible] d'Escossois, et eut*

envyron des gens dud. seigneur Dacres tuez, et en la de bataille fut tue ung grant nombre des d'Escossois."

Lord Dacre accompanied, in 9 Henry VII. the Earl of Surrey in his expedition to the relief of Norham-castle. At the battle of Floddon he commanded the cavalry, and encountered the Earls of Huntley and Hume, where, of the Homes, Sir John, Cuthbert of Fastcastle, and many others, were slain. In 1512, he accepted the office of Warden of the East and Middle Marches, which Lord Darcy had refused. He seems subsequently also to have had the West Marches under his controul; and in the above-mentioned letter, boasts of having destroyed six times more Scottish towns and houses, than the Scots had been able to burn. At the same time he accuses Lord Darcy, the Earl of Northumberland, the Bishop of Durham, and William Heron of Ford, of refusing to obey his summons. Besides his martial exploits, he carried on various negociations, to the great advancement of English influence at the court of Scotland. Upon the old ruins at Drumbuygh, between Boulness and Burgh upon the Sands, in Cumberland, he built a small castle for the defence of the country, and employed the stones

of the Picts' wall to that purpose. In 1523, he led the cavalry in Surrey's attack upon Jedburgh, and, after an obstinate conflict, took the castle of Fernherst. Through the device of the Scots, but imputed by Dacre and his commander to the power of infernal agents, he lost, out of fifteen hundred horses, by the arrows and flames, five hundred. The Warden alleges, that the prince of dæmons appeared visibly to him six times that night. [*See* SURREY'S *Letter to Henry VIII.*] Lord Dacre died, as Warden and Knight of the Garter, the 24th of October, 1525.

There is Sir Edward Stanley stout.—P. 5. l. 73.

"Sir Edward Stanley made a solemn declaration before he went to this battle, that if he returned victorious, he would do something to the honour of God; and accordingly, on his return, he began to build the magnificent chapel of Hornby; the steeple being an octagon of hewn stone, of an extensive height, with six bells; the chancel of the like stone, with diverse figures thereon, and the roof covered with lead. An eagle cut in stone, with an inscription in Roman text, "*Edwardus Stanley, Miles, Dominus Monteagle, Me fieri fecit.*" He dying before it was perfected, the pa-

rish finished the body of the chapel, which is of inferior work."—BENSON.

Sir Edward Stanley, the fifth son of Thomas, first Earl of Derby, commanded the rear at the battle of Floddon, and, with his Lancashire archers, forced the right wing of the Scots from its advantageous position on the hill, and by this manœuvre decided the battle. For these services, he was, the following year, created Lord Monteagle, because his ancestors bore an eagle for their crest. From the distinguished manner in which he is mentioned by our poet, celebrating his achievements above those of all the other English generals, particularly those of the Howard family, a close connection with the Stanleys may be inferred. The northern idioms which abound in this work, joined to the above evidence, render it more than probable, that the author was a retainer, or at least under the influence of that family.

Of Latham-house by line came out.—P. 5. l. 7'5.

Latham-house, near Ormskirk, in Lancashire. "This family is originally from Cheshire, but removed hither upon this occasion. Sir John Stanley married the sole heiress of Sir Thomas Latham, and had with her

this seat, and a large estate belonging to it; to which he, upon his marriage, removing, made many additions, that, with what his successors built afterwards, it became the principal seat of the family. This house is famous for a siege of two year's continuance, maintained by Charlotte, Countess of Derby, against the parliament forces, who were forced to leave it untaken, though they afterwards became masters of it, and laid it almost level with the ground; the heroic lord of it being beheaded at Bolton, October 15, 1651."—BENSON.

For through his father's force, quoth he.—P. 5. l. 79.

"This was Thomas Stanley, the first Earl of Derby of that family, who built Greenhaugh castle, near Garstang, in Lancashire, for his defence against certain of the nobility, from whom he had great apprehensions of danger, because, being outlawed, King Henry VII. had given him their estates: for they made several attempts upon him, and frequently made inroads into his grounds; but at last he pacified all their animosities and discontents, by his prudent behaviour towards them."—BENSON.

Lord Clifford too a lusty troop.—P. 5. l. 81.

His father fell fighting for the house of Lancaster, at the battle of Towton, March 29, 1461. He was placed by his mother at Lansborow, in Yorkshire, where she herself then lived, and given in charge to a shepherd, who had married an attendant on his nurse. Till the year 1469, when his grandfather, Lord Clifford, died, he was brought up as a shepherd. About this time, the Yorkists suspected the account of his dying as an infant to be unfounded; and his mother, with her second husband Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, conveyed him and his supposed parents to a border-farm in Cumberland. After the battle of Bosworth, he was restored by Henry VII. to his honours, being then thirty-one years old, and unable to read. He was greatly attached to astronomy; and, in order to indulge his propensity to that art, built Barden-tower, in Yorkshire, near the priory of Bolton; for the canons of this house were great adepts in that science. He accompanied the Earl of Surrey in his expedition to Norham and Ayton castle. At Floddon-Field he bore a principal command. He died April 17, 1523.

The interesting and romantic story of this nobleman is capable of the highest poetical embellishments; and

Mr Wordsworth has lately adorned the subject with a vigorous strain of poetry, far above the general tenor of his compositions.

And with the lusty knight, Lord Scroop.—P. 5. l. 73.

Henry Scroop, Lord Bolton, succeeded to the title A. 1494. He was one of the commanders at Floddon in 1513.

And some thought to the Earl of Derby.—P. 6. l. 99.

Thomas, second Earl of Derby, succeeded his grandfather in the year 1504. He attended Henry VIII. to the expedition against Therouene and Tournay in 1513, and died the 24th of May, 1522.

Then did he send Sir William Bulmer.—P. 6. l. 105.

Sir William Bulmer of Brumspeth castle. The last of this family, summoned as peer of the realm to parliament, was Ralph, from 1 till 23 Edward III. Sir William routed the Borderers under Lord Home, who had made an incursion into England, previous to the battle of Floddon.

When Andrew Barton bold he slew.—P. 8. l. 152.

"The transaction which did the greatest honour to

the Earl of Surrey and his family at this time, [A.D. 1511.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father, having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons, to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honourable intention. The council-board of England, at which the Earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time, rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The Earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council-board, that while he had an estate, that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of his time. By his depredations he amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden.

Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer of the Earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea, with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas, (called by old historians Lord Howard, afterwards created Earl of Surrey, in the lifetime of his father, who, after the famous victory of Floddon-Field, was raised to the dignity of Duke of Norfolk) and Sir Edward Howard.

" After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward Howard came up with the Union, Barton's other ship, (called by Hall the bark of Scotland.) The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed.

" Sir Andrew Barton was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews were carried into the river Thames, Aug. 2, 1511.

" This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have

laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for, on the seventh of April, 1512, the King constituted him (according to Dugdale) Admiral of England, Wales, &c.

"King James insisted upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of the ships; though Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his court of admiralty by their attornies, to vindicate themselves."—*Guthrie's New Peerage.*

"In the old ballad, entitled 'Sir Andrew Barton,' the bowman who shot Sir Andrew, is, by a mistake, called Horsley. It was a Yorkshire gentleman that killed him, of the name of Hustler."—LAMBE.

Your warden with his spiteful spear.—P. 9. l. 158.

"Sir Robert Carr [Ker] was made by James IV. his chief butler, engineer, and warden of the middle marches. He was much esteemed by the King for his virtuous qualities. He was a severe punisher of the English and Scotch Border-robbers, therefore they were determined to destroy him. At a solemn meeting between the English and Scotch, [A. 1511.] in order to reclaim stolen goods, altercations arose, when

three desperate Englishmen, John Heron the Bastard, Lilburn, and Starhed, fell upon him; one of whom stabbed him with a spear in the back, and the other two dispatched him. Henry VII. enraged at this villainous action, delivered William Heron, laird of Ford, brother to the Bastard, and Lilburn, to the Scots, who imprisoned them in Fastcastle tower in the Merse, where the latter died. The Bastard and Starhed hid themselves in the interior parts of England, until the reign of Henry VIII. when the Bastard, trusting to the power of his relations, appeared openly at his own house, and privately sent thieves into Scotland to disturb the peace. Starhed thought himself safe, having built a house at the distance of ninety miles from the Border. But Andrew Carr, the son of Robert, prevailed upon two of his dependants, of the name of Tate, to disguise themselves, who entered Starhed's house at night, and brought away his head to Andrew, who fixed it in one of the most conspicuous places of the city of Edinburgh.

"The Bastard flourished many years, till A. 1524, when he, with 900 Englishmen, entered the marches of Scotland. After a stout battle with the Scots, 200

Englishmen were taken prisoners, and the Bastard slain."—HOLINSHED.

"Others write, that 200 Scots were taken, and that the rest fled. And that Sir Ralph Fenwick, Leonard Musgrave, and the Bastard, with thirty other horsemen, having pursued the Scots too far, were overcome by them; Fenwick, Musgrave, and six others, being taken prisoners, and the Bastard killed: whose death the Scots thought to be a very ample recompense for the loss of their two hundred men."—HALL, as quoted by LAMBE. See an account of the Bastard Hearon, in a subsequent page.

Then manful Maxwell answered soon.—P. 9. l. 161.

John, fourth Lord Maxwell, was a man of great courage and resolution, and was among the number of those who fell at Floddon.

And then stood up haughty Lord Hume.—P. 10. l. 179.

Alexander, third Lord Home, succeeded his father in 1506. He was a man of great abilities, and promoted by James IV. to the office of Lord High Chamberlain, in the end of 1507. While this sovereign lived, he continued in high favour. Previous to the

battle of Floddon, he made, probably by order of the King, an inroad into England, but was defeated by Sir William Bulmer, and the prey he had collected taken from him. Notwithstanding the calumnies of historians, who went so far as to accuse him of murdering his sovereign subsequently to the battle, it appears that he fought with great bravery. He continued in favour during the minority of James V.; till his opposition to Albany having caused his exile, he imprudently returned, and, being tried and convicted of treason, before the parliament of Scotland, he was beheaded October 8, 1516.

The King then called to De-la-mount.—P. 11. l. 197.

The popularity of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount probably caused this mistake, as he was subsequently [A. 1530.] lyon king.—See the notes on Canto IV. of *Marmion*, or a *Tale of Flodden-Field.*

With a lusty lord, called Herbert.—P. 11. l. 204.

Charles, natural son of Henry, Duke of Somerset, was a man of great abilities, was constituted in 1509 one of the privy council, and acquired the title of Lord Herbert, by his marriage with Elizabeth, the heir of

William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon. He had summons to the parliaments in 1509 and 1511 among the barons, by the name of Charles Somerset de Herbert Chevalier. He attended Henry VIII. with 6000 foot to Therouenne and Tournay; and, for his valour, received the office of Lord Chamberlain for life, and the title of Earl of Worcester. He died in the year 1525, and was buried in St George's chapel, Windsor.

In his banner brave he displays
A half-moon in gold glistering gay.

P. 11. l. 207. 208.

"The silver crescent is the badge of the Percys, supposed to have been assumed by one of that noble family, who had been in an expedition against the Saracens in the Holy Land."—LAMBE.

Henry Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, succeeded his father, who was murdered by the rebels, as Lieutenant of Yorkshire, in 4 Henry VII. In the battle of Blackheath, against Lord Audley and his followers, he was one of the chief commanders. In 1513 he accompanied Henry VIII. to Therouenne, and died A. 1526.

A talbot brave, a burly tike.—P. 12. l. 214.

George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, succeeded his father, who died September the 26th, 1464. In 1487, he fought at the battle of Stoke, near Newark, against the rebels, and, three years after that, was sent with others to Flanders, to the aid of the Emperor Maximilian. In 1513, he commanded the vanguard of the King's army at Therouenne. He made some inroads into Scotland, as lieutenant of the north, in 1522; and in 1537 marched as the King's lieutenant to quell the insurrection in Yorkshire, called the Pilgrimage of Grace. He died July 26th 1542; directing by his will, that he should be buried without any ceremonies, but a dirge on the eve, and a sermon on the morrow; and 25 poor men to carry torches and have black gowns, but not above one hundred gowns to be given to his servants, besides those for his wife's gentlewomen. Besides other charitable donations, he left to a thousand priests, to say Placebo, Dirige, and Mass, for his, and all Christian souls, sixpence each.

Which called is the doughty Darcy.—P. 12. l. 220.

At the time of the general survey, Norman de Areci enjoyed 33 lordships in Lincolnshire, by gift of Wil-

liam the Conqueror. One of these, Noctone, was his chief seat, and continued that of his posterity for after ages. Thomas, Lord Darcy, succeeded William in 1497. In the same year he marched with Thomas, Earl of Surrey, to the relief of Norham castle. In 1498, being a knight of the King's body, he was made constable of the castle of Bamborough, and, in the ensuing year, captain of the town and castle of Berwick; also warden of the East and Middle Marches. In 1502, he was one of the commissioners to receive the oath of James IV., upon a treaty of peace. He was appointed general warden of the marches towards Scotland in 1506, and served two campaigns in the wars of Ferdinand of Arragon, against the Moors, in 1510 and 1511. The 20th of June, 1539, he was beheaded for delivering up Pontefract castle to Robert Aske, commander of the rebels, assembled on account of religious differences in the north.

Dudley.—P. 12. l. 221.

Edward, Lord Dudley, Knight of the Garter, was summoned to Parliament from 1492 to 1530.

Delaware.—P. 12. l. 221.

Thomas West, Lord La Warre, succeeded his father in 16 Edward IV. He died 9th October, 1554.

The Duke of Buckingham is there.—P. 12. l. 223.

Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, succeeded his father, who was executed for rising in arms against Richard III. He was one of the commanders against the Cornishmen in 13 Henry VII. Shortly before his fall, the splendour of his appointment was greater than that of any other nobleman. He was ruined by the knavery of Knivet, a steward whom he had discharged for his tyranny against his tenants; and by the enmity and envy of Wolsey. He was beheaded May 17th, 1521.

Lord Cobham.—P. 12. l. 224.

Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham, succeeded his father in 1506. He was with Henry VIII. at Therouenne and Tournay, and the following year was sent with Lord Abergavenny to Calais. He died the 19th July, 1521.

Lord Willoughby.—P. 12. l. 224.

William, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, was associated with Charles Brandon, Viscount L'isle, at the siege of Tournay, for the defence of the ordnance, together with their bands, and was one of the commanders who entered that city after the surrender. He died 1527, the 4th of May.

There is the Earl of Essex gay.—P. 12. l. 225.

Henry Bourchier, Earl of Essex, succeeded 1483. In 1 Henry VII. he was one of the privy council, and A. 1493 attended that King to the siege of Boulogne. Four years after, he was one of the chief commanders at Blackheath, against the Cornish insurgents. In 1509 he was appointed by Henry VIII. captain of his horseguard, then newly instituted for attending his person; "which consisted of fifty horse, trapped with cloth of gold, or goldsmith's work, whereof every one had his archer, a demilance, and coustrill." In 1513, he was at Therouenne and Tournay, being then Lieutenant General of all the King's spears. He was killed by a fall from his horse, A. 1540.

——*Stafford stout, Earl of Wiltshire.*—P. 12. l. 226.

Henry Stafford, created 1508 Earl of Wiltshire. He died without issue, March 6, 1522.

Earl of Kent.—P. 12. l. 227.

Richard de Grey, Earl of Kent, Knight of the Garter, attended Henry VIII. to Therouenne, and died the 3d of May, 1524.

Lord Grey.—P. 12. l. 227.

John Grey, Lord Powys, was with the Earl of Oxford at the siege of Ardres in Picardy, A. 1517.

——*Haughty Hastings, hot as fire.*—P. 12. l. 228.

George, Lord Hastings, succeeded 1507. Attended Henry VIII. to Therouenne in 1513. He was created Earl of Huntingdon in 1530; and 1537 marched with other lords against the Pilgrimage of Grace. He died the 24th of March, 1544.

There is the Marquis Dorset brave.—P. 13. l. 229.

Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, succeeded his father in 18 Henry VII. In 1511 he was general of the troops sent to Spain. They amounted to 10,000

men, who, besides bows and arrows, carried halberts, which they pitched in the ground till their arrows were shot. The General falling sick, the whole army returned without achieving any enterprize of moment. In 1513, he and four of his brothers, with some other English gentlemen, attended the tournament proclaimed at St Dennis, by Francis de Valois, heir of the crown of France. At the meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I., he carried the sword of the former, and again jousted with great eclat. He died A. 1530.

Fitzwater.—P. 13. l. 230.

Robert Radcliffe, Lord Fitzwalter. His father having borne arms for Perkin Warbeck, was attainted. After his death the son was restored by Henry VII. in 1506, to his honours. He was at the siege of Therouenne and Tournay. In 1523, he led the van in Surrey's expedition into France; and in 1526, was created Viscount Fitzwalter for his service, and the 28th September, 1529, Earl of Sussex. He was appointed Lord High Chancellor of England for life, and died October 17, 1542.

Earl of Westmoreland.—P. 13. l. 242.

Instead of giving an account of the Earl of West-

moreland here mentioned, Mr Lambe introduces at this place the first of his long and desultory notes. He commences by an account of Ralph, Lord Nevil of Raby castle, and Earl of Westmoreland, who died 1425, and his posterity; then relates some anecdotes concerning a Bishop of Winchester, the Bishops of Durham, and a Countess of Shrewsbury, which are not uninteresting, but neither tend to elucidate the poem, nor are in the least connected with the subject of it. He concludes with a pious sentence from St Austin. It is hoped the above statement will sufficiently excuse the omission of this and other rambling notes, some of which extend to the length of thirty pages. Wherever Mr Lambe's illustrations are in the least pertinent to the subject, they have been carefully preserved.

Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland, succeeded to the title in 2 Richard III., being then 28 years old. His death is said to have been occasioned by grief for that of his eldest son. He was buried at Hornby, in Richmondshire.

——*Bishop of St Andrews brave.*—P. 26. l. 495.

"Alexander Stewart, archbishop of St Andrews, was

the natural son of James IV., by Margaret, daughter of Archibald Boyd of Bonshaw. He was born in the year 1495; and being a child of great hopes, all imaginable care was taken of his education; for the king, his father, intending to breed him to the church, provided an excellent tutor for him, the learned Doctor Patrick Panter, his secretary, who was a person thoroughly qualified, in all respects, for so great a trust. This young gentleman having gone through a course of grammar learning, to all imaginable advantage, it was thought necessary, for the further improvement of his education, to send him abroad, into foreign parts, to follow his studies, which he did; his Majesty having pitched upon Sir Thomas Halkerton to have the inspection of his education, and who, accordingly, accompanied him in his travels, as his preceptor and governor. *(Epistolæ Jacobi IV.)* Mr Stewart having made the tour of France, he went to Italy, and settled at Padua, where he pursued his studies with uncommon application, under the direction of the most famous masters, particularly that great restorer of learning, Erasmus Roterodamus, whom we find, among other literati, exceedingly condoling the Archbishop's immature death.

" The King designing his son to the highest dignities of the church within his dominions, the pope Julius II. indulged his Majesty in the matter, and provided him to the Archbishopric of St Andrews, which had been kept vacant for him from the death of the former prelate, his uncle.

" After the Archbishop had, by his study and travelling, rendered himself capable of serving the church and his country, he returned home in 1510, and was received with great love by the King, Queen, and court, and the nobility, for his rare learning, and natural sweetness of temper, qualities he was endowed with to a very eminent degree ; and the King, who loved him most passionately, being desirous that he should appear with as great lustre in the state as he was to do in the church, was pleased to make him Lord Chancellor in 1511 ; *(Rymer's Fœdera)* and, that the pope might contribute, he made him his legate *à latere* in Scotland ; and gave him the rich abbey of Dunfermline, and priory of Coldingham, *in commendam*. All these dignities this most hopeful royal youth held for the space of three years, till he lost his life with the King, his father, at the battle of Floddon, and above five thousand of the noblest and worthiest persons of the king-

dom, when he had not fully completed the 21st year of his age. He was Archbishop of St Andrews, A. 1510, *(Reg. Chart.)*, also, Chancellor and Archbishop, A. 1512, and Commendator of the two abbeys of Dunfermline and Coldingham. *(Ibid.)* He was bishop, A. 1511, *(Errol et Chart. Aberd.)* and 1512, *(Cart. Dunf.)"—Keith's Catal. of Bishops.*

———*St Triman of Quhytehorn.*—P. 27. l. 511.

" Triman of Quhytehorn, read Ninian of Quhytehorn. [Probably corrupted from Ringan, the Gaelic name of that saint. *See Chalmers's Lindsay*, III. 3.] Many pilgrims resorted on the 16th day of September to the sepulchre of St Ninian, in the church of Whithorn. The Queen of James III. undertook this pilgrimage, A. 1474. The following article is in the accounts of the treasurer of Scotland :—" *Item*, To Andro Balfour, 20th August, 1474, for livery-gowns to six ladies of the Queen's chamber, at her passing to Quhytehorn, 21 ells of grey, fra David Gill, price £10, 10s. Scots."—The historian Hawthornden says, that James IV., upon his Queen being dangerously ill in childbed, 1507, went a pilgrimage on foot to St Ninians, at Whithorn in Galloway. In this journey

he fell in love with lady Jane Kennedy, a daughter of the Earl of Cassilis; and he confined the Earl of Angus, for some time, to the island of Arran, for carrying her away. At Whithorn, which was a bishop's see, there was a priory founded before the year 1126, by Fergus, Lord of Galloway."—LAMBE.

——*Doffin, their demigod of Ross.*—P. 27. l. 512.

" Doffin, demigod, read Duthack, demigod of Ross. He was a bishop and confessor, and lived at Tain, in Ross-shire. In the old breviary of Aberdeen, there is an office and legend of this saint, which enumerates the miracles wrought by him; and mentions particularly that of his augmenting the quantity of victuals. There is a church dedicated to him, to which there was a great resort of pilgrims on his feast day, March 8, often spoken of by the Scotch historians.

" A. 1507, King James made many progresses through Scotland, holding courts, redressing grievances, punishing offenders; so that the country became so peaceable, that he ventured to ride, without any attendant, 130 miles, August 30th, in one day, from Stirling, by Perth and Aberdeen, to Elgin, where he

lay all night, without going to bed, upon a bare table, at the house of Thomas Lesly, parson of Elgin. He rose early the next morning, and rode forty miles to St Duthack's in Ross, and was there time enough to hear mass, and receive the sacrament, and to visit the saint's shrine." August 31st, according to Holinshed, was that saint's festival day. In the Edinburgh Almanack, March 8th, is St Duthack's feast; but possibly, like St Cuthbert, he might have had two feasts in the year. As the reader will not think this a matter of great consequence, we shall enquire no further about it.

" This king made other pilgrimages to holy places, if not alone, at least on foot."—LAMBE. The name of this saint is also corrupted in Sir David Lindsay's Monarchie :—

" Sanct Duthow borit out of ane block."

——*Abbots eke, bold as the rest.*—P. 27. l. 515.

" William Bunch, Abbot of Kilwinning; Lawrence Oliphant, Abbot of Incheffray."—LAMBE.

This note is followed by some observations on alliteration. Little satisfactory evidence is brought for-

ward, but a long poem introduced, merely to show that the 16th century produced harmonious verses, as well as the age of Waller and Dryden; though the work commented upon by Mr L. is by no means deficient in that respect.

To Norham Castle strait they came.—P. 31. l. 572.

" Norham. Northham, Saxon. Antiquitus Ubbanford, Symeon Dun. [840 *Chron. Lindis.*] The castle of Norham upon Twede is not of antiquitie comparable with the towne, for the churche of the towne was reedified by one Ecgrede, Byshop of Lyndisfarne, (which see is now at Durham,) above 700 yeares passed, before which tyme also theare was a churche, for otherwise he could not have reedified it. *(Symeon Dun.)* It was by him dedicated to St Peter and Ceolwulphe, sometyme a kinge, and after professed in the religious house at Lindisfarne, now the Holy Isle, whose bodie before tyme laye buryed theare. This done, he gave it, together with Gedworde, Geinsforth, and many other thinges, lyinge betwene Tese and Weere to the church of Lindisfarne, or rather (to use their owne phrase) to St Cuthbert. But as for the castle of Norham *(1123 Chron. Lindis. Alphred. Beverlac.)* it was

buylded longe tyme after, against the invasion of the Scottishe Borderers, by one Ranulphe, Byshope of Durham, in the 21st yeare of Henry I. his reigne. And Hugh Puteac, another Byshop of the same see, erected the great tower within the same, 1180. *Chron. Lindisfarne.* Kinge Jhon. (sayes Mat. of Westminster) takinge advauntage of the peaceable disposition of William, then Scottish kinge, *(Floril.* 1209,*)* quarreiled withe him, and gatheringe an huge hoast together, so frayed him at this place, that he gladly gave him 11000 marcs for his peace. Edward the First called a parliament to Norham, whereunto he summoned the Lordes of Scotland (1291), and layinge before theim his right to the superioritie of that realme, which he had caused to be searched out of auncyent chronicles, vowed that he would bestow his life in that quarreil, if otherwise he might not obtayne; whereupon the nobles of that countrey *(Prosp.)* by their autentical instrument, made recognition of that his righte, and weare contented that he should appointe to reigne which of them soever it should please him. *(Hector*, 1328.*)* This charter begynneth thus, *Florentius Comes Holandiæ, Robertus de Bruse*, &c. Hector Boet. affirmeth, that Robert of Scotland wan

this castle from Edward III., but thereof our owne chroniclers have no mention; only Lilley reporteth, *(Lil.* 1496*)* that the Scottes made an attempt theare in the tyme of Henry VII., but that they prevailed nothinge."—LAMBARD'S *Dictionarium Angliæ Topographicum et Historicum, (circa* 1577.*)*

" A.D. 1121, Ralph Flamberg, Bishop of Durham, built Norham castle on the top of a steep rock, and moated it round. He finished also the present cathedral church of Durham, which was begun by his predecessor William de Sancto Carilepho, A. 1080, who died A. 1097. Flamberg also built Framwel-gate-bridge, in Durham. He sate 29 years, and died A. 1128.

" The keep or tower of Norham was destroyed by the Scots, and afterwards rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, by the command of his cousin King Stephen. He was bishop 42 years, and died A. 1195.

" King Richard I. purposing to make an expedition into the Holy Land, raised money in all parts of his kingdom. Amongst other things, he sold to Hugh Pudsey the earldom of Northumberland, merrily laughing when he invested him, and saying, ' Am I not cunning and my craft's master, that can make a

young earl of an old bishop?' But this prelate was fit to be an earl, for the world, as one of that age said of him, was not *crucifixus* to him, but *infixus* in him.—*Lib. Dunelm.*

"What the state of the castle was in Queen Elizabeth's time, we learn from Camden, who says, 'In the utmost wall, and largest in circuit of the castle, are placed several turrets, on a canton, towards the river Tweed, within which there is a second inclosure, much stronger than the former, and in the middle of that again, rises a high keep or tower. Under the castle, on a level westward, lies the town of Norham, anciently called by the Saxons, Ubbanford, the upper ford, belonging to the Bishop of Durham. When the Danes had miserably wasted the Holy Island, wherein St Cuthbert lay buried, some endeavoured to convey his body beyond sea, but the winds standing contrary, they, with all due reverence, deposited the sacred body at Ubbanford, near the river Tweed, where it lay for many years, till the coming of King Ethelred.—*Vid. William de Malmesbury de Gest. Pontif.* lib. 1. This, and other matters, were taught me by George Carlton, born at this place, son to the keeper of Norham castle. [Died, as Bishop of Chichester, A. 1628,

aged 69 years.] The old people told us that at Killey, (Kylo,) a little neighbouring village below Norham, were found, within the memory of our grandfathers, the studs of a knight's belt, and the hilt of a sword of massy gold, which were presented to Thomas Ruthal, Bishop of Durham."—CAMDEN'S *Britannia.*

" Egred of noble birth, was consecrated Bishop of Holy Island, A. 831. He dedicated the church at Norham to the saints, Peter, Cuthbert, and Ceolwulph, which he built together with the town, and gave them both to the see of Holy Island. He gave to it also the town of Jedburgh in Tiviotdale, with its appendages, and the church and town of Gainforth, and whatever belonged to it from the river Teise to the Weor. These two towns and church the Bishop built.—SYM. DUN.

" King Ceolwulph, to whom Bede dedicated his Ecclesiastical History, was a learned man. He was descended from Ida, the first King of Northumberland. The former part of his reign was very troublesome. Afterwards, in time of peace, many Northumbrian nobles, and private men, with their King Ceolwulph, turned monks. In the tenth year of his reign, A. 738, he quitted his crown for a cowl, and entered the mo-

nastery of the Holy Island, whither he carried his treasure, leaving his kingdom to Eadbert, his uncle's son. He endowed the monastery with the towns of Braynshaugh, Warkworth, and the church which he built there, and also four other villages, Wudecestre, Whittingham, Edlingham, and Eglingham, with their appendages. After a long life, he was buried in the monastery. The above-mentioned Bishop Egred took up his body, and deposited it in the church of Norham. His head was afterwards carried to the abbey of Durham.—Symeon Dunelmens. Hoveden.

" The monks of the cell of Norham in the following year, called in the country to make their offerings at the shrine of their royal brother, who always performed some mighty miracle on his feast day. Out of the foundation of this cell, belonging to Holy Island, I dug a stone, on which were cut the effigies of the three patrons of Norham church, St Peter with his keys, St Cuthbert, and St Ceolwulph with his sceptre in his hand. Each of these saints hath his head covered with a monk's cowl or hood.

" Cells were houses that belonged to all great abbeys or monasteries. Sometimes they were so far distant from one another, that the mother-abbey was in

England, and the child-cell beyond the sea, and so reciprocally. Some of these were richly endowed, as that of Wyndham in Norfolk, which was annexed to St Alban's, and was able at the dissolution, to expend, of its own revenues, £72 per annum. Into these cells, the monks of the abbeys sent colonies, when they were too much crowded, or when they were afraid of an infectious disease at home.

"Aidan, the founder of the monastery of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, confined the monks to drink only milk and water. But the royal monk, Ceolwulph, finding his abode somewhat cool, in an island unsheltered by either tree or bush, from the nipping sea-blasts, permitted his brethren, (as Hoveden says,) to drink both wine and ale."—LAMBE.

In the metrical romance of Artour and Merlin, in the Auchinleck MS., the residence of King Vriens is named Norham, and mentioned in this manner:

"The kinges, that discomfit ware,
Al day and al night hadde yfare,
On hors armed with grete hete,
Withouten drink, withouten mete,
Til thai com to *Norhant*,
A fair cite of gude waraunt:
Norham was that time, y wene,
A prout cite, and strong, and kene;

Ich you telle at on word,
King Vriens was thereof lord."
V. 4195 *of the Editor's transcript.*

The poem was probably translated from the French about the beginning of the 14th century. But as the King of Northumberland is called Clarion, it may possibly refer to some other place, perhaps Northampton. But in local investigations, romance-authority is certainly no authority at all.

Had it not been a false trait'rous thief,
Who came King James's face before.
P. 32, l. 590.

" The King, by the advice of this traitor, descended from Ladykirk Bank into the flat ground, near the Tweed, now called the Gin-haugh, whence with his cannon he threw down the north-east corner of the castle-wall, a large fragment of which now lies by the side of the river. Bishop Tunstal, in Queen Elizabeth's time, rebuilt the wall: this is now very distinguishable from the old work.

" A field, near the castle, in which this traitor was hanged, is now called the Hangman's Land. The fact is not mentioned by the historians. By the account

of it in the poem, we shall more readily understand the following epigram of Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor in the time of Henry VIII.

" *In Regem Scotiæ, qui arcem Norhamam proditam sibi, tamen oppugnavit, dissimulans proditam esse.*

Scote quid oppugnas Norhamam viribus Arcem
Ante tibi falsa proditione datam?
Artibus ergo malis capta fuit Arce voluptas
Magna tibi forsan, sed brevis illa fuit.
Teque tuisque mala, merita sed, morte peremptis,
Arx intra est paucos, capta, recepta, dies.
Proditor inque tuo peteret cum præmia regno
Mors sceleri est merces reddita digna suo.
Proditor ut pereat pereat cui proditor hostis
Invicta in fatis arx habet ista suis.

" I take this to be the meaning of these two verses, which are the most difficult:—' It was fated to this invincible castle, that the betrayer of it should perish, and likewise the enemy, by whom this traitor was executed.'

" There is a tradition here, that the King was told where the castle-wall was weakest, by a letter fixed to an arrow, shot over the Tweed, into his camp."—LAMBE.

Saint Cuthbert's banner for to bear.—P. 36. l. 668.

" St Cuthbert, according to the monkish writers, was born of royal blood in Ireland; but others say, probably with more truth, in the north of England. He was nominated the sixth Bishop of Holy Island by King Egfrid. Overcome by many prayers and entreaties, he quitted his hermetical life in a desart island, called Farne, situated in the German Ocean, nine miles from Holy Island.

" In this island breeds a species of a large kind of brown fowl, no where else to be found in Great Britain. The feathers of them are very soft, and of great variety. As soon as the young ducks are hatched, they run with the old ones into the sea, and never return again; but whither they go is not known.

" St Cuthbert was consecrated at York, on Easter Sunday, A. 684, by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of King Egfrid, many nobles, and six bishops. He sate two years, when, growing weary of his bishopric, he resigned it, and returned to his hermitage at the Farne-Island, where, soon after, he died, on the 20th day of March, 686.

" It hath been mentioned above, that St Cuthbert was deposited at Norham. Whether he at last disli-

ked his damp situation, for he was buried near a well which now bears his name, or, whether, being only seven miles from the sea, he began to fear another visit from his old foes the Danes, is not at present known; but this is certain, that he ordered his monks to carry him twenty miles up the Tweed, to Melross in Scotland. In process of time he quarrelled with this place also; upon which, by his direction, they put him into a stone-boat,* in which he sailed down the Tweed, to Tilmouth, where he landed. We cannot find, after the most diligent enquiry, how long he abode there.

"Not many years since, a farmer of Cornhill coveted the saint's boat, in order to keep pickled beef in it. Before this profane loon could convey it away, the saint came in the night-time, and broke it in pieces, which now lie at St Cuthbert's chapel, to please the curious, and confute the unbeliever.

---

* On the west side of Tilmouth chapel, on the banks of the Tweed, is a remarkable curiosity; a stone boat of as fine a shape as a boat of wood, in which St Cuthbert is said by tradition to have sailed down the Tweed, from Melross to this chapel. It is ten feet long within, three feet and a half in diameter, in the middle eighteen inches deep, four inches and a half thick.—WALLIS's *History of Northumberland.*

" St Cuthbert was carried on the shoulders of the monks from Tilmouth into Yorkshire, then to Chester, and thence to Durham, where, charmed with the delightful situation thereof, he slept in peace for many years.

" Aldwin, the 23d bishop of Holy Island, and the first of Durham, erected a stone structure there, with the help of Uthred, Earl of Northumberland, and of all the dwellers between the rivers Coquet and Tees, who were paid for their work with the promises of immense rewards in another world. After their three years incessant labour, the generous monks gave them St Cuthbert's word for the payment of their heavenly wages, with which undeniable security they departed, well contented.

" Aldwin's church was dedicated September 4, A. 999, and the corpse of the saint placed therein, 312 years after its first interment in Holy Island. A hundred and five years after this sepulture, the body of St Cuthbert was carried round the present cathedral church, in a procession of monks, with a numerous train of attendants, and then deposited therein in a fine sepulchre, September 4th, A. 1104, in the time

of Ralph Flamberg, who preached a sermon upon this occasion.

" The feast of the translation of St Cuthbert's body is celebrated, every year, in the county of Durham; and particularly, with great reverence, by the inhabitants of Norham, on the first Sunday and Monday after the 4th day of September, O. S.

" The monks frequently exhibited the body of this saint, uncorrupted, fragrant, and flexible, to the comfort of many spectators of high and low rank. In this state of incorruption it remains to this day.

" At the dissolution of the convents, the monks buried him in a private place of the abbey church, which none but three men know. When one of these is upon his deathbed, he imparts this invaluable secret to another faithful person;

' *Fabellam, moriens, illi dat habere tacendam ;*'

it being a very important affair to those, who expect a day will come, when the adoration of this holy man will be revived. I have heard from a Roman Catholic, that the saint's grave is in the church, not far from the clock.

" Some few years before the Reformation, a French bishop, returning out of Scotland, came to the shrine of St Cuthbert, where, kneeling down after his devotions, he offered a bawbee, a Scotch halfpenny; saying, '*Sancte Cuthberte, si sanctus sis, ora pro me!*' But afterwards, being brought to the tomb of Bede, he likewise said his prayers, offering there a French crown, with this alteration: '*Sancte Bede, quia Sanctus es, ora pro me!*'

" Soon after the battle of Nevil's Cross, A. 1346, John Fosser, prior of Durham, made a new banner, and consecrated it to St Cuthbert. The staff of it was five yards long, covered with pipes, surmounted with a cross, under which was a rod as thick as a man's finger, fastened by the middle to the staff. At each end of which was a wrought knob, and a little bell. All these, except the staff, were of silver. The banner-cloth of red velvet, fastened to the rod, was a yard broad, and one quarter deep: The bottom of it was indented in five parts; on both sides, it was embroidered, and wrought with flowers of green silk and gold. In the midst of it was a square half-yard of white velvet, whereon was a cross of red velvet, on both sides of the cloth. In it was enclosed that holy relique, the

corporax cloth, wherewith St Cuthbert covered the chalice, when he said mass. The banner-cloth was skirted with a fringe of red silk and gold; and at the bottom of it hung three silver bells.

"About seven hundred years ago, Edgar, Prince of Scotland, in his way thither, dreamt at Durham, that St Cuthbert, appearing to him, bade him take courage, and assured him, that if he carried his banner along with him, his enemies should flee before, and he should sit upon the throne of his ancestors. Accordingly, the next morning, he obtained from the monastery the saint's banner. In the mean time, King Donald raised a huge army. As soon as the King's soldiers discovered the holy banner, glittering on the side of the Prince, they deserted. The King fled, and was taken by the country people, and brought to the Prince, who put him in prison, in which he died of grief. The Prince ascribed his victory to the saint's banner, and, as he could not do any less, he made a present of the manor of Coldingham, with its appendages, to the servants of this saint, the monks of Durham; and to Ranulph, Bishop thereof, he gave the town of Berwick.

" Richard de Lucy, and his associate, Humphrey de Bohun, took along with them the banner of King Edmond the martyr, by whose assistance they overthrew the Earl of Leicester's army, near Bury. King Henry II., the ensuing year, went a pilgrimage to Bury, and, at the shrine of St Edmund, made an acknowledgment of his protection, and decent returns to the abbots and monks of the convent.

" The banners of St Cuthbert, King James, and of many Scotch noblemen, were brought from Floddon, and set up in the feretory of St Cuthbert's, in the cathedral of Durham, in which they remained till the abbey was suppressed by King Henry, when it, together with the exceedingly rich shrine of the saint, was plundered of its furniture, gold, and jewels. The visitors found one stone there, of a sufficient value to redeem a prince. King Richard I. gave to St Cuthbert his parliament robe of blue velvet, embroidered with golden lions. Many other rich copes were also bestowed upon him, of which several remain at this time in the cathedral.

" Catherine, a French woman, the wife of Whittingham, Dean of Durham, who died 1579, burned the fine banner of St Cuthbert. She also carried out

of the Century Garth, the blue marble stones, which covered the graves of the priors, and placed them in the threshold, pavements, and walls of a house which she was building in the Bailey in Durham."—LAMBE.

Sir Marmaduke Constable.—P. 37. l. 677.

The families of Constable take their surname from the office of Constable of Chester, which their ancestors held. Soon after the conquest, Hugh Lupus, being appointed Earl Palatine of Chester, created his cousin Nigell Baron of Hauton, and ordained him Constable of Chester. He was the son of Ivon, Viscount Constantine, in Normandy, by Emma, sister to Adam, Earl of Britain; and from him the families of Constable derive their origin. Sir Marmaduke Constable of Flamburgh, in com. Ebor. knt. was born, on the authority of his epitaph, in the year 1441. He had four sons; but how many of them attended him to the field of Floddon, we are not able to determine. They were all knighted; the eldest, Sir Robert, on the 17th of June, A.D. 1497, at the battle of Blackheath. The others were, Sir Marmaduke, of Everingham; Sir William Constable, of Hatfield in Holderness, and Sir John Constable of Kinalton. Sir Robert having

been active in the rising about religion, in 28 Henry VIII., was pardoned, but being again implicated in the revolt of Lord Hussey, and others, was attainted, and executed at Hull. His son, Sir Marmaduke, attended Henry VIII. to Terouenne, and was knighted at Lisle the 14th October.

For the epitaph of Sir Marmaduke, the elder, who probably did not long outlive the glory he acquired at Floddon, see the Appendix.*

Bryan Tunstal, that bold esquire.—P. 39. l. 724.

" Sir Bryan Tunstal being slain at Floddon-Field, his effigy in full proportion, cut in stone, lies over his body in the chancel of Tunstal church; near which is cut two cocks crowing, being his coat of arms. His mansion-house, Thurland-castle, [Lancashire,] being

* It is a singular circumstance, that Marmaduke Maxwell Constable, Esq. of Everingham and Nithsdale, is descended from four of the chiefs, who were present at Floddon-Field. He represents John, fourth Earl of Maxwell, Robert, Lord Herries, both of whom fell in the battle, and Sir Marmaduke Constable; and is also a descendant of the family of the Haggerstons, whose ancestor fought under the Earl of Surrey.

moated round, with draw-bridges, is now [1774] the property of Robert Welch, Esq., together with the extensive lordship and church-living."—BENSON.

"The descendants of Sir Brian are Roman Catholics, of great property, seated at Wycliffe, near the river Tees. Their coat of arms is Sable, 3 combs Argent. Godwyn *De Præsulibus Angliæ* says, that the first person of note of this name, was a barber to William the Conqueror; and that, upon his being raised to a better fortune, he, in memory of his former condition, took for his arms, S. 3 combs Argent. Many bear in their arms a device, alluding to their profession. Thus, in the island of Fionia, belonging to Denmark, the ancient family of Trool, which signifies a sorcerer, bears a devil. Sable, upon a field Gules." LAMBE.*

His son Lord Admiral should be drowned.—P. 41. l. 760.

Thomas, eldest son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, commanded one of the ships which captured the squa-

* The family of Tunstal is now represented by Mr Constable of Burton, Constable in Holderness, representative of the Viscounts of Dunbar in Scotland, to whose family the estate of Wycliffe devolved of that late eminent antiquary, Marmaduke Tunstal, Esq.

dron of Andrew Barton, and accompanied the Marquis of Dorset into Spain, to assist King Ferdinand. Having succeeded his brother in the office of Lord High Admiral, he very diligently scoured the seas, and, before the battle of Floddon, landed five thousand men in aid of his father. At the battle, he and Lord Dacre effectually relieved the vanguard, under the command of Lord Edmund. For these services, he was created Earl of Surrey, the same day that his father became Duke of Norfolk. In 1520, he quelled a rebellion in Ireland, as Lord Deputy of that kingdom. After performing numerous other military exploits, his son fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII., and had not the death of the King prevented it, himself had shared the same fate.

Not Pirate John, for all his power,
That great renowned Lothian knight.—P. 45. l. 843.

"John Barton, who, with his brothers, Robert and Andrew, received letters of marque from James IV., in order to revenge the death of their father, Captain John, who was killed by the Portuguese in the reign of James III."—LAMBE.

John Barton seems to have been the youngest of the three brothers, to whom reprisals against the Portu-

guese were granted by James IV. In November 1513 he sailed with a squadron for France, but, falling sick, was landed at Kirkcudbright, and died there.

That prove I by my son Sir Edward.—P. 47. l. 879.

Sir Edward Howard, second son of the Earl of Surrey, Lord Admiral of England, and not the meanest of the heroes who have adorned the naval history of England. He scoured the channel, appeared before Brest harbour, with forty-two vessels, and challenged the French fleet to combat. But the latter waited for reinforcements, which soon appeared, commanded by Prejeant de Bidoux. The gallant Admiral, however, would not await the junction of the fleet, but attacked it in Conquête harbour. He was the first who boarded the Admiral's ship, having rowed up with two gallies, filled with officers; and was followed by one Carroz, a Spanish cavalier, and seventeen Englishmen. The French meanwhile cut the cable; and Howard continuing to fight, was pushed overboard by the pikes, and drowned. The fleet, upon his death, returned to England.

Put case our total English power, &c.—P. 50. l. 929.

This stanza reminds us of a similar one, which de-

files the beautiful ancient romance of Amis and Amelion, when two ladies are going to be committed to the flames :—

——" Icham comen hider today,
For to sauen him giue y may,
And bring hem out of bende ;
For certes it were michel vnright
To make a roste of leuedis bright,
Ywis ye eren vnkende.——*v.* 1135, *et se*

At Boorth, where the raging Boar.—P. 54. l. 1007.

Richard III. had for his device a white boar, and was often distinguished by this appellation.

Their mighty Mars, King Malchomy.---P. 56. l. 1049.

" Malcolm III. was killed, together with his son, at a place called Malcolm's Well, near Alnwick, about the year 1092."—LAMBE.

King David unto Durham came.—P. 56. l. 1053.

" Many nobles of Scotland, and 15,000 men, were slain in this battle, which was fought on St Luke's day, A. 1346, in the time of Edward III. Part of Nevil's cross, erected upon this occasion, is now standing."—LAMBE.

Minot has a very spirited poem, how

" Sir David had of his men grete loss,
With Sir Edward at the Nevil's ross."

In battle, by Sir Henry Percy.—P. 57. l. 1064.

"In this battle, fought on Holyrood day, September 14, 1402, were slain twenty-seven Scotch knights, and 10,000 men. Murdac, Earl of Fife, son to Robert Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland; Archibald, Earl of Douglas; Thomas, Earl of Murray; George, Earl of Angus, and others, were taken prisoners, in a valley near Hamildon, by Henry, Lōrd Percy, son to the Earl of Northumberland, and George Dunbar, Earl of March."—LAMBE.

With pen I shall make true report.—P. 58. l. 1100.

"In this enumeration of the English officers, the name of the eminent John Winschomb, commonly called Jack of Newbury, is omitted, who marched to the Earl of Surrey with a hundred of his own men, all armed and clothed at his expence. He was, in the reign of Henry VIII., the greatest clothier in England. He kept one hundred looms at work in his house, which was to be seen a century ago; but is now divided into several tenements. He built the church of Newbury, in Berkshire, which is a noble edifice, or rather the west part of it, from the pulpit, and also the tower."—LAMBE.

Lord Ogle.—P. 59. l. 1115.

Ralphe, Lord Ogle, had summons to parliament in 1508 and 1511, and marched in the van at the battle of Floddon.

Lord Lomly.—P. 61. l. 1145.

John, Lord Lumley, fought at Floddon, and the year following was summoned to Parliament.

Latimer.—P. 61. l. 1145.

Richard Nevil, Lord Latimer, succeeded his grandfather in 9 Edward IV. He was one of the commanders against the Earl of Lincoln at Noke; also under the Earl of Surrey, at Norham castle; and again, in the battle of Floddon. He died in 1530.

Lord Coniers stout and stiff in stoure.—P. 61. l. 1148.

William Coniers, Lord Coniers, succeeded his father in 5 Henry VII. He was one of the commanders in the army appointed to raise the siege of Norham-castle; and also at Floddon-Field. He died in 1524.

Mr Lambe introduces here, after an explanation of the word *stoure*, a strange farrago of criticisms and ob-

servations, the mere catalogue of which will sufficiently apologise for their omission in the present edition. He commences with a pious wish for a Scotch dictionary; (and it were heartily to be wished Mr Lambe had seen his wish so ably realized in the present day;) then follow observations from classical authors; then criticisms upon Shakespeare; then again remarks on classical lore; on Robin Hood; and, finally, a severe analysis of Pope's version of Homer, undoubtedly very just, but, like the rest of this olio, not in the least conducive to those historical and explanatory elucidations, which it is the chief duty of an editor to annex to works like the present.

Lord Scroop of Upsal.—P. 62. l. 1158.

Ralph Scroop, Earl of Upsal, died 1515.

Sir Christopher Ward.—P. 62. l. 1165.

Sir Christopher Ward, of Gryndall, in Yorkshire was standard-bearer to Henry VIII., at the siege of Rouen. See FULLER'S *Worthies in Com. Ebor.*

Sir Metham, Sidney, Averingham.—P. 62. l. 1168.

Sir Thomas Metham of Metham, knight. Sir Wil-

liam Sidney of Penshurst, in Kent, knight. Sir John Everingham, knight.

Sir Edmund.—P. 63. l. 1183.

Edmund, third son of the Duke of Norfolk, led the van in the battle of Floddon-Field; and though he behaved himself very gallantly, he was defeated by the Scots. He was at the time a knight, and marshal of his host. His second daughter was Catharine, fifth wife of King Henry VIII.

Most fierce he fought at Thallian Field.—P. 65. l. 1221.

"I do not know what is meant by Thallian Field. I take the author to have been a Yorkshire schoolmaster; *(Vid. Sir* EDWARD STANLEY'S *Speech.)* Having his head perhaps full of rhetorical figures, he uses the word *Thallian* for *Thessalian*, per Syncopen, alluding to the plains of Thessaly, where a battle was fought, in the Roman civil wars, between Cæsar and Pompey."—LAMBE.

The reason why I cannot accede to Mr Lambe's hypothesis of the schoolmaster, has been stated above. Thallian is perhaps a corruption, or, what is still more probable, a local appellation now lost.

Martin Swart.—P. 65. l. 1222.

" Martin Swart, a German colonel, and others under the command of John, Earl of Lincoln, were defeated by Henry VII., at a place called Noke, about three miles from Newark."—LAMBE.

Swart (probably a corruption of Schwartz, a common name of the Germans,) seems to have had great celebrity, as his memory was transmitted by popular songs among the multitude.

Thus, in the interlude " *The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art,*" among other scraps of songs which Moros sings, is the following:

> " Martin Swart and his man, sodledum, sodledum,
> Martin Swart and his man, sodledum bell."

And, in a poem of Skelton, " *Against a comely Coystrowne,*" &c. the same song is alluded to:

> " With hey holy lo, whip thee Jack,
> Alumbek, sodyldym, syllorymben,
> Curiowsly he can both counter and knak
> Of Martin Swart, and all his mery men."
>
> See RITSON'S *Ancient Songs*, Dissertation, p. lxi.

Next went Sir Bold.—P. 65. l. 1229.

Sir Richard Bold of Bold married the daughter of Sir Thomas Gerard, who brought considerable succours of his tenants and archers out of Brindall, in Lancashire, to the assistance of the Earl of Surrey. He behaved with great gallantry at Floddon; and to the Lancastrian archers the fame of the victory is generally ascribed. He seems inadvertently omitted in this numerous catalogue of English knights.

And Butler brave.—P. 65. l. 1229.

Sir Thomas Butler of Beausey, in the county of Lancaster, knight.

Then Barkerton bold, and Bygod grave.—P. 65. l. 1231.

Ralph Bruerton. John Bigod.

With Warcop wild.—P. 65. l. 1232.

Robert Warcop.

Next Richard Chomley.—P. 65. l. 1233.

Richard Cholmondeley of Cholmondeley, in Cheshire, knight, was knighted in 12 Henry VII., for his

services against Perkin Warbeck; and, at the battle of Floddon, commanded the forces of the town of Kingston upon Hull. For his achievements in this victory he was made lieutenant of the Tower of London He died in the year 1521.

Lawrence of Dun.—P. 65. l. 1235.

John Lawrence of Dun.

With Stapylton.—P. 66. l. 1238.

Brian Stapleton, Esq.

Next whom Fitzwilliam.—P. 66. l. 1239.

Sir Thomas Fitzwilliam of Aldwark, *com. Eborac.*

Sir John Radcliffe.—P. 68. l. 1279.

John Radcliffe of Radcliffe, Lancashire.

Sir William Gascoin grave.—P. 68. l. 1280.

Sir William Gascoign of Lasingcroft.

The next went Sir John Maundevill.—P. 68. l. 1291.

Some of the copies read John Maundevill, and some John Normanville. The latter is undoubtedly right, as the name occurs in Halle's Catalogue.

Then Richard Tempest.—P. 69. l. 1299.

Sir Richard Tempest was, in 1513, one of the squires of the king's body.

And whereas the castle of Ford.—P. 73. l. 1377.

"There is a tradition here, [at Norham,] that King James, returning from a visit to Mrs Heron, at Ford-castle, found himself in danger of drowning, in his passage through the Tweed, near Norham, at the west ford, which is pretty deep on the Scotch side. Upon which, he made a vow to the Virgin Mary, that, if she would carry him safe to land, he would erect and dedicate a church to her upon the banks of the Tweed; which he performed in the jubilee year, A. 1500, according to an old inscription on the church, mostly now defaced.

"This Gothic structure is much admired. It is entirely of stone; the roof of it rests upon, what the masons call here, point-cast arches, which are supported by nineteen buttresses."—LAMBE.

"Ford-castle, in Glyndale, upon the east side of Tille. It is metly stronge, but in decay."—LEL. *Hist.* v. 7. p. 54.

It appears from MADOX's *Exch.* p. 647, that Sir William Heron built the castle in the year 1227, the estate having come into his family by an intermarriage with the heiress of Ford, who derived her descent from O'Donnel de Ford, who was seised of it in the reign of Henry I. This Sir William was governor of the castles of Bamborough, Pickering, and Scarborough; Lord Warden of the forest north of Trent, and Sheriff for Northumberland, for eleven successive years. In the year 1385, the Scotch, under the Earls of Fife, March, and Douglas, making an inroad, destroyed the castles of Ford, Wark, and Cornhill.

Sir William Heron succeeded his brother John in the year 1498, being 20 years old. He was High-sheriff of Northumberland in the year 1526, and died the 8th of July, 1535.* He was twice married. By Elizabeth, his first wife, he had a son, William, who died before him; by the second, Agnes, he had no issue. It is uncertain which of these two was the redoubted Lady of Ford. Halle mentions the former. It is still more uncertain who was the daughter, who is said to have captivated

---

* Wallis says, the 28th of June, 1536.

the Archbishop of St Andrews. In the genealogical table of the house of Heron no daughter appears; and William, the son, cannot well be supposed to have been married at that time. His wife, Margaret, after his death, espoused John Heron of Thornton, and subsequently Sir George Heron of Chipchase; and was still living the 27th July, 1596. By her first husband she had a daughter, Elizabeth, who inherited the castles and manors of Ford, Eshet, and Simonburn; and who married Thomas Carr, Esq. of Etall.

Ford-castle was the great barrier for the east march against Scotland. In a survey of the Borders in 1542, we have the following account of it:—"The castell of Forde, standinge lykewyse upon the est syde of the said ryver of Tyll, was brunte by the last kinge of Scots, a lytle before he was slayne at Flodden-Felde. Some part thereof hathe bene reparetted againe sythence that tyme; but the great buyldings, and most necessarye houses, resteth ever sythens waste and in decaye; the which, if they were repared, were able to receyve and lodge ane hundreth and mo horsemen, to lye there in garrison in tyme of warre. And, for that purpose, that is a place much convenient, and standeth well for servyce to be done at any place with-

in the said est march; and ys of th' inherytaunce of Sir William Heron's heyres."—*Cotton MSS. Caligula*, B. VIII. f. 63. f. 72. *of the MS.*

Previous to the battle of Floddon, the castle was assaulted and taken. In 1549, the Scots, under D'Esse, a French general, laid the greater part in ashes, but were unable to reduce one of the towers, which was gallantly defended by Thomas Carr.—WALLIS' *and* HUTCHISON'S *Histories of Northumberland. Genealogical Table of the Family of Heron*, 1797, *fol. Genealogical History of the Ancient Family of Heron, London*, 1803, *4to.*

Lord Johnston.—P. 73. l. 1389.

James Johnston, lord of that ilk, succeeded his father in 1509, was in high favour with James IV. and V., and died 1528, or 1529.

Even on the height of Floddon-Hill.—P. 85. l. 1617.

"The eminence, called Floddon, lies near the river Till. It is the last and lowest of those hills, that extend on the north-east of the great mountain of Cheviot, towards the low ground on the side of the Tweed,

from which river Floddon is distant about four miles. The ascent to the top of it, from the side of the river Till, where it takes a northerly direction, just by the foot of the declivity on which the castle and village of Ford stand, is about half a mile; and over the Till, at that place, there is a bridge. On the south of Floddon lies the extensive and very level plain of Millfield, having on its west side high hills, the branches of the Cheviot; on the north, Floddon, and other moderate eminences adjoining to it; on the south and east, a tract of rising grounds, nigh the foot of which is the slow and winding course of the Till. The nearest approach for the English army to Floddon was through this plain, in every part whereof they would have been in full view of the Scots, where they had a great advantage in possessing an eminence, which, on the side towards the English, had a long declivity, with hollow and marshy grounds at its foot, while its crown contained such an extent of almost level ground, as would have sufficed for drawing up, in good order, the forces that occupied it. Surrey encamped on Wooler-haugh, on the 7th September."—W. HUTCHINSON, *Northumberland, Anno* 1776. *Newcastle*, 1778.

On Monday the 5th September, he had lodged at the village of Bolton, a small village in the vale of Whittingham, on the north side of the Till, where all the noblemen and gentlemen met him with their retinues, to the number of twenty-six thousand men.—WALLIS.

Bastard Hearon is my name.—P. 89. l. 1700.

John Heron, the bastard, was son of John Heron of Ford, by a concubine. Having, in an affray at a border-meeting, unfortunately killed Sir Robert Ker, warden of the middle-marches, butler to James IV., and a great favourite with the King, he was outlawed in both kingdoms. Henry VII., to appease his son-in-law, delivered Sir William Heron to James, who kept him a prisoner in Fast-Castle-Tower, in the Mers, on a rock above the Firth of Forth, until the battle of Floddon-Field. In the first onset of the battle, the right wing of the English army was defeated, and Sir Edmund Howard, who commanded it, being left alone on the ground, the Bastard, at the head of a troop of horse he had disciplined in the Cheviot mountains, threw himself between the two armies, and engaged the enemy until the English rallied. Some accounts

join Lord Dacre with the Bastard in this action; but Halle, an author of great authority, says in his Chronicle, "that Heron, the bastard, though much wounded, rescued Sir Edmund; and that Lord Dacre, wyth hys company, stode styl al daye unfoughten withall." * The Bastard, who was a famous warrior in those days, was afterwards killed, as some authors report, in an engagement on the Borders. He must have been older than his brothers; for, on the death of Sir Ralph Grey, the 4th April, 1506, Johis Heron Bastardus was found to be seised of the manors of Chiltingham, Howick, &c. &c. as surviving feoffee, in trust for Lady Grey for life. It is therefore probable, the Bastard was born before his father's marriage. Thomas, son and heir of Sir Ralph, was then four years old.—*Genealogical History of the Family of Heron, London*, 1803, 4*to*.

The army lodged at Barmoor wood.—P. 94. l. 1792.

Barmore was the villa of the family of Muschampe in 1 Edward I., in 10 Elizabeth, and in 20 James I.

---

* This is, however, disproved by Dacre's letter printed in Pinkerton's History, and by the original Gazette of the Lord Admiral.

At this village, in 1418, the lords marchers of the northern counties were assembled with 100,000 men against the Scots, who retreated upon the report of such a mighty army. Lord Howard and his son lodged at Barmore wood the night after the battle of Floddon.—WALLIS.

And at Milfield.—P. 94. l. 1800.

Milfield, a small village where the Saxon kings of Berenicia, after the death of King Edwin, sometimes resided; on the south side of which is a spacious and beautiful plain, formerly overgrown with broom, famous for the defeat of a large party of Scots, before the battle of Brankston, [Floddon,] by Sir William Bulmer of Bramspeth Castle, who commanded the forces of the bishoprick of Durham. The Scots had concealed themselves among the broom; five or six thousand of them were killed, and four hundred taken prisoners. They afterwards called the road through the plain,* *The ill road.*—HOL. *Chron.* WALLIS. *See the Second Fit.*

* More probably the raid, or incursion, was thus called.

Sir Malkin Keen.—P. 106. l. 2024.

Called, in the French Gazette, Illackeen.

Where David Hume down dead lay flung.—P. 108. l. 2064.

Perhaps David, brother to Lord Home, and Prior of Coldingham.

The one Craufford called, the other Montross.—P. 108. l. 2073.

John Lindsay, fifth earl of Crawfurd, succeeded his father in 1494. He was a man of great courage and resolution, and was among the slain at Floddon-Field.

William, Lord Graham, afterwards Earl of Montrose, which title he obtained from James IV. in 1504. He had commanded the army of James III. against the rebels, and also lost his life at Floddon.

And mitred prelates.—P. 109. l. 2092.

George Hepburn, Bishop of the Isles. Bishop of Caithness.

With the Earl of Catness and Castell.—P. 109. l. 2093.

William, second earl of Caithness, succeeded his father in 1480, and was killed at Floddon. David, third lord Kennedy, and created, in 1509, or 1510, Earl of Cassilis by James IV., and was also one of his privy council. He lost his life at Floddon.

In the notes on Mr Leyden's ode on visiting Floddon, the following curious anecdote is preserved:—

"Under the vigorous administration of James IV., the young Earl of Caithness had incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture, for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by three hundred young warriors, arrayed in green, he presented himself before the King, and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to the warlike prince, that he granted an immunity to the Earl and his followers. The parchment, on which this immunity was inscribed, is said to be still preserved in the archives of the earls of Caithness, and is marked with the drum-strings, having been cut out of a drum-head, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The Earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the battle of Flod-

den; since which period, it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness to *wear green*, or *cross the Ord on a Monday*, the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland."—*Minst. of the Border*, vol. i. p. 290.

The Earl of Morton and of Marr.—P. 109. l. 2094.

John Douglas, second Earl of Morton. Robert Erskine, Earl of Marr, fell at Floddon-field.

With Arell, Adell, and Athell.—P. 109. l. 2095.

William Hay, fifth Earl of Errol, accompanied James IV. with a great many of his friends, and most of the gentlemen of his name, to Floddon-Field, where they all lost their lives.

John Stewart, second Earl of Athole, succeeded his father, 1512, and was also killed at Floddon. Adell is probably only a repetition of Athole.

Of Bothwell bold, and of Glenkar.—P. 109. l. 2096.

Patrick Hepburn, third Lord Hales, was one of the ringleaders of the rebellion, which proved fatal to James III. Upon the accession of James IV., he was prime minister; and, in 1488, was created Earl of

Bothwell. Shortly after, he was made hereditary Lord High Admiral of Scotland. He fell at Floddon-Field.

Cuthbert Cunningham, third Earl of Glencairn, was, in 1509, of the privy council.

Lord Lovat.—P. 110. l. 2097.

Thomas Fraser, third Lord Lovat, a man of great courage and spirit, was appointed by James IV. his justiciary in the north, and died 1530.

So Clueston, Inderby, and Ross.—P. 110. l. 2098.

Sir Patrick Houston of Houston.

Thomas Stewart, Lord Innermarth, fell at Floddon, as well as the following.

Sir John Ross of Halkhead, who was created Lord Ross of Halkhead in the beginning of the reign of James IV., and was a man of great courage and intrepidity.

With Borthwick, Bargeny, and Forbes.—P. 110. l. 2100.

William Borthwick, third Lord Borthwick, was appointed, by James IV., *magister hospitii.*

John, Lord Forbes, died in the year 1547.

Lord Arskill, Sentclear, and Simpell.—P. 110. l. 2101.

Robert, Lord Erskine, has already occurred under the title of Earl of Mar.

Henry Sinclair, created Lord Sinclair, obtained a lease of the lands and lordships of Orkney and Shetland, and was made justiciary and keeper of the castle of Kirkwall, for the payment of five hundred and fifty merks annually. He was killed in the field of Floddon.

Sir John Semple, eighth Baron of Eliotstoun, was created in 1488 Lord Semple. He was also slain in this battle.

Cowell, Kay, and Caddie Hume.—P. 110. l. 2104.

Mr Cowel, Clerk of the Chancery, named in the Gazette, Le Sr. de Colwyn.

Sir Cuthbert Hume of Fastcastle.

Haburn.—P. 111. l. 2129.

Habert, (Lambe has Herbert) should be Hepburn.

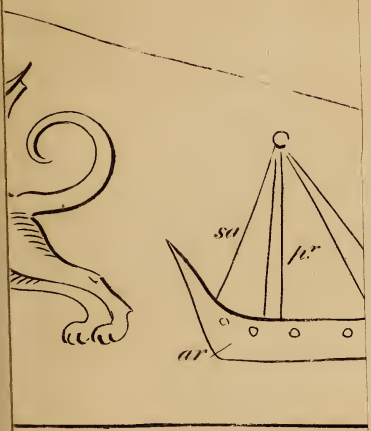
The Earl of Huntley.—P. 114. l. 2187.

Alexander, third Earl of Huntley, was one of the guarantees of a treaty of peace with England in 1509. At the battle of Floddon, he gave his opinion against fighting; but seeing his King determined to risk the engagement, he behaved with uncommon gallantry; and, with the right wing, which he commanded, drove all before him; but the main body, and left wing, being defeated, he was forced to make his retreat in the evening with great difficulty. He was appointed, in the minority of James V., lieutenant of the north, and joined in commission with the Earls of Angus, Arran, and Argyle, as governors of the young King. He died A. 1523.

Through the liberality of George Chalmers, Esq. I have been enabled to adorn the present edition with a delineation of the standard of this valiant Earl; and to this obligation he has added another, by annexing the following very satisfactory account of the history of the standard, and exposition of the motto:—

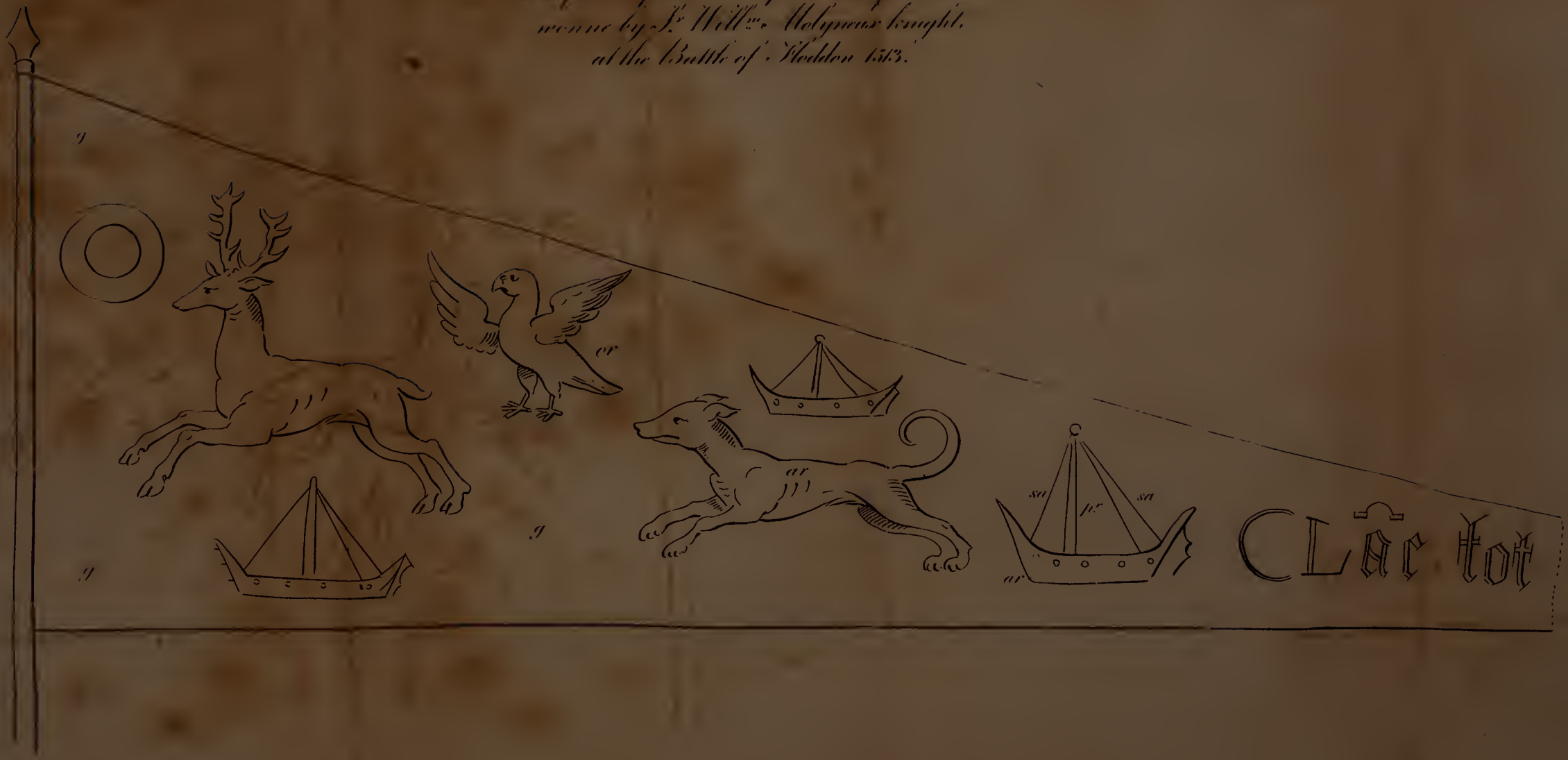
"The Earl of Huntley gallantly attempted to restore the battle. In doing this, Sir William Molyneux of Seftonhall, in Cheshire, the progenitor of the Earl of Sefton, took Huntley's standard, or pennon, which

y's Standard
· knight.
53.



& Co

The forme of the Erle of Huntley's Standard
worne by Sr Willm Stanley knight,
at the Battle of Flodden 1513.



Published by A. Constable & Co

he hung up as a trophy in Sefton-hall, where it remained till the reign of Elizabeth, when the heralds went there to make their usual visitation. The heralds then and there made a drawing of this pennon, which remains now in the Heralds' College, whence I obtained the inclosed copy. As for the exposition, the figures plainly represent the Earl of Huntley's armorial coat, in that age. As to the Mot. *Clae tot*, the transverse line over the *ae* denotes the *m* abstracted; then we have *Clame tot*. Menage will help us to the old French verb, *clamer*, signifying *appeler*, 'to call, to call aloud those who ought to appear.' In Kelham, we have the word *tot*, 'all.' The motto then is, *Call all*, Let all repair to this pennon."

Earl of Lennox and Argile.—P. 114. l. 2188.

Matthew, second Earl of Lennox, a man of great spirit, was slain at Floddon.

Archibald, second Earl of Argyle, was appointed Chancellor of Scotland in 1494, Chamberlain in 1495, and Master of the Household in 1498. At Floddon-Field he commanded the van, behaved with great intrepidity, and was killed.

His captains keen failed at his feet,
And standard-bearer down was slain.

P. 117. l. 2247.

" The Scots cast themselves into a ring, who were all slain with the King, except Sir William Scot, his Chancellor, and Sir John Forbes, his Serjeant-porter, who were taken prisoners, and with great difficulty escaped. The battle lasted three hours."—LAMBE.

Among the numerous instances of the melancholy effects of this destructive battle, the following is selected as one of the most striking :—

" In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, Andrew Pitcairn of Pitcairn, with his seven sons, went to the battle of Flouden, where they were all killed. The widow, who was left pregnant at home, was delivered of a posthumous son, who continued the family. But, by the hardships of the times, they were both turned out of possession. Dr Archibald, the celebrated poet and physician, had, amongst the charters of the family, one from James V., restoring the widow to her jointure, and the heir to his estate, with this honourable mention, that his father, with seven sons, had died on Flouden-Field, fighting valiantly for his royal father."—*General Dictionary, Historical and Critical, London, 1739, fol.*

Fair.—P. 118. l. 2254.

"Fair perhaps should be Ker."—LAMBE.

And last of all among the lave.—P. 118. l. 2257.

Among the numerous sons of nobles, who fell at Floddon-Field, were the two eldest of William, Earl of Marishall. It is doubtful whether the Earl himself was present. He lived several years after the battle; and, as he would no doubt have been in the division commanded by the King, his life, like that of so many other chiefs, would probably have been sacrificed. On the other hand, he is mentioned by Pitscottie, in the debates of the lords of the council, previous to the battle, and by them nominated one of the commanders of the northern forces.

The standard of the Earl, a copy of which will be found in the present Work, would at all events have accompanied his forces, whether led by him in person, or by the Master of Marishall, Robert Lord Keith, who, with his brother William de Keith, fell in the battle. The manner in which the banner-roll was preserved, renders this singular curiosity doubly remarkable. It appears, that the standard-bearer of the Earl was denominated Black John Skirving of Plewland-hill. He had, besides the latter estate, which is

situated in the parish of Humbie, East-Lothian, and immediately adjoins the lands of Keith Marishall, four acres for carrying the standard of the Earl. Seeing the ruinous termination of the battle, he tore the banner-roll off the flagstaff, and concealed it about his body, previous to surrendering himself prisoner. Being, after several years, released, he found his estates in the possession of another; but, upon application being made, he got them restored. The estate, and with it the singular relic, remained in the family for several ages. The former was sold about forty years ago, while the latter was carefully preserved, and has lately been presented to the Advocates' Library by Mr William Skirving of Edinburgh, the last surviving descendant of the gallant standard-bearer.

The arms and motto *(Veritas Vincit)* are those of the family of Keith Marishall.

The carcase of the King himself.—P. 119. l. 2277.

"The next day after the battle, the body of King James was found. He had received many wounds, most of them mortal. He was wounded in diverse places with arrows, his neck was opened to the middle, and his left hand, in two places, almost cut off, so that

it scarcely hung to his arm. A great number of noblemen lay dead around the King, whose body, though much defaced, was known at the first sight, by some private marks, by Lord Dacres, Sir William Scot, Sir John Forman, and other Scottish prisoners."—LAMBE.

Great store of guns and warlike gear.—P. 119. l. 2285.

"The Scots had twenty-two large brass cannon, and particularly seven of a very wide bore, all of the same size and make, called The Seven Sisters, which the Earl of Surrey sent down to Berwick."—LAMBE.

The following account of the artillery taken from the Scots, is probably the most accurate, as it is that of the original Gazette, printed by Pinkerton from a MS. in the Heralds' College, London :—

"*Le nombre de l'artillerie, que le Roy d'Escosse perdit a la journee de Brankston, le* ix^t^ *jour de Septembre.*

Item,—cinq. groux courtaulx.

Item,—deux colorynes.

Item,—quatre sacre de la mesme grandeur, qui estoient au devant du navyre appellé la Roze Gallee.

Item,—six serpentynes plus grandes, et plus longues, que serpentyne que le Roy ūre Sr. a.

En tout la quantiti de xvii *pieces.*

Lesquelles sont le plus cleres, et les plus neetes, et les myeulx fassonees, et avec les moindres pertuys a la touche ou l' on met le feu, et les plus belles de leur grandeur et longueur que jai viz oncques; et les d'courtaulx sont des fort bonne taille, et neetes."

The artillery was conveyed to Etall, a castle held by the ancient family of Manners, ancestors of the Dukes of Rutland. It was built in the year 1341.

This field was fought in September,
In Chronicles as may be seen;
In the year of God, as I remember,
One thousand five hundred and thirteen.

P. 120. l. 2297, &c.

"The King's body was brought to Berwick, and there embowelled, embalmed, and cered and closed in lead, and secretly, amongst other things, conveyed to

Newcastle; thence it was carried to London, and by the general presented to Queen Catharine at Richmond, who, with the gauntlet of King James, sent the news of the victory unto King Henry, lying at the siege before the town of Terwin. From Richmond, the body of the King was brought unto the adjoining monastery of Sheen.

"I am much obliged to Captain Grose for a draught of the sword and dagger of King James, taken from the originals, now in the possession of the Corporation of Heralds, to whom they were given by the Earl of Surrey.

"The length of the sword, with the handle, is three feet five inches; the handle is eight inches long; the dagger, with the hilt, is one foot eight inches long; the hilt is nearly as long as that of the sword; their breadth is in the same proportion, as it is represented in the Plate. There appears to have been an inscription in the middle channel of the sword, which now is not legible."---LAMBE.

The following anecdote respecting the body of the unfortunate King, is preserved in STOW's *Survey of London*, 4*to*, p. 539:---

"After the battle, the bodie of the same King being found, was closed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and to the monasterie of Sheyne, in Surry, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certaine; but, since the dissolution of that house, in the reygne of Edward the Sixt, Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolke, being lodged, and keeping house there, I have been shewed the same bodie so lapped in lead, close to the head and bodie, throwne into a waste room amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since the which time, workmen there, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head; and Lancelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feelinge a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing this same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining, with the haire of the head and beard red, brought it to London, to his house in Wood-street, where, for a time, he kept it for its sweetness, but in the end caused the sexton of that church [St Michael's, Wood-street] to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnell."

Notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Leo X., requesting Henry VIII. to allow the body of James to be buried with royal honours, in the cathedral of St Paul's, by the bishop of London; the irritated tyrant

remained inflexible; and the subsequent disgrace of the royal remains, which are related in the above extract from Stow, are probably too true. The curious letter of Leo X. will be found in the Appendix.

" On Tuesday, September 9, 1513, 5 Henry VIII., in Crookham West-field, belonging to John Askew of Palinsburn, Esq. this battle was ended; in memory whereof, a stone, which now stands there, was erected."---LAMBE.

" About two miles south of Cornhill, in Brankston Westfield, is a large upright pillar of whinstone, six feet seven inches high, in memory of Floddon-Field."---WALLIS' *History of Northumberland.*

" In the time of the battle, the thieves of Tynedale and Tiviotdale were not idle. They rifled the English tents, and took away many horses, and other things." ---*Ibid.*

" King James was killed in the twenty-fifth year of his reign, and the thirty-ninth of his age. He was of a majestic countenance, of a middle size, and a strong body. By the use of exercise, a slender diet, and much watching, he could easily bear the extremities

of weather, fatigue, and scarcity. He excelled in fencing, shooting, and riding. He delighted in fine horses, the breed of which he endeavoured to propagate in his own country, as it appears from several letters still extant, which he wrote to the kings of Spain and Portugal, entreating them, that they would suffer his servants to buy such horses and mares as their respective dominions afforded. In return, he made them presents of hunting dogs, and of the famous little ambling horses, called galloways, bred in the mountains and isles of Scotland. About the year 1508, the Lord Campvere sent him many large Flanders horses; and also Henry VII. several fine horses and rich furniture. He was of a quick wit, which, by the negligence of those times, was uncultivated with letters. He had great skill in the art of curing wounds, which was then common to the Scotch nobles, always in arms.* He was of a high spirit, of easy access, courteous, and mild; just in his juridical decisions, merciful in his punishments, which

* Pitscottie informs us, that "this noble King James IV. was well learned in art of medicine, and also a cunning chirurgeoner, that none in his realm, that used that craft, but would take his counsel in all their proceedings."

he inflicted upon offenders always unwillingly. He was poor, from his profusion in sumptuous buildings, public shows, entertainments, and gifts.

"As long as he lived, he wore an iron chain girdle, to which he every year added one link, in testimony of his sorrow for his having appeared at the head of the rebels, who killed his father James III., A. 1488, contrary to his express orders. Bishop Lesly concludes the life written by him of James, with telling us, that the Scotch nation lost in him a king, most warlike, just, and holy. Certain it is, that he was so dear to his subjects, that his death was more lamented than that of any of his predecessors ever was. The following epitaph was made upon him :---

" Fama orbem replet, mortem sors occulit ; at tu
Desine scrutari quod tegit ossa solum.
Si mihi dent animo non impar, fata, sepulcrum,
Augusta est tumulo terra Britanna meo."

LAMBE.

With the following extract, from Lord Hales's Remarks on the History of Scotland, I shall conclude these historical notes; as it in some measure points out the

effects which the intelligence of James's death produced in his capital:---

"The battle of Floudden was fought on the 9th September, 1513. The report of the disaster of that day appears to have reached Edinburgh on the 10th. The report gave rise to a proclamation by the magistrates of Edinburgh. It is curious and interesting, and runs thus:---

'The x. day of September, we do you to witt, for sa mekill as, thair is ane greit rumber now laitlie rysin within this toun, tueching our Soverane Lord and his army, of the quilk we understand thair is cumin na veritie as yet, quhairfore we charge straitlie, and commandis, in our Soverane Lord the Kingis name, and the Presidents for the Provest and Baillies * within this burch, that all maner of personis, nyhbours, within the samen, have reddy their fensabill geir and wapponis for weir, and compeir thairwith to the said Presidents, at

---

* On the 19th of August, 1513, the Provost, Baillies, and community, in respect that they were to pass to the army, "chose, and left behind thame, George of Touris, President, for the Provost, and [four other persons,] for the Baillies, till have full jurisdictioun in their absence."—*Register of the City of Edinburgh.*

jowing of the comoun bell, for the keeping and defens of the toun against thame that wald invade the samyn.

'And also chairgis, that all women, and specialie vagabounds, that thai pass to thair labours, and be not sene upoun the gait, clamourand and cryand,' under the pane of banesing of thair persons but favors; and that the other women of gude, pass to the kirk and pray, quhane time requires, for our Soverane Lord and his army, and nyebouris being thairat, and hald thame at their privie labors off the gaitt within thair houses, as affeirs.'

"The magistrates of Edinburgh, when they issued this proclamation, must have been convinced, that all was lost, and yet their orders are accurate and firm, without that pomp of words, which by studying to conceal fear betrays it. May this compilation contribute to preserve the memory of George of Towris and his gallant associates."---*Remarks on the History of Scotland, by Sir* DAVID DALRYMPLE, [Lord Hales.] *Edinburgh*, 1773.

In the Appendix will be found the narrations of the battle, extracted from two of the most authentic Chronicles of the two nations, Halle, and Lindesay of Pitscottie.

VARIOUS READINGS.

VARIOUS READINGS.

L. *Lambe's edition.*—B. *Benson's.*—1664, *the edition of that year.*

FIT FIRST.

V. 5 A fearful field in verse I'll frame,
If you'll be pleased to understand,
O Flodden-mount, thy wonderous name
Doth sore affright my trembling hand. L. B.

9 Thou god of War! L. B.

13 This stanza is not found in Lambe's edition.

26 Great Howard's deeds, who did excell,
Though lovely print make no report,
Fame would not fail the same to tell. L. B.

29 Or thou, O Stanley, wondrous man!
Thou son of Mars, who can proclaim
Thy matchless deeds? Tell me, who can
Paint thy just praise on wings of fame? L. B.

44 A fine and lucky end. L. B.

49 He knew that English kings they fought,
And by what might they were controuled,
Much more he in their absence thought
What damage had been done of old. L.

In Benson's edition, this stanza is misplaced after v. 72.

55 He left his realm unto his queen
To be ruled as there was need. L. B.

93 And thou, quoth he, Almighty Lord,
Let him a death most shameful die. L.

98 Such sad untimely fate. L. B.

102 In musters fair and brave elect. L. B.

111 Speech. L.---And tell him with what speed he could. B.

112 If Scots meant any business. 1664.

115 He knew of it. L. B.

118 Nimbly was flown. L. B.

120 All abroad. L. B.

124 To compliance. B.---To complaisance. L.

142 That England, when this age is past,
As to our elders they have done,
Should homage do to us at last. L. B.

149 No doubt you need. L.

160 And - - - rate do you, &c. 1664. A word is here erased.

166 Chosen the French king. L. B.

168 Spring. L. B.

173 You know what hurt. L. B.

185 For England's king. L. B.

197 Dallamount. L. 1664.

198 Benson has printed "Bodward" as a proper name.

204 With one that is called Herbert. L.---The Lord Herbert. B.

205 There is an earl, of ancient race,
Plumed up in proud and rich array,
His banner casts a glittering grace,
A half-moon in a golden ray. L. B.

214 Borely-tike. 1664.

222 And Drury, great lords all three. L. Decroy in Mr Askew's MS.---Decroyhight. B.

234 Plump. L.—Clump. B. Did not the alliteration and the concurrence of the old copies point out the greater claims of the word "Lump," the term "plump of spears" would certainly have been more poetical. See a note in Mr Scott's Marmion, p. 25.

237 Loudon. B.---London. 1664; also the MS. in Mr Askew's possession.

251 Sparde. 1664---Spared. L.

260 Complying. L. B.

261 To Lyon, king at arms. L. B.

272 When in his kingdom I advance. L.

276 His land within a little space. 1664.

277 Then Lyon made him reverence,
And with his coat of arms him deckt,
He haled up sail, and towards France,
He did his way with speed direct. L.

FIT SECOND.

282 Swiftest posts did nimbly bear. L. B.

302 ——————————Convert,
Their shares defensive armour made,
To save the head, and shield the heart. L.

309 The King of Scots was much inflamed
With joy to see himself obeyed,
And did command his chamberlain,
In England all this gang to lead. L.

314 March warden over East also. L.---He o'er the East also. B.

315 Breast. L.

323 The coarser loons got geldings good. L. B.

325 For the schoolmaster's interpolation at this place, see the Preface.

336 With horse and foot. L.

339 Coasts. L. 1664.

344 Out of their way. L.

356 So sore. 1664.---With arrows shot: most sore they flew. L.

361 Lord Hume, sore vexed at this mischance. B.

364 But happy in his horse so light. L. B.

365 Straightway he flew, when he perceived
His banner-bearer down was beat:
The English then their spoil received,
Besides a store of geldings great.

Six hundred Scots lay slain that day,
And near that number prisoners ta'en,
But of the English brave and gay,
There were no more than sixty slain.

In August month this broil befell,
In which the Scots lost so much blood,
That mournful, when the tale they tell,
They call it now the Devil's road. L.

387 And then, as ordered what was writ,
In open words he did discharge. L.

391 The Scottish kings cracks, who shewed each one,
And how his Majesty he misused. 1664.

395 Or else with blood he would pave his ways. L.

398 Bot can say. 1664.---Hot. B.---He did say. L.

402 Brave. B.---Sires, never brave. L.

408 His blade was ever fierce and keen. L.

413 Who'll shed for me their purple gore. L. B.

415 He shall meet with many sharp showers
Before he pass the flood of Trent. 1664.

426 Nor union make. L. B.

430 Banishing all fears. L.- -Quite devoid of fear. B.

432 In France would prosecute his wars. L.---War. B.

435 Who hasted to his native land
To see how with his king it fared. L. B.

448 And all was done that he did list. L.

450 Meaning. 1664.

454 The Earl of Surrey's sage. L.

456 List and wage. B.---Raise for to engage. L.

457 Did understand. L.---Soon as the Earl this understood. B.

467 Who did accordingly consent. L.

469 Curtals. B.---Portals. L.

471 By steed and cart. L.

473 That done, the Earl dispatches wrote. L.
The noble Earl then letters wrote. B.

478 Train. L.

480 Until the King returned again. L.

484 I will recite, B.---I mean to write. L.

489 And thus array'd in armour bright,
They met in Edinburgh town ;
There was many a lord and many a knight,
And baron brave of high renown. L.

FIT THIRD.

564 Religious precepts sore did wound. L.

After v. 568, is the following stanza in Lambe; forming the conclusion of the Second Fit, and the First part:---

But how the English did prepare
To fight the Scots, with hand and heart,
Their valour also will appear,
If you will read the second part.

569 It was the King's express command
To waste with cruel sword and flame;
A field of blood he made the land,
Till he to Norham-castle came. L.

579 But for a while he lashed out. L.

593 I say, quoth he, King James, my liege,
Your brave assaults are all in vain,
Long may you hold a tedious siege,
Yet all this while can get no gain. L.

617 The Scots straightway did pour in. L.

626 And of what race. B.

——————————And in what town?

A Scotsman, sir, he did reply:

This answer gave the treacherous loon, L. MS.

644 The false loon gains. B.

645 What he did say, forthwith was wrought,

The traitor had his just desert,

Although the King himself was naught,

And proved deceitful in the heart. L.

649 Flying posts. L.

662 Himself appearing in renown. L.

664 Until he came to Durham town. L.

665 There he devoutly did hear prayers,

And worshipped God, his Maker dear,

Who banished from him cares and fears,

St Cuthbert's banner he did bear. L.

680 Chopping guns. B.

639 Too. L.

691 To Hornby, from whence he withdrew. L.

701 This stanza is not to be found in Lambe's edition.

702 Harnessed on horse. B.

707 What tears came from religious men. L.

713 All the editions read *beds*. The emendation was suggested to me by Mr Scott.

752 With wrapping wings. L.

753 There did the army much increase,
Although there were the most extreams;
For rain down rattling never did cease,
Till bubbling brooks burst mighty streams. L.

756 That every brook its banks o'erflet. B.

757 Breast. 1664. There is no doubt that we should read *blast*.
Conflicting winds, blustering abreast,
Down rushing, day and night confound. B.
Such blustering winds besides there were,
That day and night the air did sound. L.

764 For his assistance to arrive. L.

767 As to conduct him over the deep,
And his desires just bestow. L.

815 Wherefore to stay was their counsel. 1664. L.

827 Not doubting but, without all fear. L.

832 With honourable wounds. L.---Pierced through the breast. B.

833 Would God, that Edward, brother dear,
Were here alive this present day;
No armed foes could make him fear,
Nor in a camp, like coward, stay. L.

839 What ample fame, what great renown. 1664.

844 Rhodian. B.---Zodian. 1664.

853 Your father's fame would soon be lost,
And all his worthy acts no more,
Your honour, like a flitting ghost,
Nor yet your sons could ever restore. L. B.

860 Suckling babes. B. L.

FIT FOURTH.

871 And yet I fear. 1664.---But yet. L.

873 Great counsel therefore must be imbraced,
With good deliberation,
Our cards we had both need to count and cast,
Since it lieth on such a weight and fashion. 1664.

880 Of brest. 1664.---Of breast. L.

890 Beat. L.

895 And underneath this verse. B.

908 W'had need our counsel well to lay. B.

912 Dickan. 1664.---Dick and. L's MS.

919 Brave soldier. B.

938 Where fierce on the Earl he fixed his eyen. 1664.
And fierce. L.

987 Since records of the same still speak. L.
So loudly fame doth record reeke. B.
1016 And men unborn our fame resound. B.
1030 As firm by faith is fixed it shall. L.
1047 Who dared into our borders burst. L.
1068 All the Earl's captives did remain. L.

FIT FIFTH.

1115 Lord Ogle chief of them he led. B.
1117 Next to Lord Admiral in field. B.
1119 Him had a shepherd's garb concealed. B.
1123 By friends in this wise he had failed. 1664.
He by a friend was thus concealed. L.
1141 Were fit the strongest bows to bend. L.
Were browned with sounding bows upbend. B.
1159 With all his power. 1664. L.

After 1164, in Lambe's edition, the ensuing stanza finishes the Fourth Fit, and the Second Part:

The third part it will more unfold
The glorious train of heroes bright,
Such as may please the sage and old,
And yield to children sweet delight.

1173 Haworth. 1664.

1180 With might and main. B.---And for his sake never think it pain. L.

1231 Bruerton. L.

1289 Sir Ninian Markanville. L. as altered from his MS.

1291 Normanville. L. but in his MS. Mounville.

1296 Chostance. B.---Clapham. L.

1321 Many strong houses. B.---Horses. L.

1323 A baron fair, by. L.

1328 From whom true valour fairly springs. L.

1337 Lively. B.

1363 Hearty and light. L.

FIT SIXTH.

1387 And to him out of hand to send,
Of Scottish nobles captives four. B.

1482 Should with them remain. L.

1484 Their herald, Hay called by name. B.
In Benson's edition the herald is called Hay.

1492 Terrify. L.

1494 Eloquent. L.---Loquentine. B.

1496 They went. L.

1515 He in a sound. B. 1664.

1527 And burning Chaffing's fiery chair. B. 1664.

1530 Who soon on horseback did surround. L.

1534 Capage. 1664. B.

FIT SEVENTH.

1635 Came on a champion then indeed,
With sword in hand, in armour bright. L.

1637 Velvet vizard. 1664. B.
At first his face his helmet hid. L. This emendation does not require any comment.

1647 And kneeling, gracefully did bow. L.

1653 In little time he silence brake,
My lord, quoth he, afford some grace;
Pardon my life for pity's sake,
For now you are in King Henry's place. L.

1682 A person brave. L.

1722 Of life. 1664. L.

1771 His gando. L.

After 1776, the following stanza concludes the Sixth Fit, and the Third Part, in Lambe's edition:

Read the fourth part, it makes an end
Of Heron's story, and the fight.
Let young and old to this attend,
'Twill give instruction with delight.

1777 Then forth before brave Heron flew, &c. L.

1780 Waller's Haw. L's MS. B. 1664.

1790 For battle bold. 1664.---Stood. L.

1792 Barrin wood. 1664.

1797 Toynsil. 1664. B. L's MS.

1800 Milford. 1664. B. L's MS.

1841 Like souls most fierce. L.

1849 Agreed. L.

1862 On the Surrey side. L.

1869 Then, a gainful Greek. L.

1895 The light did blind. L.

FIT EIGHTH.

1938 Caps. B.---In furious rage. L.

1977 Stretched. L.

1999 Nor ever let the world suppose. L.

2027 Slaughters lashed. 1664. B.---Slaughter lashed. L. Emendation of the present editor.

2044 A stanza is here found in Lambe's edition, and his MS., which, with the reasons for not adopting it into the text, will be found in the Preface.

2114 And blows with cutting axes dealt,
Then towering helmets through were cut,
That some their wounds scarce ever felt. L.

2128 A valiant Englishman him slew. L.

2129 Thus Herbert through his haughty heart. L.

FIT NINTH.

2184 A narrow dint of dangerous bode. L.

2185 This important stanza is not found in Lambe's edition.

2195 My Lancashire brave lads, quoth he,
Down with the Scots this day we must. B.

2215 Their soldiers then did fly with speed,
With souls of horror and distress. L.

2233 This stanza is not found in Lambe's edition.

2237 The two stanzas, inclosed in brackets, occur only in Lambe's edition.

2273 Not in Lambe's edition.

2278 Naked was left as it was found. L.

2285 Great store of guns were likewise taken,
Amongst the rest seven culverines;
Seven Sisters called, which do remain
To be talked of to latest times. L.

2288 Another stanza, probably engrafted here by the Yorkshire schoolmaster, will be found in the Preface.

2290 This stanza is wanting in Lambe's copy.

2293 But Bryan Tunstall, that brave knight,
A never-dying honour gains,
And will, as long as day and night,
Or as this little book remains.

Thus have you heard of Flodden-fight,
Worthy of each to be commended;
Because that then old England's right
Was bravely by her sons defended. L.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

Aptly, Openly.

Beagle-rods, should be Bugle-rods, viz. the crosiers or pastoral staves of bishops, the heads of which are crooked like bugle, or hunting horns.---LAMBE. More probably from *bowgill*, or *bugle*, the horn of the buffalo; or the animal itself.

Bent, 1851,* 2204, *subst.* A field. See *Mr* CHALMERS's *Glossary* to Lyndsay's Works.

* The numbers refer to the verses in which the explained terms occur.

Bent, 444, 927, Ready; perhaps a corruption of bound, or boun.

Bet, 890, Bettered, *participle.*

Bless, 1412, To wound, *Fr.*

Blin, 970, Cease. " No her folies never blin."---*Legend of Sir* Owain, (Auch. MS.)

Bodword, 198, Message. Boda-word, *Saxon.* Botenwort, still used in some provinces of Germany. So in the unpublished romance of Sir Amadas:

> " Then commandyd Sir Amadas anon,
> A mon to loke or thei gwon
> And *boyd-worde* bryng hym ryght."—V. 68.

Bod is used for a messenger, in Artour and Merlin:

> " A *bod* cam fram the Sarrazin."— V. 2025.

Bombard, 575, Cannon.

Boun, 494, 1746, Ready.

Brast, A provincial corruption of burst.

Bruit, 120, Report, Rumour. I am not certain whether Brout, or Brut, in the following passages, from Artour and Merlin, signifies *history* or *book*, or whether the *Romancier* refers to the Brut of Maistre

Wace, as an authority, but the latter supposition is by far the most probable:

> "So ich in the *brout* y finde."—V. 2720.
> "So ous seyt the *brout* forsoth."—V. 3476.
> "For in the *brut* ich it lerne."—V. 3665.
> "The *brut* thereof is mi waraunt."—V. 5218.

Burly-tike, 214, Burly, large, strong; Tike, a dog, a cur. BANNATYNE *Poems*. PINK. *Anc. Poems*. JAMIESON'S *Ballads*.

Busked, 488, Dressed, equipped; so in *Sir* AMADAS:

> "Sir Amadas, as y yow say,
> *Buskyd* hym upon a day."—V. 50.

Chaffing, 1527. The edition of 1664 reads here:—"And burn in Chaffings fiery chair;" and Benson's "And burning Chaffings," &c. Both these readings were unintelligible to the Editor. He was therefore obliged to adopt the reading of Lambe, and of the MS. made use of by him, though even thus the sense is not clear.

Clapping, 680, Noisy; used by Chaucer for noise, or noisy talking. *Cant. Tales*, TYRWHITT'S *Edition*, *verse* 8875.

Clept, Called, named.

Coil, 352, Bustle, stir. See REED's *Shakesp.* VI. 169.

Could, 301, *et passim.* Could take, for took; a northern idiom.—LAMBE.

Deemed, 1705, Judged. In Anglo Saxon, *Deman*, judicare. Douglas says, in one of his prologues:

> "*Deme* as ye list, hat can not *demyng* weil."

Dight, Dress, prepare, to put. In the former sense in Sir Degare, (Auch. MS.)

> "Amorewe what it was dai light
> Sche was vppe and redi *dight*."—V. 838.

In the latter sense at v. 1026. Also in Sir Tristrem:

> "To deth he him *dight*."

Dint, A blow, a stroke. Marked by Lambe as a northern idiom.

To disease, 47, Disturb. See REED's *Shakesp.* 1803, XIII. 79.

To dress, 458, To set about, prepare. *Fr.* dresser.

To drive forth, 1847, To pass on.

Earl is generally used as a word of two syllables in the edition of 1664.

Earn, 1119.

Far, 1591, Farther.

Fealed, 1899, Defiled.

Fine, 44, End, *Fr.*

Flit, 681, Remove; a common idiom in the north of England.

Fore-cast, 381, To contrive before-hand. Caste is used as a *subst.* for Contrivance, trick, &c. in Le Bone Florence of Rome:

> "For thus then is my *caste.*"—V. 1406.
> "And all his false *caste.*"—V. 2051.

Fore-past, 645, Passed by.

Gate, 1715, Way; used still in Yorkshire.

Gisarings, 292, Halberts; derived from the French *guisarme*, a kind of offensive long-handed and long-headed weapon; or as the Spanish *visarma*, a staff that had within it two long pikes, which, with a shoot, or thrust forward, came forth. An ancient statute of William King of Scotland, "*De Venientibus ad Guerram*," ch. 23., saith, '*Et qui minus habet*

quam quadraginta solidos terræ, habeat gysarum quod dicitur hand-bill, *arcum et sagittam.*' And a statute of Edward I.:—"*Et que miens a de quarante sols de terre soit jure a fauchions*, gisarmes, *&c.*

"Every knight
Twa javelins, spears, or than *gisarm*-staves."
GAV. DOUGLAS.

Ducange, in his Glossary, renders this word by *securis*, and derives it from the *gesum* of the Gauls.—LAMBE.

Gills, 1623, Narrow vallies; a northern idiom.—LAMBE.

Greek, 1809, proverbial; "She's a merry *Greek*."—*Troil. and Cres.*

Groom, A lad, a fellow, a servant.

Guerdon, Reward.

Habergeon, Coat of mail, *Fr.*

Harness-horse, 702, Horses defended by harness.

Harried, 321, Plundered, ravaged, destroyed:

"For his love that *harowed* hell."
Squr of lowe Degre.

"If this be all, quoth he, [King James I. of Eng-

land] that they have to say, I shall make them conform themselves, or I wil *harry* them out of this land, or else do worse." The summe and substance of the conference of his Majestie with the Lordes Bishoppes, and others of his clergie at Hampton Court, Janu. 14, 1603. Contracted by William Barlow. London, 1604, 4.

Hent, Caught, seized.

Hings, 1328, Hangs.

Hold, 544, Strong place, fortress.

Hurly-burly, 1197. See *Mr* CHALMERS's *Glossary to Lyndsay's Works.*

Jet, 521, To flaunt up and down; from *jetter*, Fr.---SIBBALD's *Chron.*

Imp, 30, Child.

Joulthead, 188. Explained by Cotgrave's Continuator Robert Sherwood, [*Lond.* 1611, 1632. fol.] *Tête de bœuf.*

Ken, Know.

Kine, Cows.

Lash, 579 ?

Lave, 2273, The remainder.

Leasing, 1546, 1552, Lying.

Lewdly, 579, Ignorantly, foolishly:

> " Thocht I be *lewit*, my leile hert can not fenze."
> DOUGLAS' *Æneis*.

Liver, 1337, 1363, Nimble, active.

Loquintue, 1494, Eloquent; a word probably shaped thus for the sake of rhyme.

Lout, 1647, To stoop, to bend the body.

Love-day, 426, A day appointed amicably to settle differences; so in Pierce' Ploughman:

> " I can holde *love-dayes*, and here a reves rekenynge,
> And in cannon or in decretals I cannot read a lyne."

Mell, 289, 1991, Mallet, mace; so in a curious unpublished poem, The Hunttyng of the Hare:

> " Then every man had a *mall*,
> Syche as thei betyn clottys withall."—V. 91.
> " Won hit him on the bale [i. e. belly.] with a *mall*.
> V. 190.

Milners, 191, northern idiom for Millers.

Morrish-pike, 1975, Pikes of the Moors. See numerous Notes and Examples in REED'S *Shakesp.* XX. p. 424.

Pavish, 2180, Buckler, shield. See RUDDIMAN'S *Gawin Douglas.*

Pent-up gear, 566, Shut up (concealed) effects.

Piles, 561, Pile, or Peel, in the north of England, and in Scotland, denotes a small castle or tower.

Plyed, 260, complied.

Polled, 1464, Cut off. See REED'S *Shakesp.* XVI. 192.

Prease, 395, Tumult, battle, crowd.

—— 1947, A verb, formed from this subst.

Prest, 1429, Prompt, ready.

Prave, 402, 1682, Depraved, bad. *Pravo,* depraved, *Ital.* I have not met with this word in any other author.

Prick, 506, Mark; perhaps from Prick, perk, a long pole or perch, the mark being often fixed to the top of such a pole.

Prickers, 365, Riders; so in the King and the Barker, (RIT. *Anc. Popular Poetry,* p. 60.):

> " A *preker* abowt, seyd the kynge, in maney a contre."

Rade, 570, Rode.

Radly, 1639, Readily, quickly; so in Sir Gowther, a MS. romance:

> " Toward Rome he *radly* ranne."—V. 240.

Raid, 312, Inroad.

Rank, As rank as hail, 1956, 2178, probably some provincial expression for "As thick as hail." In Venus and Adonis, a similar meaning seems to be implied:

> "Rain added to a river that is *rank*."

Reek, 987, Reach.

Rent, 607, 612, Torn, broken.

Sacred, 564, devoted.

Sallat, 304, Armour for the head. See REED'S *Shakesp.* XIII. 362.

Sam, Together.

Says, 259, Sayings, speeches.

Scot-free, 2053, A quibble on *Scot*, a Scottish man, and *Scot*, a tax or assignment in a borough.

Seld, 1047, Seldom.

Shored, 510; explained by Lambe, Propped. It however generally means, Cut:

> "Then, with a lytyll knyfe he con *schare*
> A crose on the chylder bare."—*Sir Ysumbras*, v. 133.

Skail, 1954, Scatter. (Spill, dissolve.---*Bannatyne Poems, by Lord* HAILES.)

Skill, 1468, Reason. See CHAUCER'S *Cant. Tales*, v. 9028, 9552, TYRWH. *ed.*

Sleight, 1695, contrivance.

Sooth, 453, Truth :

> " Bi God, quath Ogger, that is *sothe*."—*Sir Otuel*, v. 859.

Sort, 368, A lot, a company.

Sparred, Shut, barred.

Speels, 349.

Stedful, 1809, Stedfast.

Stee and Street, 471, I suspect we should read, Sted (stead, farm,) and Street.

Stint, 663, 997, Stop, a northern idiom.—LAMBE.

Stour, Battle, fight, tumult, stir; so in Sir Cleges, an unpublished romance :

> " Wold God he were a lyfe,
> I had hym lever than othyr vyfe,
> For he was stronge in *stowre*."—V. 501.

Talbot, in heraldry, a species of hound.

Tall, 101, 923, Stout, brave.

Teen, 408, Harm, vexation, grief. As a verb, it is used

in Chaucer, Christ's Kirk on the Green, &c.; also in the MS. Legend of Tundale:

"Full sore hym *tenyd* at hymselfe than."—V. 2322.

Tide, 786, Time; still used in the north.---LAMBE.

Trace, 642, In a trice?

Train, 1886, Snare, stratagem.

Wage, 456, To pay wages to.

Wapped, Wapping, 752, 110. Pinkerton (*Anc. Scots Poems.*) explains *Wappit*, Warped, turned; Lord Hailes, (*Bann. Poems.*) Suddenly struck down; but neither of these meanings is applicable in the passages quoted above. Sibbald explains *To wap, whap, quhap*, To strike, tobeat. In the verses under consideration, the expression seems to signify, To flutter, or to beat the wings.

Weet, 387, 1765, To know.

Weild, 1088, govern; so in Sir Degare:

"Fforthi mi swerd thou schalt have,
And whene that he is of elde
That he mai himself *biwelde*," &c.—V. 109.

Wend, 1431, To go.

Wext, 1090, Became, grew.

Where, 1391, Whereas.

Wist, 448, Knew.

Wood, 420, Mad.

Wot, 1716, Know; so in Roland and Ferragus:

> "Quoth Verragu, now ich *wot*
> Your cristen lawe eueri grot,
> Now we wil fight."—P. 784.*

---

* Wherever unpublished poems are quoted, the numerical references are to the Editor's transcripts.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I.

The Lamentation of King James the Fourth, King of Scots, slayne at Brampton, in the fiuthe yeare of King Henry the Eight, Anno Christi 1513.

[From the Mirour for Magistrates. At London, in Fleetestreete, by Henry Marsh, 1587.]

As I lay musing myselfe alone,
In minde not stable, but wauering here and there,
Morpheus my frend espyed me anone,
And, as he was wont, whispered in mine eare.
Shortly convyede I was, I wist not where:
Mine eyes were closed fast, I could not see.
I heard a man crying sore, trembling for feare:
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

Miserere mei Deus, oft hee did reporte,
With sorowfull sighes, as ever man herde.
For sorowe and pity, I gan nere to resorte:
His sore exclamations made me afferde.
Mine eyes opened, I sawe his grim bearde:
I knew not verily, who it should bee:
He cryde, as hee had beene stickt with a swerde,
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

Of Scotland (hee sayde) late I was king,
With crowne on my head, and scepter in hand;
In wealth and honour, I wanted nothing,
In peaceable maner I ruled my land.
Full frendly and faithfull my subiects I fand.
Now am I exiled from life, law, and liberty;
King without realme, loe now where I stand;
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

Thus for my folly, I feele I doe smart,
Both law and nature doth me accuse
Of great unkindnes, that I should take part
Against my brother, and his liege refuse.

I purposed war, yet I feigned truce;
This did I, Frenche King, for the love of thee,
Inordinate affection so did me abuse:
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

All this, King Lewis, I suffred for thy sake,
Wo be to the time that ever I thee knewe;
For thee am I put in a sorowfull brake,
Thy wilfull appetite doth mee sore rewe.
This worlde is not stable, it changeth anewe:
Now am I bond, some time I was free;
Exiled from liberty, I am kept in a mewe:
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

Moreover, for thee, and thy realme of France,
(Contrary to mine othe solemnly made)
Unto King Henry I made defiaunce;
To follow thine appetite was all the grace I hade;
In most cruell wise I did his realme invade;
I troubled his subiects by land and by sea;
My rewarde is no more but the showle and the spade:
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

For my wilfull periury thus am I brought
From high degree to the lowest of all.
Whom should I blame; I founde that I sought;
By mine owne foly I had a great fall:
Wherefore I feare mee, that now I shall
Haue payne long lasting, for mine iniquity:
Lord, full of mercy, yet to thee I call,
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

Vanquished in fielde I was to the rebuke
Of mee and all my realme, to our immortal shame;
There fought agynst mee neyther king, nor duke,
Prince, ne marquise, ne many lords of name,
One valiant earle our power ouercame;
Yet were wee in nomber, to his one, three:
Lord, whom thou fauourest, winneth the game:
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

I was th' only author of mine owne woe;
But yet I began it by wicked counsell
Of my lords spirituall, and temporall also:
Which for their merits in fielde with mee fell.

I was curst (indeede) the truth for to tell,
And could not (by falsehoode) eyther thriue or thie;
To assist my brother's foe I did not well,
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

Christe's commaundements, I did all refuse:
The breach of myne oathe I did not regarde;
Therfore I am domed as faythlesse as the Jewes:
Sore is the sentence, and cruell is the swerde.
Excepte thy mercy helpe, O Lord, I am marde:
Save mee; for whom thou suffredst on a tree,
To thy mercye I appeale for my sauegarde;
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

Herafter (by mee) my successours may beware,
An ensample take by my wretched ruyne;
Lest in lykewyse they bee taken with the snare,
As I am nowe, and pay the lyke fyne.
Vanquished wee were by power devyne;
For by mannes power it seemed not to be.
Here now I ly, in an homely shrine,
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

I am a spectacle also, in lyke case,
To the Frenche king, yf hee list to take heede;
I feare that hee cannot, for lacke of grace,
The king and hee bee not yet agreede:
Therefore let him looke for a lyke speede
As wee had, that were of his leage and vnity;
I trow hee doth neither God loue nor dreede,
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

Who ever knew Christian king in such a case
As I, wretched creature, that cannot haue
In churche, or church-yard, any manner place
Emong Christen people to lye in a graue:
The earthe mee abhorreth, all men mee depraue;
My frends forsake mee, and haue no pity;
The worlde taketh from mee all that he mee gaue:
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

There is no more now; I must take my leaue;
In this wretched worlde I may no longer dwell:
But one thing there is doth mee sore greaue,
I not where to rest, in heaven or in hell,

None else thereof but God only can tell.
Adieu, this worlde is full of vanity;
I may no longer be with thee, farewell:
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

Farewell, my queen, sweete lady Margaret.
Farewell my prince, with whom I vsde to play;
I wot not where wee shall together meete.
Farewell my lords, and commons eke, for aye.
Adieu, ye shall no ransom for mee pay;
Yet I beseech you, of your charity,
To the high Lorde mercifull that yee pray:
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

King James (quoth one) will bee misliked for his *Miserere*. No, (qd. another) he cryes *Peccaui*. It is to late, (quoth he) there was no man that will like or beleeve him. Than (qd. M. H.) [Higgins] he is stil one and the same man; for in life he was neither well liked, beleeved, nor trusted. Why, than, (quoth one) if hee speake as hee was, let him passe as hee is; and if not, let him bee mended. Mended? (quoth hee)

Nay, hee is paste mending, hee is to olde: For it seems by the copy, that it was pende aboue fifty years agone, or even shortly after the death of the said king; for I found therewith, in an olde hand, the copies of the sayd King James letters, sent vnto King Henry at Turwin, and the kinges aunsweres and letters sent to him againe, with this lamentation ensuing them; and, lastly, the sayd batayle of Floddon Fielde, in such verse described, with the order of the same, and the names of the noblemen, knights, and gentlemen, which served at the same fielde. That would I faine heare (quoth one); it were pity that such particulars should bee lost. They would (quoth another) pleasure not only such as write our historyes, but also encourage our countreymen well, to the like loyall service of their prince, and especially those who should finde therein of their parents or auncestours to have bene praysed for valure. I pray you, (quoth hee) let vs haue them. There they are, (quoth I) but I haue altered the verse, which we call Intercalaris, because the rest would not haue been well liked; but of the history I haue not changed one word.

The Bataile of Brampton, or Floddon Feld, faught in the Yeare of our Redeemer 1513, *and in the fiuth Yeare of that victorious Prince, King Henry the Eygth.*

O rex regum, in thy realme celestiall,
Glorified with joyes of Gabriel's company,
King James is dead; have mercy on vs all,
For thou haste him prostrate so sodaynly,
(Which was our noble prince his enemy,)
That us to withstand hee had no might:
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde king Henry's right.

Into England this prince prowdly did come,
With fourscore thousand in goodly aray;
And the castle of Norham first hee had won,
Prospering victoriously from day to day;
But against him is gone the Earle of Surrey,
With him manfully for to fight,
By the help of God, and in his prince's right.

This noble earle full wisely hath wrought,
And with thirty thousande forwarde is gone;
After wisedom and policy, wondrously hee sought
How by the Scottish ordinaunce hee might well come.
Thereto helped well Bastard Heron,
On the Scots hee did harme both day and night:
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our prince's right.

Our Herald-at-arms to king Jemy did say,—
My lord of Surrey greetes you well by mee,
Marveyling greatly of this your array,
And what you make here in this countrey,
Peace you have broken and old amity;
Wherefore, if yee abide, hee will with you fight,
By the helpe of God, and in his prince's right.

Abide? (he sayde) else it were great dishonoure hye,
That a king crowned an earle durst not abide:
Yf Surrey bee so bolde to gieve battayle to mee,
I shall him tarry on Floddon-hill side.
Open war then soon was there cryde;
And our doughty men were redily dight,
By the helpe of God, and in their prince's right.

St Cutberd's banner, with the bishop's men bolde,
In the vauntgard forward fast did hye;
That royall relike more precious than golde;
And Sir William Bowmer nere stoode it by.
Adiuua pater, then fast did they cry,
Pray wee that God will graunt us his might,
That we may have the powre to save our prince's right.

The Lord Clifford, and the Lord Latimer also,
With the Lord Coniers of the north countrey,
And the Lord Scrope of Upsalle, forwarde did goe,
With the Lord Howarde, admirall of the see;
Of noble hearte and courage good was hee,
As any went that time agaynst the Scots to fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

Sir William Percy and Lord Ogle both same,
And Sir William Gascoyne, their cousin, nere was hee,
The shrive of Yorkshire, Sir John Euringame;
And the nobles of Cheshire in theyr degree,
The Lord Dacres, and Bastard Heyron, with heart free,
Which did harme the Scots by day and by night,
By the helpe of God, and in their prince's right.

Sir Edmond Howard, of lusty franke courage,
Boldly advanced himselfe eke in that stounde;
To the Scots, our enemies, he did great hurte and damage,
Which were right greedy him and his blood to confound;
But their mischievous intent on themselves did rebound;
And many a deadly stroke on them there did light,
So the helpe of God preservde our prince's right.

The Baron of Killerton, and both Astones were there,
With Sir John Bouthe, and many knightes moe;
Sir John Gower, and Sir Walter Griffin drew nere,
With Sir Thomas Butler, and Maister Warcoppe also,
Sir Christopher Warde, and Sir William Midylton both two,
And Sir William Maliver, all did manly fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

In the mydle warde was the Earle of Surrey,
That noble man stoute, bolde, and hardy,
The father of wit wee call him may;
The deputy of England most trusty was hee.
With him Lorde Scrope of Bolton, and Sir George Darcye,
And Sir Richard Maliver, with bucks-heads bright,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

Sir Phillip Tilney was there, ready and prest,
In the same warde, with all his mighty powre;
And Sir John Willowghby as ready as the best,
With Sir Nicholas Aplyard his helpe, ayde and succour.
O what joy was it to see that same howre,
How valiauntly our noblemen with the Scots did fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

Yong Sir William Gascoyne was there indede,
With Sir Richard Aldburgh, and Sir Christopher Danbe,
Sir William Scarkell, and M. Froste's helpe at nede,
With Sir Ralph Ellarkar and M. Thomas Lee,
M. Raphe Beeston, and M. Hopton men might see,
Full well, perdy, they quite themselves in that fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

Sir Edward Stanley in the reare-warde was hee,
A noble knight both wise and hardy,
With many a nobleman of the west-countrey;
And the whole powre of the Earle of Darby,
With a right retinue of the Bishop Elye,
And of Lankeshiremen men, manly did fight
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

Soone then the gunnes began a new play,
And the vauntgarde together are gone;
But our guns dissevered them out of aray,
And our bolde bilmen of them slewe many one,
So that of them scarce retourned none,
Thus were they punished by the helpe of God Almight,—
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our prince's right!

Then they sought embushments, but with small chere,
And in fowle maner brake their aray;
Yet some of our men by policy fled were,
That sawe Kinge Jemy on the hill where he lay.
They flee, (he sayes) follow fast I you pray;
But by that fit of flying wee wan the fight:
So the helpe of God preservde our prince's right.

To the Earl of Surrey King Jemy is gone,
With as comely a company as ever man did see:
Full boldly theyr big men agaynst us did come
Down the hill, with great myrth and melody;
And our men marked them to the Trinity,
Beseeching them there to shew his might,
In theyr whole defence, and in theyr prince's right.

The Red Lyon, with his owne father's bloud inclynate,
Came towards the White Lyon, both meeke and milde,
And there, by the hand of God he was prostrate,
By the helpe of th' Eagle with her swadled Chylde;
The Buckesheads also the Scots has beguilde,
And with theyr grey goose-wings doulfully them dight,
By the helpe of God, and in our prince his right.

The Moone that day did shine full bright,
And the Luce-head that day was full bent;
The Red Crescent did blinde the Scots' sight,
And the Ship with her Ancre many Scots spent:
But, alas! the good White Griffin was felde on Floddon-hill;
Yet escape hee did, not vanquisht in the fight;
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our prince's right.

The Treyfell was true, and that did well appeare,
And boldly the Great Griffin up the hill is gone;
The Antlet did lace them with arrowes so nere,
That buffits the Scots bare, they lacked none;
The Cinquefoile also was stedfast as the stone,
And slewe of the Scots like a worthy wight:
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our prince's right.

The yong White Lyon was angry in that stounde,
And with his merry mariners the myrth him made,
His bells lang lay couched on the grounde,
Whereof the Scots were ryght sore affrayde;
And round about rydeing euermore he sayde:
Go to my fellowes, all shal be all or night,
By the helpe of God we saue our prince his right.

The Cornish Choughe did picke them in the face,
And the Crab them blinded that they might not see.
They flewe and fell; they had no other grace
With theyr new conqueror: but where now is hee?
Carried in a cart, to his rebuke and his posterity,
And his bullies so bonny are all put to flight:
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our prince his right.

Of Scots lay slayne fall xii thousande,
And xi earles, the sooth for to say;
xiii lordes, and three bishops, as I understande,
With two abbots, which have learnde a new play,
They should haue bene at home for peace to pray,
Wherefore they were thuswise punished by right:
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our prince his right.

Theyr ordinaunce is lost, and theyr royalty;
We have theyr riches, God have the prayesing.
What ech man would take, hee had his liberty;
Wherefore laude and honour to such a king,
From dolefull daunger vs so defending;
He has graunted unto us now his might,
And by his only ayde preservde our prince's right.

O Rex Regum, Ruler of us all,
As thou for us sufferedst thy passion,
Gieve the Scots grace, by King Jamie's fall,
For to eschue ever like transgression;
Preserve the Red Rose, and be his protection.
Laud, honour, prayse be unto God Almight,
Who thus suppreste our foes, preservd our prince's right.

O yee noble lordes, and knightes victorius,
I you beseech to have me excused,
Your noble acts no better that I discusse:
And that my simple saying be not refused,
Where in any thing I have mee misused,
I mee submit to your charitable correction;
And in this maner shall be my conclusion. *

Finis. Qd. Frauncis Dingley.

* The last stanza seems addressed to the lords and knights who fought in the battle; and thus strengthens the supposition of ho-

nest Mr Higgins, that the original poem was penned soon after the death of James IV. Whether Francis Dingley was the original maker, or the agent of Higgins for altering the old metre into that called Intercalaris, I am not able to determine.

It is remarkable, that both these poems were omitted in Nichols's enlarged edition of "The Mirrour of Magistrates" in 1610. No doubt the new editor dreaded the displeasure of the house of Stuart, which lately had ascended the throne. Only the second of them, unaccompanied by the interesting dialogue of Mr Higgins and his friends, was admitted by Mr Lambe into his Appendix. He printed it, with very great inaccuracy, together with the two following, from copies transmitted to him from Newcastle. The ensuing explications of some of the armorial bearings mentioned in the poem are from his edition:

Red Lion, the King of Scots;
White Lion, the Earl of Surrey;
Young White Lion, the Lord Admiral;
The Moon, Percy;
The Red Crescent, Lord Ogle;
The Luce, Sir William Gascoigne;
The Cinquefoil, Sir George Darcy;
Eagle and Child, Sir Edward Stanley.

The poems also occur in MS. in the British Museum, (Harl. Lib. 2252.)

II.

SKELTON, LAUREATE, AGAINST THE SCOTTES.

Agaynst the proude Scottes clatteryng,
That neuer wyl leaue theyr tratlyng,
Wan they the felde, and lost their kynge,—
They may well say—Fye on that winning!

Lo, these fond sottes,
And tratlynge Scottes,
How they are blinde
In theyr own minde,
And will not know
Theyr ouerthrow
At Branxton More!
They are so stowre,
So frantike mad,
They say they had,

And wan the felde
With speare and shield.
That is as trew
As blacke is blew,
And grene is gray.
Whatever they say,
Jemmy is dead,
And closed in leade,
That was theyr own kynge:
Fye on that winninge!
At Floddon-hilles
Our bowes, our billes
Slewe all the flowre
Of theyre honoure.
Are not these Scottes
Foles and sottes
Such boste to make,
To prate and crake,
To face, to brace
All voyd of grace?
So proud of heart,
So ouerthwart,
So out of frame,
So voyd of shame,

As it is enrold,
Written, and told
Within this quaire?
Who list to repair,
And therein reed,
Shall find indeed
A mad rekening,
Considering all thing,
That the Scottes may sing:
Fye on that winning!

WHEN THE SCOTTE LIVED.

Joly Jemmy, ye scornful Scot,
Is it come unto your lot
A solempne sumner for to be?
It greeth nought for your degre,
Our Kyng of England for to fight,
Youre sovereine lord, our prince of might.
Ye for to send such a citacion!
It shameth al your noughty nacion.
In comparison, but kynge Koppyng
Unto our prince, anointed king.
Ye play Hob Lobbyn of Lowdean;
Ye shew right wel what good ye can,—

Ye may be lord of Locrian,— *
Christ sence with a frying pan!—
Of Edingborrowe, and Saincte Ionis Towne!
Adieu, syr sumner; cast off your crowne!

WHEN THE SCOT WAS SLAIN.

Continually I shall remember
The mery moneth of September,
With the xi day of the same; †
For then began our mirth and game.
So that now I have devised,
And in my mind I have comprised,
Of the proude Scot King Jemmy,
To write some lyttel tragedy;
For no manner consideration,
Of any sorowful lamentacion,
But for the special consolacion
Of all our royal English nacion.
Melpomene! O muse tragediall,
Unto your grace, for grace now I call

* Lothian.

† An evident mistake for "ix day of the same," caused by the inversion of the two numerals.

To guyde my pen, and my pen to enbibe,
Illumine me, your poet and your scribe,
That, with mixture of aloes and bitter gall,
I may compound confectures for a cordiall,
To angre the Scottes, and Irish kiterings withal,
That late were discomfect with battaile marcial.
Thalia, my muse, for you also cal I,
To touche them with tauntes of your armony,
A medley to make, of mirth with sadnes,
The hartes of England to comfort with gladnes.
And now to begin, I will me adres
To your rehersyng, the somme of my proces.
King Jamy, Jemmy, Jockey, my joye
Summond our king. Why did ye so?
To you nothing it did accord
To summon our kynge, our soveraigne lorde;
A kynge, a sumner, it was great wonder,
Know ye not suger and salt asonder?
Your summer to saucye, to malapert
Your harrold in armes, not yet halfe expert,
Ye thought ye did, yet valiauntlye,
Not worth the skyppes of a pye,
Syr Skyr Galyard, ye were so skit,
Your wyl then ran before your wyt.

Your lege ye layd, and your aly,
Your franticke fable, not worth a fly,
Frenche kinge, or one or other
Regarded you shold your lord your brother.
Trowed ye Syr Jemy, his nobel grace
From you Sir Scot wold tourne his face?
With gup Syr Scot of Galewey,
Now is your pride fall to decay.
Male brid, was your fals entent
For to offend your president,
Your soueraigne lord, most reuerente,
Your lord, your brother, and your regent.
In him is figured Melchisedecke,
And ye were disloyall Amalecke.
He is oure noble Scipione,
Annoynted kynge, and ye were none.
Thoughe ye untrulye your father haue slaine,
His tytle is true in Fraunce to raygne;
And ye proude Scot, Dunde, Dunbar,
Parde ye were his homager,
And suter to his parliament;
For your vntruth nowe are ye shent.
Ye bare your self somewhat to bolde,
Therefore ye lost your copyhold:

Ye were bond tenent to his estate,—
Loste is your game, ye are checke mate.
Vnto the castell of Norram
I understand to sone ye came.
At Branxston-more, and Flodden-hilles,
Our English bowes, our English bylles
Agaynst you gave so sharpe a shower,
That of Scotland ye lost the flower.
The White Lyon, there rampaunte of moode,
He raged, and rent out your hart bloude.
He the White, and you the Red;
The white there slewe the red starke ded:
Thus for your gurdon quyt are ye,
Thanked be God in Trinite,
And swete Sainct George, our Ladie's knighte,
Your eye is oute;—adewe, good nyghte!
Ye were starke mad to make a fray,
His grace beyng out of the way;
But, by the power and might of God,
For your tayle ye made a rod.
Ye wanted wit, syr; at a worde,
Ye lost your spurs, ye lost your sword.
Ye mighte have busked you to Huntly bankes,
Your pryde was peuysh to play such prankes.

Your pouerte could not attayne
With our kyng royal war to maintaine.
Of the kynge of Nauerne ye might take heed,
Ungraciously howe he dothe speede
An double dealynge; so he dyd dreame
That he is kynge, withoute a reame;
And for exaumple, he would none take,
Experiens hath broughte you in such a brake,
Your wealthe, your joy, your sport, your play,
Your braggyng bost, your royal aray,
Your beard so brym, as bore at baye,
Your seven systers, that Gun so gay,—
All have ye lost and caste awaye.
Thus fortune hath turned you, I dare wel saye,
Now from a kinge to a clot of clay;
Oute of robes ye were shaked,
And wretchedly ye lay, stark your naked.
For lacke of grace, hard was your hap,—
The pope's cures gaue you that clap.
Of the out yles, the rough-foted Scottes,
We haue well eased them of the bottes;
The rude rancke Scottes, like droncken Dranes, *
At Englysh bowes have fetched theyr banes;

* Probably "droncken Danes." The renown of the Danes for their powers of toping was quite proverbial, and vied with

It is not fitting, in tower or towne,
A sumner to were a kynges crowne.
Fortune on you therefore dyd frowne,—
Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe.
Syr sumner now where is your crowne?

that of the Germans. Indeed, the agreeable alliteration of "drunken Danes" was too attractive for the ancient poets, and made them rather neglect the quality of the topers of another nation, than lose such an harmonious combination of words. The fame of the Germans may, among other instances, be supported by two passages in Italian authors:

"Com' un Tedesco ch' abbia ben bevuto."
Orlando Innamorato, C. LII. St. 69.

"Bacco chiamo i Tedeschi a que U' impresa,
"E andò fino in Germania ad invitalli.
"Essi quand 'ebber la sua voglia intesa,
"In un momento armar' fanti e cavalli,
"Benedicendo Ottobre, e san Martino,
"E sperando notar tutti nel vino."
La Secchia Rapita di Tassoni, C. II. St. 65.

King James I. (of England) dates one of his letters "from the Castel of Croneburg, quhaire we are drinking and dryving our in the auld maner." It would be unfair to suppose, that the British Solomon had any share in importing the fondness for toping from Denmark into his own realm.

Cast of your crowne, cast up your crowne,
Syr sumner now ye haue lost your crowne.

Quod SKELTON, *Laureate.* Oratoure to the Kynges most royal estate.

Scotica redacta in formam prouincie
Regis parebit nutibus anglie:
Alio quin (per desertum sin) super cherubim,
Cherubin, seraphim, seraphin que ergo, &c.

Unto diuers People that remord this ryminge againste the Scot Jemmy.

I am now constrayned,
With wordes nothynge fayned,
This inuectiue to make
For some people sake,
That lyst for to iangell,
And waywardly wrangell

Agaynste this my makynge,
Their males thereat shakynge,
At it reprehending,
And venemously stinging,
Rebukynge and remordyng,
And nothynge accordynge.
Cause they haue none other,
But for that he was hys brother;
Brother vnnatural
Unto our kyng royal,
Againste whome he did fighte,
Faslye agaynst all ryghte,
Lyke that vntrue rebell,
False layne agaynste Abell.
But who so there at pyketh mood,
The tokens are not good,
To be true Englysh blood;
For if they vnderstood
His traytourly dispight,
He was a recrayed knighte,
A subtyll sysmatyke,
Ryghte neare an herytyke;
Of grace out of the state,
And died excommunicate.

And for he was a kynge,
The more shameful rekenynge
Of hym shoulde men reporte
In earnest and in sporte.
He scantlye loueth oure kynge
That grudgeth at this thinge;
That caste suche ouerthwartes
Percase have hollowe hartes.

Si veritatem dico, quare no creditis mihi. *

---

* Two Latin poems, the one entitled, *Chorus de Dys, contra Scottes, cum omni processionali festiuitate solempni sauit hoc Epitoma XXII. die Septembris, &c.* ; and the other, *Chorus de Dis, &c , super triumphali victoria contra Gallos, &c. cantauit solemniter hoc Flogium in profesto diui Johannis ad de colationem*, succeed to the above production of Skelton, which is chiefly remarkable for its extreme scurrility, and as evincing the extreme hatred which existed at that time between the Scots and English. The above text is from the old edition of Skelton's Works, entitled, " Heare after foloweth certain Bokes, compiled by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat, whose names here after appere. Speake Parrot. The Death of the noble Prince, King Edward the Fourth. A Treatise of the Scottes. Ware the Hawke. The Tunning of Elynoure Rummyng. Imprinted at London by Jhon Decy." 1583. 12.

The apology, which Skelton found it necessary to add, and which is peculiarly interesting, as it seems to indicate the existence of a party, not so unfavourable to the Scots as the generality of the English were, is omitted by Lambe, whose copy is besides full of imperfections, and seems to have been taken from the edition of 1736.

III.

The lamentable Complaint of King James of Scotlande, who was slayne at Scottish Fielde, anno 1513. *By Ulpian Fulwell.*

THE following extract is taken from a book entitled, *The Flower of Fame*, written by Ulpian Fulwell, and dedicated to Sir William Cecil, Baron of Burghleygh, &c. It is printed in quarto, in the old black letter, at London, 1575. He is quoted by Speed, Edw. VI. Sect. 61. Hence Wood, who had never seen this book, concludes that Fulwell had printed some other tracts, besides those which he mentions in his letter. *Oxon.* v. 1. No. 266.

Between the fourth and fifth stanzas, there is, in the original, a wooden cut, representing Death, running to seize a crown upon the head of a king,

Mr Lambe, or rather the friend at Newcastle, who furnished him with the only curious part of his Appendix, quotes several pages of introductory matter from Fulwell, which are here omitted, as they contain merely an abstract of the occasion and conduct of the war, and nothing which might justify the insertion, except the last paragraph, which is here subjoined:

"But first I have taken upon mee to introduce King James unto yee, in forme of the Mirror for Magestrates, to vtter his complaynt, and tell his owne tale as followeth:"—

Among the rest, whom rewful fate hath reft,
Whose shrouding sheetes hath wrapt their woful lyves,
Why have not I a place among them left,
Whose fall eche tong with dayly talk reuyues?
Such is the wheele that froward fortune dryves,
To-day a king of puissance and might,
And in one howre a wofull wretched wight.

A happie life by happie ende is tride,
A wretched race by woful ende is known:

Though pleasant wind the ship do rightly guyd,
At last by rage of stormes tis overthrowne.
The greatest oke by tempest is fyrst blowne.
Though fortune seeme a loft to hoyse thy sayle,
Yet fortune ofte tymes smyles to small auayle.

I thought my bower buylt on happie soyle,
Which under propped was with tickle staye:
Wherefore on sodayne chaunce I tooke the foyle
In hope for to have had a noble fraye,
In search whereof I reapt my fatal daye,
With shameful death my fame was forcte to bow
A gwerdon meete for breach of sacred vow.

A prince his promise ought not to be broke,
Much more his othe of ryght observed should be:
But greedy gayne doth ofte the mynde provoke,
To breake both othe and vowe, as seemes by mee.
Ambition blearde myne eyes, I coulde not see.
I find, though man with man his faith forgoe,
Yet man with God may not do so.

I was a king, my power was not small,
I ware the crowne to wield the Scottish land:

I raignde and rewlde, the greater was my fall;
The myght of God no kingdome can withstand,
An Earle wan of mee the upper hande.
With blodie sworde my lucklesse lyfe to ende,
By shameful death, without tyme to amende.

Such was the force of Atrops cruell spight,
Unlooked for to cut my fatal lyne:
My wretched carcas then was brought in sight
Through London streats, whereat the Scots repine
The endless shame of this mishap is myne.
Like butchers ware, on horsebacke was I brought,
The King of Kinges for me this end hath wrought.

Let princes all by me example take,
What daunger 'tis to dally in such cace:
By periure their faythes for to forsake,
Least seate of shame shall be their endless place,
Foule infamie shall their renoune deface:
Or falsed faith such is deserved hyre,
And he must falle that will too high aspire.

Ye noble peeres, whose lyues with myne did end,
Send forth from graues your griesly ghosts each one,

To wayle the chance that fortune vs did sende.
Let all the Scots powre out their plaints and mone,
That we to hedles haste were apt and prone.
Which rash beginning, voyde of Godly awe,
Had lyke successe for breache of sacred lawe.

I thought that Englande had beene far too weake,
For my strong power, when Henry was away:
Which made mee light regarde my vow to breake,
But yet I founde they were left in good stay,
With force and strength to purchase my decay.
Thus my aspiring minde had guerdon due,
Which may a mirror bee for men to vewe;

Whereby to shun the breache of sacred vow,
And not to seeke by lawless means to rayne:
For right will force usurped rule to bow,
And reap repulst in steade of noble gaine;
Thus truth in tyme doth turne her foe to paine,
And God himselfe doth shield the rightful cause,
Then let men learn to lyve within his lawes.

IV.

Epitaph of Sir Marmaduke Constable, in Flamborough Church.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine for 1753, p. 456.]

Here lieth Marmaduke Cunstable, of Flaymborght, knyght,
Who made adventor into France for the right of the same,
Passed over with Kyng Edward the fourth, that noble knyght,
And also with noble Kyng Herre, the sevinth of that name.
He was also at Berwik at the winnyng of the same,
And by Kyng Edward chosyn Capteyn there first of any one,

And rewllid and governid there his tym without blame,
But for all that as ye se he lieth under this stone.

At Brankiston feld, wher the kyng of Scottys was slayne,
He then beyng of the age of thre score and tene,
With the gode Duke of Northefolke that journey he has tayen,
And coragely avancid hymself among other ther and then.
The kyng being in France with grete nombre of Yng-lishmen,
He nothing hedyng his age there but ieopde hym as on,
With his sonnes, brothen, sarvants, and kynnesmen;
But now as ye se he lieth under this stone.

But now all his tryumphes are passed and set on syde,
For all worldly joyes they will not long endure,
They are sonne passed, and away dothe glyde,
And who that putteth his trust i them, I call him most unsure.

For when deth strikith he sparith no creature,
Nor gevith no warnyg*, but taketh them by one and one;
And now he abydyth Godes mercy, and hath no other sucure,
For as ye se hym here he lieth vnder this stone.

Pray you my kynnsmen, lovers, and frendis all,
To pray to our Lord Jhesu to have mercy of my souill.

"This epitaph is written on a copperplate, fixed into a large stone, which is placed upon a large stone coffin, or chest, in which the body was reposited; and beside it is the upper part of a skeleton in stone, the ribs project greatly, and the breast is laid open, in the inner side of which appears what, by tradition, is held to be a toad at the heart, (of which he was supposed to die), but it bears little or no resemblance of a toad."

* In this Epitaph, I have been obliged to trust to the accuracy of the transcriber for the Gentleman's Magazine, but strongly suspect that this should be *warnyng*; the *n* being probably marked by a transverse line over the *y*.

V.

Song on the Victory of Floddon Field.

" The following ballad may possibly be as ancient as any thing we have on the subject. It is given from '*The most pleasant and delectable History of John Winchcomb, otherwise called Jack of Newbery,*' written by Thomas Deloney, who thus speaks of it: ' In disgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous atchieved victory, the commons of England made this song; which *to this day* is not forgotten by many.'

" It will not be contended, however, that the ballad here printed exhibits the genuine English of Henry the Eighth's time. Honest Thomas, no doubt, like greater editors, had too refined a taste, to prefer accuracy and fidelity to pleasing the eyes, or tickling the ears of his reader.

" This author is mentioned by Kempe, (*Nine Days Wonder*, 1600. 4to.), as ' the great ballade maker, T. D., or Thomas Deloney, chronicler of the memorable Lives of the Six Yeomen of the West, *Jack of Newbery*, The Gentle Craft, and such like honest men, omitted by Stowe, Holinshed, Grafton, Hall, Froissart, and the rest of those well-deserving writers.' WARTON, *Hist. Eng. Poet.* iii. 430. He had satirised Kempe, in what he calls ' abhominable ballets.' Warton says, that Jack of Newbury was entered in the stationers book to T. Myllington, Mar. 7, 1596; and The Gentle Craft to Ralph Blore, Oct. 19, 1597. Deloney was, in 1596, committed to the Counter, by the Lord Mayor, for ridiculing the Queen, and book of orders about the dearth of corn, in one of his ballads."—RITSON's *Ancient Songs.*

THE SONG.

King Jamie hath made a vow,
Keep it well if he may,
That he will be at lovely London
Upon Saint James his day.

Upon Saint James his day at noon
At fair London will I be;
And all the lords in merry Scotland,
They shall dine there with me.

Then bespake good Queen Margaret,
The tears fell from her eye,
Leave off these wars, most noble king,
Keep your fidelity.

The water runs swift, and wonderous deep
From bottom to the brim;
My brother Henry hath men good enough,
England is hard to win.

Away (quoth he) with this silly fool,
In prison fast let her lye;
For she is come of the English blood,
And for these words she shall die.

That day made many a fatherless child,
And many a widow poor;
And many a Scottish gay lady
Sate weeping* in her bower.

* Orig. Sweeping.

With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,
The queen's chamberlain that day,
If that you put Queen Margaret to death,
Scotland shall rue it alway.

Then in a rage King Jamie did say,
Away with this foolish mome;
He shall be hang'd, and the other burn'd,
So soon as I come home.

At Flodden-field the Scots came in,
Which made our English men fain;
At Bramstone-green this battel was seen,
There was King Jamie slain.

Then presently the Scots did fly,
Their cannons they left behind;
Their ensigns gay were won all away,
Our souldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plain, twelve thousand were slain,
That to the fight did stand;
And many a prisoner took that day,
The best in all Scotland.

Jack with a fether was lapt all in lether,
His boastings were all in vain;
He had such a chance with new morrice dance,
He never went home again.

VI.

The Laird of Muirhead.

" This ballad is a fragment, from Mr Herd's MS., communicated to him by J. Grosset Muirhead, at Breadesholm, near Glasgow; who stated, that he extracted it, as relating to his own family, from the complete song, in which the names of twenty or thirty gentlemen were mentioned,* contained in a large collection, belonging to Mr Alexander Monro, merchant in Lisbon, supposed now to be lost.

" It appears, from the Appendix to Nesbit's He-

* The loss of this song is the more to be regretted, as (to judge from this fragment) it must have been, in point of poetical merit, as much superior to the English metrical history, as the Scottish ballads are in general to those of English growth.

raldry, p. 264., that Muirhead of Lachop and Bullis, the person called here the laird of Muirhead, was a man of rank; being rentaller, or perhaps feuar, of many crown lands in Galloway; and was, in truth, slain '*in Campo Bello de Northumberland, sub vexillo Regis,*' *i. e.* in the field of Floddon."—*Minstrelsy of the Border*, i. p. 283., from whence the ballad is here, by permission of the Editor, reprinted.

* * * * *

Afore the king in order stude
The stout laird of Muirhead,
Wi' that sam twa-hand muckle sword
That Bartram felled stark dead.

He sware he wadna lose his right
To fight in ilka field,
Nor budge him from his liege's sight,
Till his last gasp should yield.

Twa hunder mair, of his own name,
Frae Torwood and the Clyde,
Sware they would never gang to hame,
But a' die by his syde.

And wond'rous weil they kept their troth;
This sturdy royal band
Rush'd down the brae, wi' sic a pith,
That nane could them withstand.

Mony a bludey blow they delt,
The like was never seen;
And hadna that braw leader fallen,
They ne'er had slain the king.

VII.

The Flowers of the Forest.

Though the following song has been so frequently reprinted, and so variously illustrated; and though it has lately been proved to be, for the greater part, modern; its beauty is so eminent, that I cannot help following the example of my predecessor, the Reverend Mr Lambe, and give it a place among the few scattered poems which I have been able to collect, respecting the fatal field of Flodden. As the history of the song is fully narrated in the "Minstrelsy of the Border," a work which is in the hands of most of my readers, I only refer to the work of my friend. His glossarial explanations I have, however, found necessary to subjoin.

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jearing;
Bandsters are runkled, and lyart or gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching;—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—
The flowers of the forest are weded awae.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at the ewes milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae:
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

Lilting, Singing chearfully.
Loaning, A broad lane.
Wede awae, Weded out.
Scorning, Rallying.
Dowie, Drearie.
Daffing, Joking.
Gabbing, Chattering.
Leglin, Milk-pail.
Har'st, Harvest.
Shearing, Reaping.
Bandsters, Sheaf-binders.
Runkled, Wrinkled.
Lyart, Inclined to grey.
Fleeching, Coaxing.
Gloaming, Twilight.

VIII.

Ara
Magnanimis Heroibus
qui
cum Jacobo IV. Rege
in Funesto Prælio
ad Fluidonem
occubverunt
Ad Diem IX. VIIbris
Anno Christi
cIↃ.IↃ.xIII.

Magnanimi Heroës vobis hanc ponimus Aram :
Hæc cum luctificis tristia signa nobis.
Flent matres raptos natos, natique parentes ;
Frater & in fratris funere multa gemit :
It Tueda irrorans lachrymas, Nymphæque sorores,
Et quæcumque colunt flumina mœsta deæ.

Ergo furens tantum potuit Mars improbus, aut Mors,
Mortali ut caderent numina tanta manu ?
Ille ævi decus Augustum, spesque unica rerum,
Atque illi invictâ pectora juncta fide ?
Dum simul hosti instant, spernunt simul omnia : nemo
Dum cessisse velit, nec superesse valet.
Felices animæ, tanto quas Patria luctu,
Quasque prior tollens Fama sub astra vehit !

[Heroes ex omni Historia Scotica lectissimi, Auctore Johan. Jonstono, Abredonense Scoto. Lugduni Batavorum cIↃ.IↃ.c.III.]

IX.

Letter from Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII.

De Corpore nuper Regis Scotorum, in Prælio Flodden Field, Interfecti, Sepeliendo.

[VITELL. B. 2. fol. 54. *Bibl. Cotton.*]

"Charissime in Christo Fili noster Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem.

"Cum, Claræ Memoriæ, Jacobus Scotorum olim Rex Illustris eo in Fœdere quod aliàs cum, Claræ Memoriæ, Henrico Rege Patre tuo Illustri fecerat, cujúsque Fœderis Auctor et Confirmator, Felicis Recordationis, Alexander Sextus Prædecessor noster fuerat, eas conditiones accepisset ut, si contra id Fœdus aliquo tempore veniret, excommunicationis pœnam ipso jure incurreret, sicut in Literis sub Plumbo ab eodem Prædecessore confectis pleniùs continetur,

" Ac deinde idem Jacobus eum Majestate tua, cujus sororem in Matrimonio habebat illud idem Fœdus Renovatum sanxisset, seseque eisdem Excommunicationis et Censurarum Pœnis obstrinxisset si pacem tecum atque amicitiam, etiam affinitatis vinculo contractam, ullo modo violaret,

" Et tamen postea, his non obstantibus, Pacem et Fœdus ipsum, tot cautionibus munitum atque sancitum, armis fregisset,

" Ob eámque causam a Dilecto Filio nostro Christophero Sanctæ Praxedis Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Presbytera, Cardinale, potestate illi per, Felicis Recordationis, Julium Secundum prædecessorem nostrum concessâ et traditâ, sicut in ipsius prædecessoris literis sub plumbo continetur, excommunicatus, denunciatus, et publicatus fuisset,

" Atque, iis censuris oneratus, in prælio, quod intra Fines Regni tui commisit aducibus tuis victus occubuerit, proptereáque in loco honesto quidem sed non sacro ipsius Cadaver adhuc resservetur,

" Majestas tua et pro illius Regia Dignitate et quia affinitate tibi junctus erat, humanæ et conditionis casu et illius cæteris virtutibus animum tuum ad mi-

sericordiam commoventibus, honoris etiam tui hoc esse existimans,

" Cupis Regis Corpus ad Urbem Londini deferri, et in Ecclesia Cathedrali Sancti Pauli dictæ civitatis pro Regia Dignitate sepeliri posse,

" Nos in hoc tàm pio et Laudi dignissimo Desiderio tuo sicut in cæteris Morem Majestati tuæ gerere cupientes, attendentesque, ut dicitur et credi debet, idem Jacobus Scotorum Rex, ante obitum, dùm in extremis ageret, erratorum memor, aliqua signa pœnitentiæ, quæ tali tempore dari poterant, dedit, tuæ Majestati licentiam et Facultatem concedimus corpus prædictum è loco ubi nunc est, cum ea funerali pompa quæ tibi videbitur, ad dictam civitatem transferendi et transportati faciendi, et in eadem Ecclesia Sancti Pauli in loco Sacro Sepeliendi,

" Committentes et mandantes harum serie Venerabili Fratri Ricardo Londoniensi, seu alteri Episcopo per te eligendo, ut eundem quondam Regem, constito de contritione, et pœnitentiæ signis demonstratis, antequam ipsius corpus sepeliatur, ab omnibus dictarum excommunicationum et censurarum laqueis ac nodis, ad hunc effectum duntaxat ut in loco sacro

possit commodè sepeliri, auctoritate nostrâ absolvat; injuncta super hoc Majestati tuæ nomine ipsius Regis aliquâ conveniente pœnitentiâ, quam adimplere tenearis,

" Non obstantibus præmissis ac Constitutionibus et Ordinationibus Apostolicis, cæterísque contrariis quibuscúmque.

" Dat. Romæ apud Sanctum Petrum sub anulo Piscatoris, die vicesimo nono Novembris, Millesimo quingentesimo decimo tertio, Pontificatûs nostri Anno Primo.

JA. SADOLETUS.

Carissimo in Christo Filio nostro
Henrico Angliæ Regi Illustri.

X.

Lindsay of Pitscottie's Account of the Battle of Floddon.

[*History of Scotland. Ed. Edinburgh*, 1728, p. 112—118.]

[Having related the midnight vision at the Cross, the Historian thus proceeds :]

Thir novels passed through the town to every man; and at last they came to the king's ears, who gave them little credence, and refused utterly all wise and godly counsel, which was to his honour, and the commonweal of the country; and would use no counsel of his prudent wife Margaret, Queen of Scotland, for no prayer nor supplication that she could make:

shewing to him, that she had but one son to him, which was but a weak warrant to the realm of Scotland, and oversoon to him to pass to battle, leaving such small succession behind him: Therefore she thought it best, that he should tarry till God send them more fruit of his body; for she assured him, if he passed in England, at that time, he would get battle. Yet this wise counsel and admonition was of no ways accepted, nor taken in good part by him; because she was the king of England's sister, and therefore was the less regarded. Yet this noblewoman did her duty, and labour, so far as she might, for the well of her husband, and the commonweal of the country, and also for the love she bore to her brother, the king of England, desiring no discord to be betwixt the two realms in her time.

But, nevertheless, nothing would be heard, but forward the king sent unto the place where the musters were received, that is to say, in the Burrow-muir beside Edinburgh; where there assembled the king, and all his lords, barons, burgesses, and freeholders, and all manner of men betwixt sixty and sixteen, as well spiritual as temporal, both burgh and land, as well the out isles as the firm land, which hastily came, and

were there to the number of a hundred thousand fighting men,* together with the carriagemen and artillery, which was to the number of thirty shot of great artillery, and thirty field-pieces, with all their ordinance of powder and bullet; and passed syne forward to Esk, and camped there; and on the morrow, went to Wark and Norham, and cast them down; and thereafter went to Ford, and cast it down. Great slaughter was made of the king's men that stood about the house in the flyings of the timber. Some say the lady of Foord was a beautiful woman, and that the king medled with her, and also his son Alexander Stuart, bishop of St Andrews, with her daughter, which was against God's commandment,† and against the order of all good cap-

---

* "Moreouer in euerie band (almost generally thoroughout) there was a knight appointed for capteine and guider; and amongst them certain French capteins, the which King Lewes had sent over into Scotland latelie before, to traine the Scots in the practise of warres."—*Holinshed's Chron.* Among these was Mons. de la Mote-Francois, who, in the French gazette of the battle, is enumerated among the slain.

† The honest historian remembered here the injunction of the fictitious St John at Linlithgow, "to mell with no woman" before the battle. Who the young lady was who amused the Archbishop, I am not able to determine, as no daughter of Sir William Heron appears in Sir Richard Heron's genealogy of his family. See the Notes on v. 1377.

tains of war, to begin at whoredom and harlotry before any good success of battle or victory had fallen unto them, and fornication had a great part of the wyte* of their evil success.

Notwithstanding the king continued still there the space of twenty days without battle; till, at last, all the victuals and vivers† of the commons were spent; and many of the fat North-Land and Isles-men were spent and wasted in the famine in this same manner, that it was force to them to pass home; and every lord and gentleman sent one or two home of their special friends, to bring them victuals in this ways; then baid‡ not with the king above ten thousand men, by borderers and countrymen. Yet the king's grace took no fear, because he believed no battle of the Englishmen at that time.

But this wicked lady of Foord seeing the king's host so dispersed for lack of victuals, and knowing all the secrets that were among the king's men and the army, both of the king himself and his secret council; and this experience she had by her frequent whoredom with the king, and also her daughter with his son,

---

* Blame. † Provisions, Fr. ‡ Stayed, abided.

which moved her to ask licence at the king to pass inward in the country, to speak with certain of her friends, declaring to the king, that she should bring him all novels out of the south country, what they were doing, or what was their purpose for to do, desiring his grace to remain to her coming. And he again, as an effeminate prince, subdued and enticed by the allurement and false deceit of this wicked woman, gave her over hastily credence in this behalf, and believed surely all had been true that she had promised: to that effect gart* convoy her a certain way from the host, as she desired. But this lady, thinking nothing that she had promised to the king, that, on no ways, she would keep it, for the love she bare her native country; but hastily past, with a deceitful mind, to the Earl of Surrey, where he was lying at York at that time; and shew to him the whole secrets of the king of Scotland and his army; what point he was at, and how his men were departed from him for lack of victuals; and that there were not bidden† with him but ten thousand men of all his army: Therefore, she

---

* Caused. † Remained.

thought it expedient, that the Earl of Surrey should come forward, with all that he might be at that time. She promised to them that they should have victory, for she, by her craft and ingine, should deceive the king, so far as she could, to put him in the Englishmen's hands.

Thir novels being come to the Earl of Surrey, by this wicked woman, he was very glad thereof, and thanked her greatly for her labours and travels she took for her native country; promising to her, that within three days, he should meet the king of Scotland, and give him battle.

In this mean time, there were letters come to the Earl of Surrey, that his son, the Lord Howard, was landed at Dover, six thousand men of war with him, of the best of all king Hary's armies, sent to him by the said Hary, who was lying in France at this time, seeking his pension, and got word, that the king of Scotland was come in England, invading his realm, for love of France; which was contrarious to the law of God, the welfair of both the said realms of England and Scotland, considering the promise, bands, alliance made betwixt both the said realms, as we have shewn before to you. Notwithstanding, the king of England

lamented heavily the unkindness of his good-brother,* the king of Scots. And therefore he wrote home a commission to the Earl of Surrey, that he should be lieutenant for the time, and raise the whole body of England, both gentlemen and commons, and cause them to pass forward against the king of Scotland, to defend their realm; giving them an express command, that he should not invade the king of Scotland by any manner of way, but in his own defence; nor should not pursue the king of Scotland, nor none of his, in Scottish ground; but defend themselves within the realm of England.

The Earl of Surrey hearing the letters of commission presented by his son, was very rejoyced; and also of the home-coming of his son, Lord Howard; and took such courage, that he assembled all his army of England, and made their musters incontinent, to the number of fifty thousand gentlemen and commons. The captains hereof were, the Earl of Surrey, principal lieutenant to the king's grace; and under him his son, Lord Howard, principal governor of the host; and the

---

* Brother-in-law.

Lord Dacres Marshal, the Lord of Westmuirland, and the Percies of Northumberland, were chieftains of the vanguard. And thus, in all possible haste, marched forward toward the Scots, where they lay for the time, to wit, at Floudown Hills, taking care of no enemies to invade them at that time, and specially of Englishmen. For the king, nor none of his council, knew of the Earl of Surrey's coming, nor yet believed to have had battle of him, nor of none other of England at that time, considering the king was not present in the realm.

Thus the king of Scotland so insolent, having no foresight nor moyen* in the country, lay still, taking no thought, as a man uncounsellable, which would do nothing for his lords and his captains, for the safeguard of his host, and commonweal of his nobles; nor yet for obtaining of victory, and defending of his own honour; but lying still abiding the lady of Foord's coming; but all for nought: for she did nothing but deceived him, and came not again till the English army came with her. So the king of Scot-

* Means, Fr.

land never knew the coming of the army of England, while they were within the space of three miles, arrayed in seven great battles.

When thir novels were shewn to the king of Scotland, he would scantly credit them; but lap on horse, and rode to the hills to visit them: But when he saw them coming so fast forward, he caused to sound his trumpets, and put his men in array, and ordained to charge his artillery, and make all ready.

In this mean time, the lords passed to the council, thinking they would not suffer the king to give battle, at that time, to a man of low degree. But when the lords [illegible]d to the council, as said is, the king disguised [illegible]lf, and came privily and heard every lord's vote, and what was their conclusion toward his proceedings: to wit, the lords devised and charged Patrick Lord Lindesay to be chancellor and first voter in the council, because he was best learned, and of greatest age, and had greatest experience amongst them all at that time. They required of him, if he thought good that the king should give battle to England, at that time, or not. The Lord Lindesay, being ripely advised in this matter, seeing the proceedings, conversation, and behaviour of the king, answered to the

lords in this manner, as after follows, saying, " My lords, ye desire my opinion and judgment, if the king should give battle to England, or not. My lords, I will give you forth a similitude, desiring you to know my mind by the same hereafter. I compare your lordships to an honest merchant, who would, in his voyage, go to the dice with a common hazarder, and there to jeopardy a rose-noble on a cast, against a gleed halfpenny; * which, if this merchant wins, it will be counted but little, or else nought; but, if he tynes, † he tynes his honour, with that piece of gold, which is of more value. So, my lords, ye may understand by this, ye shall be called the merchant, and [illegible] king a rose-noble, and England the common happit [illegible], who have nothing to jeopardy but [illegible] to their halfpenny, in comparison lords, [illegible] fight this an old crooked caril ‡ lying in a bad sw[illegible] and though they tyne him, they tyne but little; but if we jeopardy our noble king

* A gleed halfpenny, perhaps a shining or worn-off halfpenny.

† Loses.

‡ Caril, carl, fellow.—I have not met with any other account of the malconformation of Surrey's person.

at this time, with a simple wight, and happen to tyne him, we will be called evil merchants, and far worse counsellors to his majesty: For if we tyne him, we tyne the whole realm of Scotland, and the whole nobility thereof; for none, my lords, at this time, have bidden* but gentlemen; the commons are all departed from us for lack of victual; so that it is not decent nor seemly to us, that we should jeopardy our noble king and his nobility, with an old crooked caril, and certain sutors† and taylors with him in company: But better it were, to cause the king remove, and certain of his lords with him; and, whom he thinks most expedient to take the matter in hand, and jeopardy themselves for it, and [illegible]'s pleasure, and their own honour, and the commi[illegible]hat was [illegible] of the country at this time: And if your lordships [illegible] the lords [illegible] and c[illegible]is manner, I think it best for my own part.

[illegible]hancellor [illegible]

By this the Lord Lindesay had voted in this manner, the whole lords were content of his conclusion, and nominate certain lords to take the battles in hand, that is to say, the Earl of Huntley in the north, the

---

* Remained. † Shoemakers.

Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Crawford, the Earl of Marshal; and, in the west part of Scotland, the Earl of Glencairn, the Lord Graham, the Lord Maxwel; and in the south, the Earl of Angus, the Earl of Bodwell, the Lord Hume, to be rulers of the king's host, and fight in battle against England; and the king to pass, with a certain company of his nobility, a little from the army, where he might see the valiant acts of both the sides, and be in safeguard himself.

This being devised and spoken, and finally concluded with all the whole lords; the king, near hand by, disguised, as I shew to you before, desiring to hear their counsel and conclusion, and to be unknown of them, burst forth, and answered unhappily in this manner, as after follows, saying to them, in a furious rage, "My lords, I shall fight this day against England, though ye had sworn the contrary; though ye would all flee from me, and shame yourselves, ye shall not shame me, as ye devise: And to Lord Patrick Lindesay, that has gotten the first vote, I vow to God, I shall never see Scotland sooner, than I shall cause him hang at his own gate."

Thus the lords were astonished at the king's answer, seeing him into a fury, and were fain to satisfy his

pleasure, and serve his appetite in all things, as he commanded.

By this the watches came, and shew the king the English army was at hand, marching fast forward within the space of a Scottish mile. Then the king caused blow the trumpets, and set his men in order of battle; to wit, he gave the vanguard to the Earl of Huntley and to the Lord Hume,* who were in number ten thousand men; and took the great battle unto himself, with all the nobility of Scotland, which passed not above twenty thousand men,† and march-

---

* Pitscottie, in giving to Huntley and Hume the vanguard, is in some measure in the right, as the left wing which they commanded was the first to engage the enemy, and during the march formed, in fact, the advanced corps of the Scottish army.

† The historian has here forgot, that, a few sentences before, the lady of Ford informed the Earl of Surrey that only ten thousand of the Scottish host remained. The number mentioned above is probably the real state of the case. A greater number of Hume's followers, who were Borderers, would naturally remain, and render his corps, with that of Huntley, the strongest division of the army. From the French original gazette, it would appear, that Huntley was joined with Crawford, and that Hume formed the left detached division of the left wing opposed to Sir Edmond Howard, who, in the like manner, formed the right of his brother the lord admiral.

ed forward a little in the sight of the Englishmen, who were then passing over the bridge to them. The master-gunner came in presence of the king, and fell on his knees, desiring at the king's grace, that he might shoot his artillery at the English host, where they were coming over the bridge of Tills; for he promised and took in hand, that he should cut the bridge at their overcoming; that the king should have no displeasure at the one half, while the other should be devoured; for he stiled* his artillery for the bridge, and they came thereon. The king answered to Robert Borthwick, his gunner, like a man that had been reft of his wit, saying to him, "I shall hang thee, quarter thee, and draw thee, if thou shoot one shoot this day. I am determined that I will have them all before me on a plain field, and see then what they can do all before me."

The Englishmen were come all over the bridge,†

---

* Directed.

† The wily Surrey must have been advised, by some trusty informer, of the chivalrous intention of the Scottish monarch, to fight him without any advantage of situation; otherwise he would never have ventured to pass a bridge liable to be de-

and the vanguards were marching near together; to wit, the Scottish vanguard, the Earl of Huntley, the Lord Hume, with the Borderers and countrymen thereof, in like manner, who joined cruelly on every side, and fought cruelly with uncertain victory: But, at last, the Earl of Huntley's Highlandmen, with their bows and two-handed swords, wrought so manfully, that they defeat the Englishmen, without any slaughter on their side. Then the Earl of Huntley and Lord Hume blew their trumpets, and convened their men again into their standards.

By this the two great battles of England came forward upon the king's battle, and joined awfully at the sound of the trumpet, and fought furiously a long while; but at last the king of Scotland defeat them both. Then the great battle of England, led by the Lord Howard, who was under his father the Earl of Surrey, governor of that battle, who came furiously upon the king, to the number of twenty thousand fresh

---

stroyed by the Scottish artillery. This is another circumstance, which supports the authenticity of the interference of Lady Heron.

men. But the king's battle encountered them hardily, and fought manfully on both the sides, with uncertain victory, till that the streams of blood ran on either side so abundantly, that all the fields and waters were made red with the confluence thereof. The Earl of Huntley and the Lord Hume then standing in arrayed battle, who had win the vanguard before, and few of their men either hurt or slain; the Earl of Huntley desired at the Lord Hume, that he would help the king, and rescue him in this extremity; for he said, that he was overset with the multitude of men. Notwithstanding the Lord Hume answered the Earl of Huntley in this manner, saying, "He does well that does for himself; we have foughten our vanguards, and have won the same: therefore let the lave* do their part, as well as we." The Earl of Huntley answered again, and said, he could not suffer his native prince to be overcome with his enemies before his eyes: therefore called his men together by sluggorn, and sound of trumpets, to have past to the king. But ere he came, all was

* The rest.

defeat on either side, that few or none was living, neither on the king's part, nor on the other. *

Some say there came four men upon four horses riding to the field, with four spears, and a wisp on every spearhead, to be a sign and witter † to them, that every one of them should know other. They rode in the field, and horsed the king, and brought him forth of the field on a din ‡ hackney. But some say, they had him into the Merse, betwixt Dunse and Kelso; what they did with him there I cannot tell: But one, ten years thereafter, convicted of a slaughter, offered to the Duke of Albany, for his life, to let him see the place where the prince was yearded, § to the token he should let him see his belt of iron lying beside him in the grave. But notwithstanding this man got no audience by them that were about him; the Duke of Albany desired not at that time that such thing should

---

* In this gallant attempt of the Earl of Huntley, his standard or penon became the prize of the enemy; which will be found delineated in the present work, from a copy transmitted from George Chalmers, Esq.

† Mark. ‡ Dun. § Buried, earthed.

be known: but we will leave this, and return to our purpose.*

The field discomfeist in this manner on both sides; for neither England nor Scotland knew who had the better in that battle, but that the Scottishmen mist their king; for there was ever two Englishmen slain for one Scottishman; and so many of the Englishmen that were alive, retired to the Earl of Surrey, and Lord Howard his son, and retired a little from the field, and stood on their feet that night, while on the morn at nine hours, not knowing who had win or tint the field: And likewise the Lord Hume stood all that night on his feet, with the number of ten thousand men; while, on the morrow that the sun rose, he seeing no noise, neither of English nor Scots, departed his way, and left the king's artillery behind him, which he might have had rescued, and brought with him, if he had

---

* These, and similar tales, such as the king's preservation and pilgrimage in foreign climes, &c. were probably prompted by the natural love of the people for a monarch, who was as chivalrous, as rash, as unfortunate, and whose death was as firmly disbelieved by many of his countrymen as that of Sebastian, king of Portugal, whose character and warfare strongly resembles that of James. In Anderson's History of Scotland,

pleased; * for I heard say, upon the morn at ten hours, that a hundred Scottishmen might have brought away the king's artillery safely, without any stop of Englishmen. But soon after the Englishmen hearing that the Lord Hume was retired from the field, came soon together with the number that they might be, carted it, and had it away to Berwick, where much of it remains to this day; syne † went through the field seeking the noblemen who were slain, and in special the king's grace. They found many like him, clad in his coat of armour, but no man could say surely that it was he, because the same day of the field, he caused ten to be clad in his coat of armour; among the rest

---

written about the commencement of the eighteenth century, and preserved in the Advocates' Library in MS. a greater number of traditions respecting James IV. after the battle of Floddon, are preserved, than Pitscottie has admitted into his account.

* This accusation, like the others preferred against Hume, is probably very much exaggerated. His followers would, no doubt, be more anxious to secure the riches of the English camp, which they pillaged during the battle, than to preserve the property of the crown. But to carry off a large park of artillery, in the presence of a victorious, though certainly much diminished army, would have required a larger force and longer time than the Border chieftain could spare.

† Since, after that.

there were two of his guard, the one called Alexander Macculloch, and the other the Squire of Cleisch, which were men of makedom both like the king; therefore, when they were dead gotten in the field, and the king's coat of armour upon them, the Englishmen believing that one of them was the king, they took one of them, whom they thought most apparently to be like the king, and cast him in a chariot, and had him away to England with them. But yet we know surely they got not the king, because they had never the token of the iron belt to shew to any Scottishman. * This sorrowful battle was stricken and ended, on this manner, at Floudoun-hills, in the month of September, the ninth day, the year of God one thousand five hundred and thirteen years, and his reign the twenty-fifth year.

James IV. unhappily slain in this manner, with many of his nobles, not by the manhood and wisdom of Englishmen, but by the king's own misgovernance,

* A strong argument against these Scotish assumptions, is the letter of Leo X. [See App. No. IX.] to request the royal burial of the corpse, which most probably was written at the intercession of Scotland. The regency would hardly have caused his Holiness to intercede for the burial of Alexander Macculloch, or the Squire of Cleish.

that would not use the counsel of his wise nobles, in defending of his honour, and preserving of his army; but used himself to his own sensual pleasures, which was the cause of his ruin: * Therefore all other princes may take example by him, which refused honest and good counsel, and specially of them which were the principal defenders of the realm. Though he was the head, they were the arms and the special defence of the whole body; for ofttimes it is heard and seen, that the arms defend the head when it is pursued by violence; and are the buckler that man doth present for the safe-guard of the head, though the head makes little defence to the arms; as so is seen of this unfortunate king, that brought his barons to such a point, through his wilful misgovernance, that they were all cruelly murdered and slain, in his default, and not in theirs.

---

* Pitscottie is still thinking of the injunction of the awful vision of the apostle, to continue chaste till the day of battle, and the peremptory denunciation of the consequence of his non-compliance.

XI.

Account of the Battle of Floddon, from Halle's Chronicle of England. 1548. *fol.*

THE Earl of Surrey, beynge at Pompfret, called to hym the most parte of the gentlemen of the counties to hym apoynted as is before rehersed, declaringe to them the kynges hygh commaundement, shewynge them, that he beynge there the kynge's lieutenant muste nedes have ayde and counsayll; wherefore he sware the mooste wysest and expert gentelmen in such causes of the kynge's counsayll and hys for that tyme, for the better compassynge hys charge and purpose, and for too brynge euerye thynge in dewe order. Fyrst they toke a determination wyth Syr Philippe Tylney, knight, treasurer of the warres, howe the charges shoulde be

payde, and secondarely with syr Nycholas Applyarde, master of the ordinaunce, for the conveyaunce of the kynges royal ordinaunces, pouder and artillerie to Newcastell, and so forwarde as the case should requyer, whiche Syr Nicholas, by William Blacknall, clercke of the kynges spyceri, sent the sayde ordinaunce and artyllerye to Durham before, so that all thynges concerning that office were in a redynes. The Earle forgatt not to sende to all lordes, spirituall and temporall, knyghtes, gentelmenne, or other which had tenauntes, or were rulers of tounes or liberties (able to make men) to certifye what number of able men horsed and harnesed, they were able to make within an houres warnynge, and to geue there attendaunce on hym, and also he layed postes every waye, which postes stretched to the marches of Wales to the counseyll there, by reason whereof, he had knowledge what was done in euerye coste.

The earle was enformed by the Lord Dacres, of the numbrynge and preparing of men in Scotlande, and proclamacions soundynge to the breche of peace, and yet though he considered that the roade made by the chamberlayne of Scotlande into England, beyng distrussed by Sir William Bulmer, as is afore rehersed,

was an open breche of the perpetual peace; yet the sayde Lord Dacres auysed the earle for many and great weighty causes not to reyse or styrre the powers of the countrey, to hym appoynted, tyll he mighte perceyue, and openly know the subtyle purpose and entent of the Scottes aforesaid, lest yf the Scottes had perceyued the Englishemen redy to fight, they would have desisted of theyr purpose for that tyme, tyll the Englishmen were returned to their countreys, and then sodaynely to ryse agayne.

Then the erle knowynge that the towne of Berwyck was strong ynough, sent to the capitayne of Norham, certefienge hym, that yf he thought the castell in anye daungier or debylitie, he woulde put hymselfe in a redynes to reskew it, if it were beseged, the capitayne wrote to the earle, thankynge hym, and prayed God that the kynge of Scottes would come with hys puyssaunce, for he woulde kepe hym playe tyll the tyme that the kynge of Englande came out of Fraunce to reskew it, whyche aunswer reioysed the earle muche.

After the kynge of Scottes had sent hys defyaunce to the kynge of Englande, lyenge before Tyrwyn, as you have harde, he dayly made his musters, and assembled his people ouer all hys realme, whereof the brute was

that they were twoo hundred thousand, but for a surety they were an hundred thousand good fightynge men at the lest, and with all hys hoste and power entered into Englande, (and threw doune pyles) the xxii. day of August, and planted hys siege before the castell of Norham, and sore abated the walles. The earle hard tydynges thereof the fyue and twenty day of August, beynge saynct Barthelmewes daye.

Then he wrote to all the gentelmen of the shyres aforesayde, to be wyth hym at Newcastell, the fyrste day of September next, with all there retynew accordynge to the certificat. On the morow, he wyth hys fyue hundred menne came to Yorke, and the xxvi. daye he went toward Newcastell, and notwythstandynge that he had the fowleste daye and nyght that could be, and the wayes so depe, in so muche that hys guyde was almoste drouned before hym, yet he neuer ceased, but kept on his jorney to geue example to them that shoulde folowe. He beynge at Durham, was aduertysed how the kynge of Scottes wyth hys great ordinaunce had rased the walles of the castell of Norham, and had made thre great assaultes thre dayes together, and the capitaynes valiauntly defended hym, but he spent vaynely so muche of hys ordinaunce,

bowes and arrowes, and other municions, that at the laste he tacked, and so was at the vi. daye compelled to yelde hym symply to the kynge's mercye. Thys castell was thought impregenable, yf it had bene well furnished, but the Scottes by the undiscrete spendynge of the capitayne, toke it in sixe dayes; thys chaunce was more sorowful to the earle than to the bishoppe owner of the same. All that nyghte the wynde blewe coragiously, wherfor the earle doubted least the Lorde Howard hys sonne, greate Admyrall of Englande, should perishe that nyght on the sea, who promysed to lande at Newcastell with a thousand men, to accompaynie his father, whyche promise he accomplished.

The earle harde masse, and appoynted wyth the Prior for saincte Cutberde's banner, and so that daye beynge the thyrty daye of August, he came to Newcastell: thither came the Lorde Dacres, Sir Willam Bulmer, Syr Marmaduke Constable, and many other substanciall gentellmen, whom he retayned wyth hym as counsayllers; and these determined, that on Sundaye next ensuynge, he shoulde take the felde at Bolton, in Glendale; and because many souldiours were repayrynge to hym, he left Newcastell to the entent that they that folowed, shoulde have there more rome, and

came to Alnewyke the thyrde of September; and because his souldiars were not come, by reason of the foule waye, he was fayne to tarye there all the fourthe daye beynge Sundaye, whiche daye came to hym the Lorde Admirall his sonne, with a compaignye of valyaunt capitaynes and able souldiars and maryners, whiche all came from the sea; the commynge of hym muche reioysed hys father, for he was very wyse, hardy, and of greate credence and experience. Then the earle and hys counsayll, with great deliberacion, appoynted his battayles in order, with wynges and with ryders necessarie.

Fyrste of the forwarde was capitayne the Lord Howarde, Admyrall of Englande, with suche as came from the sea, and wyth hym Syr Nycholas Applyarde, Syr Stephen Bull, Syr Henry Shyreburne, Syr Wylliam Sydney, Sir Edwarde Echyngham, the Lorde Clyfford, the Lorde Conyers, the Lorde Latymer, the Lorde Scrope of Upsale, the Lorde Egle, the Lorde Lomley, Syr William Bulmer, with the power of the Bishoprycke of Durham, Syr Wylliam Gascoyne, Sir Christopher Ward, Syr Jhon Eueryngham, Syr Thomas Metham, Syr Water Gryffith, and many other.

Of the wynge on the righte hande of the forward, was capitayne Syr Edmonde Howarde, knight, marshall of the hoste, and with hym Bryan Tunstall, Raufe Brearton, Jhon Laurence, Richard Bolde, Esquyers; and Syr Jhon Bothe, Syr Thomas Butler, knyghtes; Rycharde Donne, Jhon Bygod, Thomas Fitzwilliam, John Clarays, Bryan Stapulton, Robert Warcophe, Richard Cholmeley, wyth the men of Hull, and the kynge's tenauntes of Hatfield, and other.

Of the wynge of the left hande, was capitayne Syr Marmaduke Constable, with hys sonnes and kynnesmen, Sir William Percy, and of Lancashire, a thousand men.

Of the rerewarde was capitayne the Earle of Surrey hymselfe, and wyth hym the Lord Scrope of Bolton, Syr Philippe Tylney, Syr George Darce, Syr Thomas Barkebey, Syr Jhon Rocliffe, Syr Christopher Pickerynge, Richard Tempest, Sir Jhon Stanley, with the Byshoppe of Elyes servaunts, Syr Bryan Stapulton, Lyonell Percy, with the Abbot of Whitbye's servaunts, Christopher Clapham, Syr William Gascoing the younger, Syr Gay Downey, Maister Magnus, Mayster Dalbye's servauntes, Sir Jhon Normanuyle, the citizens of Yorke, Syr Nynyan Markanuyle, Sir Jhon Wylloghby, with other.

Of the wyng on the right hande was capitayne the Lord Dacres, wyth his power.

On the lefte hande wynge was Syr Edward Stanley, knight, with the residue of the power of the countye Palantyne, and of Lancaster.

And when all men were appoynted, and knewe what to do, the earl and his counsayll concluded, and determined emonge other thynges to sende Rouge Crosse, pursiuaunt of armes, with a trompet to the kynge of Scottes, wyth certayne instruccions signed by the d- d erle, conteynynge woorde by woorde as foloweth.

Fyrste, where there hath bene suyte made to the kynge of Scottes, by Elizabeth Heron, wyfe to Wylliam Heron of Forde, now prysoner in Scotlande, for castynge doune of the house or castell of Forde; and as the sayde Elizabeth reporteth uppon communication had, the sayde kynge hath promysed and condiscended to the sayde Elizabeth, that if she any tyme before none, the fift daye of September, woulde brynge and delyuer unto hym the Lorde Johnstowne, and Alexander Hume, then prysonnerrs in England, he then is contented, and agreed that the sayde house or castell shall stande wythout castynge doune, brennynge or spoylynge the same: Whereunto the sayde

earle is content with that uppon this condicion, that yf the sayde kynge wyll promytte the assuraunce of the sayde castell, in maner and forme aforesayde under his seale, to deliuer the sayde Lorde of Jhonstowne and Alexander Hume, immediately uppon the same assuraunce. And in case the sayde kynge can and wyll be content to delyuer the sayde Heron out of Scotlande, then the sayde earle shal cause to be deliuered to the sayde kynge, the two gentelmen and two other, Syr George Hume and William Carre.

Farther, the said earle woll that you Rouge Crosse, shewe the sayde kynge, that where he contrary to his othe and league, and vnnaturally agaynste all reason and conscience, hathe entred and inuaded this his brother's realme of Englande, and done great hurte to the same, in castynge downe castelles, towers, and houses, brennynge, spoyling, and destroiynge of the same, and cruelly murderynge the king of Englande hys brother's subiects: Wherefore the sayde earle wyll be readye to trye the rightfulnes of the matter, with the kynge in battail by Friday next commynge, at the farthest, yf he of hys noble courage wyll geue hym tarienge, and abode within this the kynge's realme so longe tyme. And the same the sayde earle promiseth, as he

is true knight to God, and the kynge of Englande hys mayster. And before Rouge Crosse shoulde departe wyth the sayde instruccions, the sayde Lorde Admyrall gaue hym in credence too shewe the said kynge of hys commyngye, and parte of his compaignye on the sea wyth hym; and that he hadde soughte the Scottyshe nauye, then beynge on the sea, but he coulde not mete with theym, because they were fledde into Fraunce, by the coste of Irelande.

And in as muche as the sayde kynge hadde diuerse and many tymes caused the sayde lorde too be called at dayes of true, to make redresse for Andrew Barton, a pirate of the sea, longe before that vanquyshed by the same Lorde Admyrall, he was nowe come in hys awne proper persone too be in the vauntgarde of the felde, to justifye the deathe of the saide Andrewe, agaynste hym and all hys people, and woulde se what coulde be layde to hys charge the sayde daye; and that he nor none of hys compaignye shoulde take no Scottishe noble man prysoner, nor any other, but they shoulde dye yf they shoulde come in hys daunger, oneles it were the kynges awne persone, for he sayde he trusted to none other curtesye at the handes of the Scottes.

And in thys maner he shoulde fynde hym in the vauntgarde of the felde, by the grace of God and Sayncte George, as he was a trew knyghte. Yet before the departynge of Rouge Crosse wyth the sayd instruccions and credence, it was thoughte by the earle and hys counsayll, that the sayde kynge woulde fayne and imagen some other message, to sende an heraulde of hys wyth the same, onely to view, and ouerse the maner and order of the kynge's royal armye, ordinaunce, and artillerie, then beyng wyth the earle, wherby myght haue ensued great daungier to the same, and for exchuynge thereof, he hadde in commaundement, that yf any such message were sente, not to bryng any person commynge therewith within three or two myle of the felde at the nyghest, where the sayde earle woulde come, and heare what he woulde saye: and thus departed Rouge Crosse, wyth hys trumpet apparayled in his cote of armes.

On Mondaye the fyfte daye of September, the earle tooke hys felde at Bolton, in Glendall, as he had appoyncted, where all the noblemen and gentelmen met wyth their retynewes, to the number of six and twenty thousande men, and aboute mydnighte nexte ensuyng, came the trumpette, whyche went wyth Rouge

Crosse, and declared how the kynge of Scottes, after the message done to hym by Rouge Crosse accordynge to his instruccions, the sayde kynge detayned hym, and sent one Ilay, a herauld of hys, wyth hym vnto the earle, to declare to hym the said kynge's pleasure, too whome the earle sente Yorke, heraulde at armes, to accompaignye the sayde Ilay, at a village called Mylo, twoo myles from the felde, vntyll the comyng thether of the sayde earle the next morow.

The sixte daye of September, early in the mornynge, the earle, accompaignied with the mooste parte of the lordes, knyghtes, and gentelmen of the felde, euery man hauynge with hym but one man to holde hys horse, and so the sayde heraulde met wyth the earle; and with blunt reuerence declared to him, that he was come from hys master the kynge of Scottes, whyche woulde knowe, whyther the earle sent anye suche message by Rouge Crosse; the earle iustified the same, saiynge farther, that Rouge Crosse hadde the same message of hym in writynge, signed wyth hys awne hande, whereunto the sayde Ilay sayde, as touchynge the sauynge from brennynge or destroyinge, and castynge downe of the castell of Forde, for the deliuerance of the sayd prisoners, the kynge his

mayster woulde therto make no aunswer. But as too the abydynge for battayl betwene that and Fridaye then nexte folowynge, the kyng his master badde hym shewe to the earle, that he was as welcome as any noble manne of England unto the same kynge; and that yf he had bene at home in his towne of Edenborough, there receyuyng such a message from the sayd erle, he woulde gladlye have come and fulfylled the sayde earle's desyre; and the heraulde assured the earle on the kynge his mayster's behalfe, that the same kynge woulde abyde hym battayll at the daye prefixed, whereof the sayde earle was righte ioyous, and muche praysed the honourable agrement of the sayde royall kynge, and esteemed the same to procede of an hygh and noble courage, promysynge the haraulde, that he, and good surety wyth hym, shoulde be bounde in ten thousande pounde sterlynge, too kepe the sayde daye appoynted, so that the kyng woulde fynde an earle of his, and thereto a good suerty with him to be bounde in lyke summe, for the performans of the same: And farthermore, the earle bad the heraulde for to saye to his maister, that yf he for his parte kept not hys appoyntmente, then he was content, that the Scottes shoulde baffull hym, whiche is a great reproche a-

monge the Scottes, and is vsed when a man is openly periured, and then they make of hym an image paynted reuersed, with hys heles vpwarde, with hys name, wonderynge, cryenge, and blowinge out of hym with hornes, in the moost dispitefull maner they can; in token that he is worthy to be exiled the compaignie of all good creatures.

Then Ilay deliuered too the earle a littell cedule, wrytten with the kynge's secretaries hande vnsigned, the tenor whereof foloweth.

"As to the causes alleged of our commynge into Englande agayne oure bande and promise (as is alleged) thereto, we aunswere, ower brother was bounde also farre to us as we to hym. And when we sware laste before his ambassade, in presence of our counsayll, we expressed specially in oure othe, that we shoulde kept to our brother, yf oure brother kepte to vs, and not elles; we sweare oure brother brake fyrste to vs, and sythe his breke, we haue requyred dyuerse tymes hym too amend; and lately we warned oure brother as he dyd not vs or he brake, and thys we take for oure quarrell; and with Godde's grace shall defende the same at youre affixed tyme, whyche with Godde's grace we shall abyde."

And for asmuche as the sayde kynge kepte styll Rouge Crosse with hym, who was not yet returned, the same Earle caused the sayde Ilay to be in the kepynge of Syr Humfrey Lysle and Yorke Heraulde, in the same vyllage, vntyll the tyme that a seruaunte of the sayde Ilay myghte ryde in all haste too the royal king of Scottes, for the deliveryng of the sayde Rouge Crosse. Then the erle, joyous of the kynges answer, returned to his campe, and set forward fyue myle, too a place called Woller Hawgh, in suche order of battayll as even then he should have fought, and there lodged for that nighte, three littell myles from the kynge of Scottes; and betwene the kynge and hym was a goodly and large corn felde, called Mylfelde, whyche was a conuenient and fayre grounde for twoo hostes to fight on; there euery poste myght perceyue other.

The morowe beynge Wednesdaye, the vii day of that moneth, the kynge of Scottes caused hys greate ordinaunce to be shotte at the Englishe armye, but it hurte neither man nor beaste. When the kynge of Scottes sawe that Ilay was deteyned, he sent away Rouge Crosse to the erle, by whome, and other of the borders, he was aduertised, that the kynge laye vppon

the syde of a hyghe mountayne, called Floddon, on the edge of Chevyot, where was but one narowe felde for any manne to ascende up the sayde hyll to hym; and at the foote of the hyll laye all his ordinaunce. On the one syde of hys armye was a greate marrishe, and compassed with the hylles of Chevyot, so that he lay too stronge to be approched of any syde; excepte the Englishemen woulde have temerariouslye ronne on his ordinaunce; whiche matter well considered by the Earle and hys sonne, and other of the counsaill there, they called to theim Rouge Crosse, and sent hym the nexte daye to the kynge of Scottes, willinge hym too shewe the kynge, that the sayde Earle, with diverse of the kynge's nobles and subjectes, hadde auaunced themselves to geve battayll to hys grace, trustynge that, accordinge too his promise, he woulde auance hymself and hys armye to ioyne the battayll, whyche as yet he hath not done. Wherefore he desyred the kynge that he myghte have knowledge by none that daye, whether he of hys noble courage would discende the hill where he laye, and too geve battayll or not: and yf he saye that I shall not knowe his entent, or wyll saye that he will kepe the ground; then shewe him that he perceyueth well that that place is no indifferent

grounde for twoo armyes too fighte, and therefor I will looke for no mo of his delayes. The same day, beynge oure Ladyeday, the Natiuite, Rouge Crosse departed to the kynge of Scottes, whyche woulde not heare hym speke, but sente one of hys seruitours to heare his message; whiche seruitour, after he hadde disclosed the same to the kynge, made aunswer, that it besemed not an earle after that maner to handle a kynge, and that he woulde vse no sorcery, nor had no truste of any grounde.

You have harde before, howe Ilay the Scottishe heraulde was returned for Rouge Crosse; and as sone as Rouge Crosse was returned he was discharged; but he taryed with Yorke, an Englishe heraulde, makyng good chere, and was not returned that mornynge that Rouge Crosse came on his message; wherefore Rouge Crosse and hys trompet were detayned by the seruante of Ilay, whiche the daye before went for Rouge Crosse, assurynge them, that yf Ilaye came not home before none, that he was not liuynge, and then they shoulde haue their heddes stryken of; then Rouge Crosse offered that hys seruaunte shoulde goe for Ilay, but it woulde not be excepted; but as happe was, Ilay came home before none, and shewed of his gentell entertey-

ninge, and then Rouge Crosse was delivered, and came to the Englishe armye, and made reporte as you have hearde.

Then the Englishemen removed their felde on the water of Tyll, and so forthe over many hylles and streytes, marchynge towarde the Scottes on another syde: and in their sight the Scottes burned certayne poore vyllages on the other syde of the marishe.

The Englishemen, alwayes leavinge the Scottishe armye on the left hande, toke their felde vnder a wood syde, called Barmer Wood, two myle from the Scottes, and betwene the two armyes was the ryver of Tyll; and there was a littell hyll that saved the Englishemen from the gonne shotte, on which hyll the lord admyrall perfightly sawe and discouered them all.

In the euenynge of the same daye, it was concluded betwene the earle and hys counsayll, and moste parte of the armye thereto agreed, that the vauntgarde, with the ordinaunce, should passe ouer agayne the water of Tyll, at a bridge called Twysell-bridge, the ix daye of September; and the rerewarde passed at Mylforde, puttynge themselfes as nye as they coulde betwene the Scottes and Scotlande, and so to geue battayll to the Scottes on the hyll called Floddon-hyll. Fridaye, the

sayde nynth daye, the lorde Admyrall, like a valiaunt knyghte, passed ouer Twysell bridge wyth the vantgarde, marchynge towarde hys enemyes; like diligence was made by the earle for passynge over at Mylforde wyth the rerewarde, saiynge to hys Captaines, "Now good fellowes, do lyke Englishemen this daye, take my parte lyke men, which parte is the kynges parte; and I wiste you would not, I wyll in my awne person fighte with the kynge of Scottes, rather to dye honourablye by his crueltye, then to lyue in shame, or that any reproche shoulde be layed to me hereafter."

To whome they aunswered, that they woulde serve the kynge and him truely that daye. The Englishe armye that daye hadde not vitayle, and were fastynge, and two dayes afore they had onely dronke water, and could scarce get anye other sustenaunce for money; and yet they kept array on horsebacke from fyve of the clocke in the mornynge till foure of the clocke at after none, and were alwayes in the sighte of the Scottes.

The kynge of Scottes perceyuinge the Englishemen marchinge towarde Scotlande, thought that they woulde have entered into Scotlande, and burne and

forray the plentifull countray, called the Marche; for so was he made beleue by an Englisheman, named Gyles Musgraue, whyche was familiar with the kyng of Scottes, and dyd it for a pollecie to cause hym to come doune from the hyll. Wherefore, the sayde kynge caused his tentes to be removed to another hyll in grate haste, least the Englishemen shoulde have taken the same hyll; and at there departynge they sette fyer on theyr litter and other fylthie ordure, accordynge to their custome; and of the fyer and smolder dyd ryse suche a smoke, so thicke and so darke, that the one hoste coulde not perceyue the other; for the wynde dyd drive the smoke betwene the two armyes, the Scottes euer kepynge the heyght of the hyll on the edge of the Chevyot, and the Englishemen passed forward styll in the lowe grounde, and euer in the couert of the smoke, in so muche that bothe the hostes were very nere together, within the space of a quarter of a myle, before one of them could perceyue another for the smoke.* Then, when the Englishemen had

* Hollinshed attributes this manœuvre to the generalship of James; who, having determined to descend from his impregnable camp on the mountain of Floddon, and give battle to

passed a littell brooke, called Sandyforde, whyche is but a man's step over, and that the smoke was passed, and the ayre faire and cleare, eche army myghte playnlie see one another at hande. Then the Lorde Admyrall perceyued foure great battayles of the Scottes all on foote, with longe speres, lyke Moorish pykes; whyche Scottes furnished them warlike, and bent theim to the forwarde, whyche was conducted by the Lorde Admirall, whyche perceuynge that, sent to hys father, the Earle of Surrey, his Agnus Dei, that honge at hys breste, that in all haste he would ioyne battayll, even with the front or breste of the vantgarde; for the forward alone was not able to encountre the whole battayll of the Scottes. The Earle perceyuynge well the sainge of hys sonne, and seynge the Scottes ready to discende the hyll, auaunsed himselfe and hys people forwarde, and brought them equall in grounde with the forward on the left hande, even at the bront or breste of the same, at the foot

---

the Earl, obtained, under covert of the smoke, possession of an advantageous eminence, which the Earl seemed desirous to occupy. It was probably the same hill from which Lenox and Argyle were dislodged by Sir Edward Stanley.

of the hyll called Bramston; the Englishe army stretched east and west, and their backes northe, and the Scottes in the southe before theim, on the forsayde hyll called Bramston. †

Then oute brast the ordinaunce on bothe sydes, with fyre flamme and hydeous noyse ; and the master gonner of the Englishe parte slew the master-gonner of Scotlande, and bet all hys men from their ordi-

† The English army, while on the march, formed two large bodies, the forward and the rear, commanded by the lord admiral and his father. Each division had two wings, viz. the Lord Admiral, on his right Sir Edmond Howard, and on his left Sir Marmaduke Constable; the Earl of Surrey, on the right Lord Dacres, and on the left Sir Edward Stanley. The attack seems to have been led on in the same order; though after the Lord Admiral requested his father's aid, the rear advanced, and left the forward under the Lord Admiral to the right. Lord Dacres, however, kept his situation, which, during the march, was immediately behind Sir Edmond Howard; whence he, and, under his orders, Bastard Hearon, were enabled to relieve Sir Edmond, when discomfited by Home. We are not so clear where Sir Marmaduke Constable fought, and whether his corps was joined to that of the admiral, or of Sir Edward Stanley. The former is more probable: though as his body formed, during the march, as it were the van of Sir Edward, the latter supposition is by no means impossible. It was principally this difference between the order of marching and that of the battle, which has confused the historians so much.

naunce, so that the Scottishe ordinaunce dyd no harme too the Englishemen; but the Englishemen's artyllerie shotte into the myddes of the kynges battayll, and slewe many persones; which seynge, the kynge of Scottes and his noble men, ‡ made the more haste too come too joynenge; and so all the foure battayles in maner discended the hyll at once. And after that the shotte was done, whiche they defended with pauishes, thei came to handestrokes, and were encontred seuerally, as you shall here.

---

‡ After introducing a speech of James to his army, Hollinshed proceeds with more spirit than his brother chronicler: "He had scarce made an end of his tale, but the soldiers, with great noise and clamour, cried, 'Forward! Upon them!' shaking their weapons, in sign of an earnest desire they had (as then they shewed), to buckle with the Englishmen. Whereupon, without delaie, King James putting his horse from him, all other nobles as meane men did the like, that the danger being equal, as well to the greatest as to the meanest, and all hope of succour taken awaie, which was to be loked for by flight, they might be the more willing to shew their manhood, sith their safety onelie rested in the edges and points of their weapons." King James, defective in many of the qualifications which constitute a complete general, seems to have had the talent of inspiring the soldiers around him with an enthusiasm not exceeded by his own. Could he have imparted the same to the wings of his army, the slaughter would have been greater, but the event far less fatal to the Scottish cause.

Fyrste, On the Englishe syde next the west, was Syr Edmonde Howard, knyghte, marshall of the hoste, chief capitayne of a winge on the ryghte hande of oure vantgarde, and was encountryd with the Chamberlayne of Scotlande with hys battayle of speares, on foote, to the number of ten thousande at the leaste, whiche fought valiauntly, so that they by force caused the little wynge to flye; and the same Syr Edmonde thre tymes felled to the grounde, and left alone, sauynge his standarde berar, and twoo of hys seruantes, * to whome came Jhon Heron, bastarde, sore hurte, saiyinge, there was never noble man's sone so lyke too be loste as you be thys daye; for all my

* The defeat of Sir Edmond Howard seems to have been complete, though he certainly was attacked by a force superior to his own. Indeed, his corps seems to have been entirely destroyed or taken prisoners. His misfortune was attributed, probably with injustice, caused by the great jealousy between the houses of Stanley and Howard ever since the battle of Bosworth, to the Cheshiremen under his command; as appears by the following passage of Halle:—"The kynge had a secrete letter, that the Cheshire men fledde from Sir Edmond Howarde, whyche letter caused greate hearteburning and manye woordes; but the kyng thankefully accepted al thynge, and would no man to be dispraysed." See also the ensuing article of this Appendix, where the circumstance is related with very romantic, and probably unfounded embellishments.

hurts, I shal here lyue and dye with you; and there the sayde Sir Edmonde Howarde was in a great daunger and jeopardy of his lyfe, and hardelye escaped; and yet as he was goinge to the bodye of the vantgarde, he met with Davy Home, and slew him wyth hys awne hande, and so came to the vantgard.

Secondely, Eastwarde from the sayde battayle was the Lorde Admyrall with the vantgarde, wyth whome encountred the Earles of Crafforde and Montroos, accompaygned with many lordes, knightes, and gentlemen, all wyth speres on foote; but the Lorde Admyrall and hys compaignie acquyted themselfes so well, and that with pure fightyng, that thei brought to grounde a great number, and both the Earles slayne.

Thirdely, Eastwarde from the Lord Admyrall was the Earle of Surrey, Capitayne-generall, to whose standarde the Kynge of Scotlande in hys owne person marched, beinge accompaygned with many bishoppes, earles, barons, knyghtes, and gentlemen of the realme, with a great number of commons, all chosen men, with speres on foote, whiche were the most assuredlyest harnesed that hath bene sene, and that the tallest and goodlyest personages with all, and they abode the most daungerous shot of arrowes, which sore them noyed; and yet, except it hit them in some bare

place, it dyd them no hurt. After the shotte ended, the battayll was cruell, none spared other; and the kynge himself foughte valiauntly. O what a noble and triumphant courage was thys, for a kynge to fyghte in a battayl as a meane souldier! But what auayled his strong harnes, the puyssaunce of hys mightye champions, with whome he descended the hyll, in whome he so muche trusted, that with hys stronge people and great number of men, he was able, as he thought, to have vanquished that day the greatest prynce of the world, if he had ben there as the Erle of Surrey was; or els he thought to do such an hygh enterprice hymselfe in his person, that shoulde surmount the enterprises of all other princes. But, howsoeuer it happened, God gave the stroke, and he was no more regarded then a poore souldier; for al went one waye. So that of his owne battaill none escaped, but Syr William Scot, knyght, his chauncelour, and Syr Jhon Forman, knight, his seriaunt porter, whiche were taken prisoners, and wyth great difficultie saved. This may be a great myrror to al prynces, how that they adventure themselfes in such a battaill. *

* "There were on either part a number of tall men of bodie, chosen foorth of purpose by the capteins, for the good

Fourthly, Eastwarde was Syr Edwarde Stanley, knight, capitayn of the left wynge, wyth the sayde earle, whyche clame vp to the toppe of the hyll called Bramston, or the Scottes wyste, and wyth hym

---

opinion conceived of their hardie valiancie; and the battell betwixt them seemed long time doubtfull and variable, nowe one while favourable to the one part, and another while to the other. The king himselfe on foot, even in the foremost ranke, fought right valiantlie, incouraging his people, as well by example as exhortation, to doo their devoirs. Neither did the Earle of Surrie for his part faile in the dutie of a right worthie generall. But while the battell was thus foughten in most earnest maner about the standards, with doubtfull chance of victorie, the Lord Howard and Sir Edward Stanleie having vanquished the enimies in either wing, returned to the middle-ward; and finding them ther thus occupied, they set on, in two parts seuerallie, with great violence. At the same time, the Lord Dacres came with his horsemen uppon the backs of the Scots; so that they being thus assailed behind and before, and on either side, were constrained (as inuironed about), to fight in a round compasse. King James, as he beheld Sir Adam Forman, his standard-bearer, beaten downe, thought suerlie then, there was no waie for him but death, and that even out of hand. Wherefore, to deliuer himselfe from such despitefull reproch as was like to follow, he rushed foorth into the thickest prease of his enemies; and there fighting in most desperate wise, was beaten downe and slaine. And a little beside him, there died with like obstinate wilfulness, or (if you list so to term it) manhood, diuerse honorable prelates, as the archbishop of St Andrewes, and two other bishops, besides foure abbats; also of lords and knights of honor a six-and-thirtie."—HOLLINSHED. Though the account of this

encontred the Earles of Huntley, Lennoux, and Argile, with a great number of Scottes, whyche were sore fought wyth all; whyche perceyuing, the Earle of Huntley toke a horse and saued hymselfe; yf he had taryed, he had bene lykely to have gone with hys

---

historian is not so minute as that of Halle, he bears much more ample testimony to the valour of the Scots. While we view with detestation the precipitate flight of the wings under Crawford and Montrose, and Lenox and Argyle, the two latter of whom occupied an eminence, upon which the king in a great measure depended, but from which they were driven by the archers of Stanley, who cannot have been very numerous; we must bestow our admiration on the valiant king and his nobles, who, hemmed in on every side by all the five columns of the English, preferred a heroic death to the insulting taunts of Henry VIII. and his general. The following is the Gazette account of this part of the battle:—"Le Roy d'Escosse vint, avec une tresgrant puissance, sur le d'Conte de Surrey: lequel Conte avoit a sa main gauche le filz du sr. Darcy, et eulx deulx porterent tout le fes de ceste bataille. A laquelle bataille le d'Roy d'Escosse fut tue dedens la longueur d'une lance du d. Conte de Surrey; et plusieurs nobles gens y furent tuez, et *nuls prins prisonniers* des Escossois dedens les deux batailles. Et a l'heure de la bataille le Contes de Lynouxe et Argille, avec leur puissance se joignierent a l'encontre de messire Edouard Standley, et les d'Contes et leurs gens, furent contrainctz deulx metre en fuyte." It was probably the death of Crawford, Montrose, Lennox, and Argyle, which caused the flight of their two wings; while those of Huntley and Home seem to have been retained in some order, by these chiefs surviving the shock.

compaignie. * Suche as fled, the sayde Syr Edwarde and his people folowed them over the same grounde, where the Earles battle firste ioyned, and founde ther

---

* The situation and conduct of the Earl of Huntley is singularly involved in mystery and contradiction. By some, he is said to have commanded a corps, placed between those of Home, and of Crawford and Argyle; some join his forces to those of the former, and some to the latter division; while Halle and Hollinshed place him with the opposite wing of the army. The former supposition is most probably true. Indeed, the mention of Dacre's attack upon Huntley and Home in his letter to the council, places it almost beyond doubt. It is, however, singular, that the banner of the Earl was taken by Sir Philip Molyneux, a Cheshire knight. The greater part of the forces of that county were with Stanley; though a few hundred had been added to Sir Edmond Howard's wing, who were accused, in letters to Henry VIII. of deserting their commander, and causing his overthrow. At any rate, they would not be likely to take the standard of Huntley, who was evidently victorious, while he fought on the left wing. The contradictions will, however, immediately be solved, by admitting the following very probable supposition:—King James, after the wings of his army were destroyed, was surrounded and attacked by all the different corps of the English army. Stanley having routed Lennox and Argyle, descended the hill, and attacked the king, probably from behind. If Huntley, after his triumph, as Pitscottie relates, stood aloof with Home, and, seeing his monarch in such a perilous situation, after the highly criminal refusal of the former to assist him, again charged the English, he was not unlikely to encounter Sir Edward Stanley; and thus the contradictory accounts of Pitscottie and Halle, and the taking of his standard by a knight of Stanley's corps, would be accounted for.

the Scottes, whyche were by the earles battaill slayne before, and sodainly left the chace, and fell a spoyling, and spoyled the kynge of Scottes, and many that were slayne in his battaill, but they knew him not, and founde a crosse and certain thynges of hys; by reason wherof, some saide that he was slayne by that wyng, whyche coulde not be true; for the prisoners of Scotland testified, that the kynges battayll fought onely with the Earles battels; but for a truthe this wyng dyd very valiauntly; wherfore it was thought that the sayd Syr Edwarde myght that day not have bene missed.

All these iiij battels, in maner fought at one tyme, and were determined in effect, littell in distance of the beginnyng and endynge of any of them before the other, sauyng that Syr Edward Stanley, which was the last that fought, for he came vp to the toppe of the hyll, and there foughte with the Scottes valiauntly, and chaced them doune the hyll ouer that place where the kynges battaill ioyned. Besyde these iiij battayles of the Scottes were twoo other battaylls, whyche never came to handestrokes. *

* These two battles were, as Hollinshed informs us, Huntley's and Home's divisions; Halle, in this circumstance, as

Thus, through the power of God, on Fridaye, beyng the ix daye of September, in the yere of our Lord MDxiii, was James the iiii. Kyng of Scottes, slayn at Bramstone (chiefly by the power of the Earle of Surrey, lieutenaunt for Kynge Henry the viii. Kynge of Englande, whyche then lay at the sege before Tornay), and wyth the sayde kynge were slayne,

The Archebishop of Saynct Androwes, the kynge's bastard sonne,

The Bishop of the Isles,

The Abbot of Inchaffrey,

The Abbot of Kilwenny.

ERLES.

Therle Mountroos,

---

well as in his assumption that the different divisions fought almost at one time, except that of Stanley, is misled by his strongly marked partiality. The king was certainly the last whose division kept ground, if we except Home and Huntley. The forces of the latter were commanded under him by his two brothers, Adam, Earl of Sutherland, and William Gordon of Gight, the latter of whom was killed. (See GORDON's History of the Ancient, Noble, and Illustrious Family of Gordon, 2 vol. Edin. 1726. *Gordoniorum et Sutherlandorum Historia*, MS. 4. *circa* 1627.)

Therle of Crafford,

Therle of Arguyle, *

Therle of Lennoux,

Therle of Glencarre,

Therle of Katnes,

Therle of Castelles,

The Erle of Bothwell,

The Erle Arrell, Constable of Scotlande,

The Erle Adill,

The Erle Athell,

The Erle of Morton.

LORDES.

The Lord Louet,

The Lord Forbos,

The Lord Elueston,

The Lord Roos,

---

* In 1783, a gold ring was found on the field of battle, which had the following inscription in Norman French :— "On est nul si loiauls amans, qui se poet garder des maux disans." No lovers so faithful as to be able to guard themselves against evil speakers. Between every two words, and at the beginning of each line, is a boar's head. This being a crest of the Campbells, it is not improbable that the ring was that of the Earl of Argyle.

The Lord Inderby,
The Lord Sentclere,
The Lord Maxwell, and hys iiij brethren.
The Lord Daunley,
The Lord Seympill,
The Lord Borthyck,
The Lord Bogony,
The Lord Arskyll,
The Lord Blakkater,
The Lord Cowyn.

Knyghtes and Gentlemen.

Sir Jhon Dowglasse,
Cutbert Home, lord of Fastcastel,
Sir Alexander Seton,
Sir Dauy Home,
Mayster Jhon Graunt,
Sir Dunkin Caufelde,
Sir Saunder Lowder,
Sir George Lowder,
Mayster Marshall,
Mayster Keye,
Mayster Ellot,
Mayster Cawel, clerck of the Chauncery,

The Deane of Ellester,

Mack, Kene,

Mack, Clene,

And many other gentlemen, which be vnknowen, because no officer of armes of Scotlande woulde come to make serche for them; and yf the daye had bene longer by thre houres (for it was foure of the clocke at after none or the battayles ioyned), or that the Englishemen had had vitayles, so that they myght have bydden styll together, they had not alonelye made the greatest dystresse of Scottes by death, and takynge, that the lyke hath not bene sene in one day; but also wythin a litle while might have put the realme of Scotlande in suche a misery and trouble, that for ever they shoulde haue bene ware how to enter the realme of Englande, and specially the kynge's beynge absente; for the Englyshemen wanted no good wyll, for of the Scottes they slewe twelfe thousande * at the leaste, of the beste gentlemen and flower of Scotlande; and of the Englysh syde were slayne and

* Hollinshed seems more inclined to the number 8000, though he mentions the statement of some to be 12,000.

taken not xv. c. men, as it appered by the bok of wages, when the souldiours were payed. * Thus, the Erle of Surrey accomplyshed the promyse at hys daye prefyxed wyth the kinge of Scottes, to hys great fame and honour.

After that the felde was foughte, and the Scottes fled, many Englyshemen folowed them into Scotlande, and were so farre that they wiste not whiche waye to returne, and so were taken prysoners of the Scottes that were in the ij battailes that fled first, and neuer fought. Also dyuerse were taken by the Lorde Chamberlayne of Scotlande, which fought with the wyng of Sir Edmond Howard, and were carried with hym to the nomber of sixtye. Of the Scottes that fledde, some

---

* Though Hollinshed gives the same number of killed on the side of the English, which certainly is far below truth, he allows the loss to have been very severe. The following are his words:—"Though the victorie thus remained with the Englishmen, yet they bought it deere, loosing no small number of their people, as well those that were slaine in the field, as of others that were taken prisoners; for the Scots fought very stoutlie, and gave it not over for a little, insomuch that there were taken and slaine about fiftene hundred men, as appeared by the booke of wages, when the souldiers were paid."

passed ouer the Twede at Caudestreme Foorde, and other by the drye marches, durynge the tyme of the fyghte; and the nyghte after, manye menne loste their horses, and suche stoffe as they lefte in their tentes and pauillions, by the robbers of Tindale and Tiviotdale.

The Lorde Dacre, wyth hys company, stode styl all daye unfoughten with all. * When the felde was done, and the skoute watche broughte woorde, that there was no more appearaunce of the Scottes, but all were returned, the earle thanked God wyth humble harte, and called to hym certaine Lordes and other gentlemen, and them made knightes; as Sir Edmond

---

* This accusation against Dacre, for inactivity, is mentioned as incorrect, by Hollinshed. In the notes to the present publication, it will be found disproved completely, both from the original gazette of the battle, and from Dacre's letter to the council. It is remarkable that three bastards fought under the English banners, viz. Bastard Dacre, a natural son of Lord Dacre, who, for his services at Collommoss, obtained a grant of the priory of Lanercost; Bastard Musgrave, natural son of Sir Richard Musgrave, of Scaleby Castle, near Carlisle, who distinguished himself at the same battle, and was, in consequence, made land-sergeant of Gilsland; and the celebrated Bastard Heron, an account of whom will be found in the notes.

Howard, his sonne, and the Lord Scrope, Sir William Percy, and manye other. Then the Earle and the Lorde Admirall departed to Barmer-wodde, and appoincted Sir Philippe Tilney, knighte, with the compaignye of the Lorde Admirall, and the compaignie of the Lorde Scrope of Bolton, the Lorde Latymer, olde Sir Marmaduke Constable, Sir William Percy, Sir Nicholas Applyard, and their compaignies, and a fewe other, to kepe the place where the felde was, for sauynge of the Englyshe ordinaunce, and the ordynaunce that was taken from the Scottes, which was fyve great curtalles, twoo great culuerynges, foure sacres, and syxe Serpentynes, as fayre ordinaunce as hathe bene, beside other small peces.* Wel knowen

* The most disastrous consequence of the battle to the Scots, was the sudden loss of such a numerous and high-spirited nobility. The loss of the English must have been very considerable, when we consider the rapidity with which Surrey deserted the field of combat; and, hastening to Newcastle, left the neighbourhood to the depredations of Home, who appears even to have threatened the body of the English appointed as a guard for the ordnance. If the English general had only lost 1500 men, he would certainly have pursued his advantages into Scotland, which the magistrates of Edinburgh seem to have apprehended.

it was by them that fought, and also reported by prysoners of Scotlande, that their kynge was taken or slayne; but his bodye was not founde tyll the nexte daye, because al the meane people, as well Scottes as Englysh, were strypped out of their apparell as they laye at the felde; yet at the laste he was founde by the Lorde Dacres, who knewe hym well by hys pryuye tookens, in that same place where the battayle of the Earle of Surrey and hys fyrste ioyned together.

Thys kynge had diuerse deadelye woundes, and in especyall one wyth an arowe, and another with a byll, as apered when he was naked. After that the bodye of the kinge of Scottes was founde and broughte too Barwicke, the Earle shewed it too Sir William Scot, hys chaunceller, and Sir Jhon Forman, his seriante-porter, whyche knewe hym at the fyrste syghte, and made greate lamentacyon. Then was the bodye bowelled, embawmed, and cered, and secretelye amongest other stuffe conveyed to Newcastell. But the same daye the Lorde Admirall came to the felde, and there some Scottes apered on an hyll; but William Blackenall, whyche was the chyeffe doar and ruler of all the ordynaunce, shott suche a peale, that the Scottes fledde, orelles the Lorde Admirall had bene in greate

ieopardye: and then all the ordinaunce was broughte in sauetye to the castel of Citel, and there remayned for a tyme. After thys noble vyctorye, the Earle wrote fyrste to the Quene, whyche had raysed a great power to resiste the sayde kinge of Scottes, of the wynnynge of the battaylle; for then the bodie of the kynge of Scottes was not fownde, and she yet beynge at the towne of Buckingham, had woorde the next daye after, that the kynge of Scottes was slayne, and a parte of hys coate-armure to her sente, for whiche vyctorye she thanked God; and so the Earle, after that the northe parte was set in a quyetnes, returned to the Quene wyth the deade bodye of the Scottyshe king, and brought it to Richemonde.

XII.

A Ballate of the Battalle of Floden Feeld, foughte betwene the Earle of Surrey and the King of Skotes.

Of this very singular ballad, two copies exist in the British Museum (MSS Harl. 293 and 367,) which have been carefully collated, and the principal variations will be found at the bottom of the page. The Editor did not obtain the copy till he was fortunately enabled to transcribe the poem himself, which prevented its being placed in the poetical part of this Appendix. The subject is slightly touched upon by Holinshed, and the style similar to the more unpolished kind of Northern Ballads. That the author was an adherent to the house of Derby is very evident; and whatever degree of credit may be assigned to the less marvellous parts of the composition, the concluding act of subjecting the Earl of Surrey (already created Duke of Norfolk) to whatever punishment his rival chose to inflict, must stagger our belief. From the two concluding lines it would appear, that the poem was produced after the death of Thomas, Earl of Derby, and in the reign of Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth.

Now lette vs talke of the Mounte of Floddene!
Forsoothe such is our fortune and chaunce;

And let vs tell of what tythance the Earle of Surrey
Sente to our kynge into France.
The earle he hathe a writynge made,
And surely sealed it with his hande;
From the Newe Castelle vppon Tynne
The Herould passed from the land.

And after at Callys he arriued,
Lyke a noble lorde of greate degree;
And then to Tyrwine soon he highed,
There he thought to have found King Henry.
But there the walles were beatene doune,
And our Englishe souldieres thearin tayne;
Sithe to Torney the waye he nome, *
Whearas laye the Emperor of Almayne.

And theare he found the Prince of Englande;
Blessed Jesu preserve that name!
When the Herold came before our kynge,
Lowly he kneeled vppon his knee.

* *i. e.* toke.

And said: "Christe, Chrystyan kynge, that on the crose
died,
Noble Henry this day thy speed may be!"
The first word that the prince did mynge,
Sayd: "Welcome Herrold out of England to me!

"Howe fares my leedes,* how fares my lordes,
My knightes and swyers in their degree?"—
"Here gretteth you welle your owne leavetenant,
The honourable Earle of Surrey.
He byddeth you in Fraunce to venter your chaunce,
For slayne is your brother Kynge Jamy;
And at lovlye London ye shall hym fynde,
My comlye prynce in the presence of thee."

Then bespeke our comlye kynge,
And said: "Whoe did fighte, and who did flee?
And who bare him beste vppon the Mounte of Floden?
And whoe was false, and whoe was true to me?"

* Probably *lieges*.

"Lancashire and Cheshire," said the messenger,
"Cleane they bene both fledd and gone:
There was neuer a man, that longed to the Earle of Derbye,
That durste looke his enemye vpon."

Still in a studye stoode* our nowble kynge,
And he toke the wryting in his hand:
Shortlye the sealle he did vnclose,
And radly red as he yt founde.†
Then bespeake our nowble kynge,
And he caled vpon his chevallrye,
And said: "Whoe will feche me the kynge of Man,‡
The honourable Thomas Earle of Derbye?

"He may take Lancashire and Cheshire bothe,
That he hath caled cheefe of chevalrye:
Nowe falsly are they fled and gone;
Not one of them is true unto me."

* MS. Harl. 293. reads *stand.*

† MS. 293. *toulde.* To suit the rhyme we might read, *fand.*

‡ Alluding to the Earl of Derby's sovereignty over the Isle of Man.

Then bespoke Sir Rauphe Egerton, the knyghte,
And lowlye kneled vpon his knee,
And said: " My souereigne Kynge Henrye,
Yf it like you my souereigne lorde to pardon me!

" Yf Lancashire and Cheshire been fled and gon,
Of those tythandes we may be vnfayne;
But I dare laye my lyve and lande,
Yt was for wante of their captayne.
For yf the Earle of Derbye our captayne had bene,
And vs to leade in our arreye,
Then noe Lancashire nor Cheshire man,
That ever would have fled awaye."

" See yt proved well, said our nowble kynge,
By hym that dearly dyed on tree!
For nowe, when he had the greatest neede,
Falslye then served they to me."
Then spake William Breerton, knighte,
And lowlye kneeled his prynce before,
And said: " My souereigne Kynge Henry the eighte,
And* your grace sett by vs soe lytill store,

---

* And, for *an*, *if*.

" Wheresoeuer ye come in feilde to feighte,
Sett the Earle of Derbye and vs before;
Then shall ye see, whether we fighte or flee,
True or false whether we be borne." *
Compton rowned with our kynge anon,
Said: " Goe we and leave the cowardes righte!"—
" Here is my gloue!" quoth Egerton,
" Compton, yf thou be a knighte,

" Take my gloue, and with me feighte,
Man to man, yf thou wilt turne agayne!
For yf our prynce were not present righte,
The one of vs two shoulde be slayne;
And neuer foote besyde the ground gon,
Vntyll the one deade shoulde bee!"
Our prynce was moved thereat anon
And returned hym right tenyslye. †

And to hym came, one the other syde,
The honorable Earle of Derbye;

* Whether that we are, MS. 293.

† Angerly. MS. Harl. 293. *Tenyslye*, angry, from *tene*, anger.

And when he before our prynce came,
Lowlye he kneled vpon his knee,
And said: " Jesu Christ, that on the crosse deed,
This day nowble Henry thy speede maye be!"
The firste wurde that our kynge sayde, *
Was, " Welcome kynge of Man, and Earle of Derbye!

" How lykeste thou Cheshire and Lancashire bothe,
Which was counted cheefe of chevallrye?
Falsly nowe are they fled and gon;
Neuer a one of them is true to me!"—
" Yf that be soe," said the earle then,
" My liege thereof I am not fayne;
My comlye prynce, rebuke not me,
I was not there to be theire captayne.

" Yf I had bene theire captayne," the earle said then,
" I durste haue layed bothe lyffe and land,
He neuer came out of Lancashire nor Cheshire,
That would haue fled a foote beside the grounde.

* Speake. MS. Harl. 367.

" But yf yt like your nowble grace
A lytill boone to graunte to me,
Lett me haue Lancashire and Cheshire bothe,—
I desyre no more helpe trulye,—

" Yf I fayle to bren vp all Scotteland,
Take and hange me vpon a tree!
I shall conquer all to Parys gate
Both the comlye castylls and tòwers heigh.
Whereas the walles they bene so stronge,
Lancashire and Cheshire shall beate them downe!"—
" By my father's sowle," then said our kynge,
" And by hym that dyed on the roode,

" Thou shalt neuer have Lancashire and Cheshire righte,
At thyne own obedience for to be!
Cowards in a feilde fellye* will feighte
Agayne to wynn the victorye."—
" We were neuer cowardes," said the earle,
" By him that derlye died for me!
Whoe broughte your father at Melforde Haven?
(King Henry the Seventh forsothe was he.)

* Freely. MS. 293.

" Throughe the turne of Fortune * we did him brynge,
And soe conveyed hym to Shrewesburye,
And soe we crowned hym a nowble kynge,
And Richard that day we demed to dye."—
Our prynce was greatlye moved at that worde,
And retvrned hym hastelye on the same.
To comforte the earle came on the other syde
The doughtye Edward, Duke of Bokingham.

" Plucke vp thy harte, brother Standley,
And lett noe thynge greve the;
For I dare lay my lyffe to wede, †
Yt is a false wryting of the Earle of Surrey.
Synce Kynge Rychard-feylde ‡ he neuer loved thee,
For thyne vncle slewe his father there,
And dearlye demed hym to dye:
Sir Christofer Savage his standarte away did beare."

" Allas, brother!" said the Earl of Derbye,
" Woe be the tyme, that I was made knyghte,

---

* Both the MSS. concur in reading " the *Towne* of Fortune." The correction was, however, obvious.

† To *weed*, to *pawn*.

‡ Bosworthfield.

Or were ruler of any land thereby, *
Or euer had manhoode in feilde to fighte!
So boulde men in battell, as were they,
Forsoothe had neyther lorde nor swayne.
Farewell, myne vncle Sir Edward Standley,
Farewell! I wote that thou arte† slayne.

"Surlye whiles that thy lyffe would laste,
Thou wouldest neuer schunte besides the playne;
Nor John Standley that childe so yonge,
Well I wott nowe thou arte slayne.
Farewell, Ryghley! Coward was thou none!
Olde Sir Henrye, the goode knyghte,
I lefte thee ruler of Lathum,
To be my Deputye bothe day and nighte.

"Farewell Towneley, that was so true,
And the nowble Hasston of Mydelton,
And the sad Sothewarke,‡ that euer was sure,
Farewell! I wot that thou arte gon.

---

* This last word does not occur in MS. Harl. 293; and in MS. 367, has been added by another, but an ancient hand.

† Altered in MS. 367, to thou weart slayne.

‡ Sotheworthe. MS. 293.

Farewell, Hasston vnder Lyne,
And manlye Mollenax, for thou art slayne!
For dowtless whilest your lyves woulde laste,
Ye wolde neuer schunte beside the playne.

" Farewell, Alderton, with the leaden mall!
Well I knowe thou arte demed to dye.
I may take my leave nowe at you all:
The flowre of manhoode is gon from me.
Farewell, Sir John Boothe of Barton, knyghte!
Well I knowe that thou arte slayne:
For, whyles thy lyffe woulde laste to feighte,
Thou would neuer beside the playne.

" Farewell, Butteler and Sir Bolde!
Sure ye have bene euer to me:
And so I knowe that still you woulde,
Vnslayne now yf you had bee.
Farewell, Christofer Savage the wighte!
Well I knowe that thou art slayne;
For, whyles thy lyffe woulde laste to feighte,
Thou wouldest neuer beside the playne.

" Farewell, Dutton and Sir Downe!
Ye haue bene euer true to me.

Farewell the Baron of Kynderton,
Beside the feilde thou woulde not flee!
Farewell, Fitton of Gowsewurthe!
Other thou arte taken or slayne:
For, dowteles, whyles thy lyffe woulde laste,
Thou wouldest neuer besyde the playne!" *—

As they stoode talkyng together there,
The duke and the earle trulye
Came to comforte hym the true Talbott,
And the nowble Earle of Shrewesburye:
" Plucke vp thy harte, sonne Thomas, and be merye,
And lette noe tythands greve the!
Am not I godfather to our kynge?
Myne owne godson, forsothe, is hee."

He toke the Duke of Buckingham by the arme,
And the Earle of Shrewesburye by the other:

---

* This, and the ensuing catalogue of exclamations, are very similar to those which occur frequently in the metrical romances; and similar enumerations may also be found in abundance in the Italian romance writers.—See *The Squire of lowe Degre*, *Pulci's Morgante Maggiore*, &c.

" To parte with you yt is my harme :
Farewell, my father and my brother!
Farewell, Lancaster, that lytill towne!
Farewell, nowe for euer and aye!
Many poore men may praye for my sowlle,
When they lye weping in the waye. *

" Farewell, Latham! that brighte bower;
Nyne towers thou bearest on hye,
And other nyne thou bearest in the vtter walles:
Within the may be lodged kynges three.
Farewell, Knoweslay, that lityll tower,
Vndernethe the holtes so whore!
Euer when I thinke on that brighte bower,
Wyte me not, † though my heart be sore.

" Farewell, Tockestaffe! that trustie parke,
And the faire rever that renneth there beside:
There was I wonte to chasse the hynde and harte,
Now therein I wyll neuer abyde.

* MS. 367, reads, *lawn;* MS. 293, *lane.* The correction is obvious, as it restores the rhyme and the alliteration.

† Blame me not.

Farewell, bolde Byrkenhead! there was I borne,
Within the abbey and that monestrye;
The sweete covent for me may morne:
I gaue to you tythe of Beeston trulye.

" Farewell, Westchester, for euer more,
And the Watergate, it is myne owne!
I gave a mase the sergeant to weare,
To wayt on the mayor, as yt is knowen.
Wyll I neuer come that cyte within?
But, sonne Edward, thou maiest yt clayme of righte.
Farewell, West Harden! I may call the myn;
Knyght and lorde I was of great myghte.

" Swete sonne Edward, white bokes thou make,
And euer haue petye on the poore comyntye.
Farewell, Hope and Hopes Dalle!
Moulde and Mouldes Dale, God be with the!
I may take my leaue with a heavye cheare:
For within the wyll I neuer be!"—
As they stood talking togeder there,
The duke and the lordis trulye,

Came James Garsye, a yeoman of the gard,
That had bene broughte vp with the Earl of Derbye.
Lyke the dyvell with his fellowes he had fared;
He sticked two and wounded three:
After, with his sworde drawen in his hande,
He fled to the nowble Earle of Derbye.
" Stande vp Jame," the earle said,
" Theis tythandes nothyng lyketh me!

" I haue seen the daye I could have saved the;
Suche thirtie men yf thou had slayne;
And now, yf I shoulde speake for the,
Sure thou were for to be slayne.
I wyll ones desire my brethren echon
That they will now speake for the."—
He prayed the Duke of Buckingham,
And also the Earle of Schrowesburye,

Also my Lord Fitzwater, soe wyse,
And the good Lord Wyllabee,
Sir Ryse ap Thomas, a knyghte of pryce,
And all they spake for longe Jamé.
They had nott standen but a lytyll whyle there,
The duke and the earles in their talking;

Streighte to the earle came a messenger,
That came lately from the kynge;

And bad that Long Jame shoulde be sende;
There shoulde nether be grythe nor grace:
But on a boughe he shoulde hanged
In mydest the feylde before the earle's face.
" Yf that be," said the Earle of Derbye,
" I trust our prynce wyll better bee,
(Suche tythandes maketh my herte full heavye,)
Affore his grace when that we be."

The Duke of Buckingham toke Jame by the on arme,
And the Earle of Shrewesburye by the other;
Affore them they put the kynge of Man,
It was the Earle of Derbye and non other:
The Lord Fitzwater he followed faste,
And so did the Lord Wyllabye;
The comfortable Cobham made greate haste:
All went with the nowble Earle of Derbye.

The Hynde Hassal hied on faste,
With the lustye Lealand trulye;
Soe did Alexander Osboston
Come in with the Earle of Derbye.

The ryall Ratcliffe that rude was neuer,
And the trustye Trafforde kene to trye,
And wighte Warberton out of Chesshire,
All came with the Earl of Derbye.

Sir Ryse ap Thomas, a knyghte of Walles,
Came forthe even with a feirce meny:*
He bend his bowes on the bent to abyde,
And cleane vnsett the gallowes-tree.
When as they came affore the kynge,
Lowlye they knelyd vpon their knees.
The fyrste wurdes that our prynce did mynge
Said, "Welcome dukes and earles unto me!

"But the most welcome hither of all,
Is oure owne traytour Longe Jamé!
Jame, howe darest thou be soe boulde
As in our presence for to bee,
To slay thy brethren within their houlde
Thou waste sworne to them, and they to thee."—
Then began Longe Jame to speake boulde,
"My leige, yf it like your grace to pardon me.

* Company.

" When I was to my sopper sett
They caled me coward to my face,
And of their talkyng they would not lett;
And thus with them vpbrayded that I was,
They bad me flee from them apace
To that coward the Earle of Derbye.
When I was lytell, and had small grace,
Hee was my helpe and succaire trulye!

" Hee toke me from my father deare,
And keeped me within his wone, *
Tyll I was able of my selfe
Bothe to shoot and picke a stone:
Then after vnder Greenwiche, vpon a daye,
A Scottishe Mynstrell came to the,
And broughte a bowe of vewe † to drawe,
And all the guarde myght not stirre that tree.

" Then the bowe was gyven to the Earl of Derbye,
And the earle deliuered it to me;
Seven shottes before your face I shotte,
And at the eighte in sunder it did flie.

* Dwelling. † Yew.

Then I bad the Scott bowe downe his face,
And gedere vp the bowe, and brynge it to his kynge:
Then yt lyked your nowble grace
Into your guarde me to brynge.

" Sythen I haue lyved a merye lyffe,
I thanke your grace and the Earle of Derbye.
But to haue the earle rebuked thus,
That my bringer-vp forsothe was hee,
I had leaver suffer deathe," he said,
" Then be false to the earle that was true to me !"—
" Stand up Jame," said our kynge,
" Have here my charter I gyve it thee.

" Let me have no more feighting of thee,
Whyles thou arte within Fraunce lande !"---
" Then one thinge ye must grante," said Jamé,
" That your wurde theron may stand,
Whoesoe rebuketh Lancashire and Chesshire,
Shortelye shall be demed to dye."---
Our prynce comaunded a crye, I wys,
To be proclaymed hastelye.—

" Yf the dukes and earles knele on their knees,
Yt settethe on sterre the Comynalite,

Yf that we be vpbrayded thus
Mony a man is lyke to dye."— *
The kynge said, " He that rebuketh Lancashire or Cheshire,
He shall haue his judgment on the next tree!"
Then soe they were styll at reste
For the space of a nyghte, as I wene.

And on the other day, without leassing,
There came a messenger from the queene;
And when he came before our kynge,
Lowlye he kneled vpon his knee,
And said: " Christe the save our nowble prynce,
This our nowble kynge thy speede may bee!
Here gretteth you well your lyffe and liking,†
Your honourable queene and faire ladye;

" And bydeth you in Fraunce for to be glad,
For slayne is youre brother-in-law Kynge Jamé;

* These four lines seem to belong to Jamy's speech, and have probably changed place with the preceding four.
† Spouse. MS. Harl. 293.

And at lovelye London he shall be founde,
My comlye prynce in the presence of thee!"
Then bespoke our comly prynce,
And said; "Whoe did feighte, and who did flee?
And who bare them beste vpon the Mounte of Floden?
And whoe were false, and who were true to me?"---

"Lancashire and Chesshire," said the messenger,
"They haue done the deede with their hande.
Had not the Earle of Derbye bene to the true,
In great aduenture had bene all England!"—
Then bespake our prynce with an highe word: *
"Sir Rauphe Egerton my marshall I make the!
Sir Edward Standley thou shalt be a lorde;
Yea Lorde Mounteigle shalt thou be!

Yonge John Standley shall be a knighte,
As he is well wurthye for to bee!"---
The Duke of Buckingham the tythandes harde ryghte, †
And shortlye ran to the Earle of Derbye:

* Then bespake our prynce on highe. MS. 367.
† Harde. MS. 367.

" Plucke vp thy harte, brother, and be merye,
And let no tythandes greve the!
Yesterdaye thy men cowardes called were, *
And this day haue wonne the victorye."

The duke toke the earle by the arme,
And lede him to the prynce trulye.
Seaven rowdes of grounde the kynge he came,
And said: " Welcome, kynge of Man, and Earle of Derbye!
This thynge that I haue from the taken,
I give it agayn to the whollye,
The marshallyng† of Lancashire and Chesshire men,‡
At thy byddyng euer for to be.

" For thes mene§ be true to Thomas‖ indeede,
They bene true bothe to the and me."—
" Yett one thinge greveth me," the earle saide,
" And in my harte maketh me heavye,

* Cowardes were they. MS. 293.
† Manratton. MS. 367. ‡ Bothe, ib.
§ These men. ‖ We have here an example of the proverbial popularity of *True Thomas of Ercildoun.*

This daye to heare they wan the feilde,
And yesterdaye cowardes for to bee!"—
"Yt was a wrong wryting," said our kynge,
"That came from the Earle of Surrey.

"But I shall hym teache his prynce to knowe,
And ever we come in our countrye!"—
"I aske no more," sayd the earl now, *
"For all that my men have done trulye,
That I myselfe his judgement may pronounce, †
Of that nowble Earle of Surrey."—
"Stande vp Thomas," said our prynce,
"Lorde Marshall that I shall make the.

"And thou shalt gyve the judgement thyselfe,
And as thou sayeste soe shall yt be!"—
Then sayd the earle: "Saved is his lyfe: ‡
I thank Jesu, and your grace trulye!
My vncle slewe his father deare,
He wolde haue venged hym on me."—

---

* The nowble earl. MS. 367.
† But that I gyve judgement myself. Ib.
‡ Then is his lyffe saved, said the earle. Ib.

" Thou arte very patiente," our kynge sware,* 415
" The Holy Ghoste remayneth in the!

" On the southe syde of Torney thou shalt stand,
With my godfather, Earle of Shrewesburye!"---
And so to that siege forthe they ganged,†
The nowble Shrewesburye, and the Earle of Derbye:
And they layde siege vnto the walles batled,‡ 421
And wan the towne within dayes three.
Thus was Lancashire and Chesshire rebuked,
Throughe the polycie of the Earle of Surrey.

Nowe God, that was in Beathleam borne, 425
And for vs dyed vpon a tree,
Save our nowble prynces that weareth the crowne,
And have mercye on the Earle of Derbye! §

* Said our kynge. Ib. † Went. Ib.
‡ Probably for *battlemented*.
§ On the Earle's sowle of Derbye. MS. 367.

THE END.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Feb. 2009

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 044 643 9